

THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
OF
COLONEL HUMPHREYS.

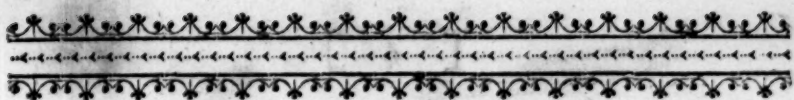


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T O T H E

Duke de ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MY LORD,

YOUR knowledge of the language in which these miscellanies are written, your protection of the fine arts, and your civilities to the Author, induce him to address this Collection to your Lordship. It is consistent with the frankness of a free-born American to say, that your noble blood, and immense possessions, would be of little consideration with the Republicans, whose Constitutions of Government you have made familiar to your own nation by translating them into French, if unsupported by your personal merit and amiable accomplishments.

THE frequency of naval intercourse, and the extension of polite literature, seem greatly to approximate the distant parts of the globe—the Atlantic is no barrier for limiting fame. Your reputation has been long since extensively and advantageously known throughout the United States of America. That republican people cannot but admire so excellent a private character, so
disinterested

disinterested a patriot, and so able a defender of the rights of human nature. The voice of undebauched reason, which is thus raised at this vast distance from you, to bestow a tribute of applause on your virtues, is infinitely different from the venal voice of flattery. Nor should the conscious satisfaction, which results from the review of a life spent in beneficent pursuits, prevent a virtuous man from being also pleased with the favorable opinion that is entertained of his conduct, by such of his fellow-men as can have no possible sinister object to bias their judgments.

In presenting for your amusement the trifles which have been occasionally composed at my leisure hours, I assume nothing beyond the negative merit of not having ever written any thing unfavorable to the interests of freedom, humanity, and virtue. With sentiments of the highest consideration and respect,

I have the honor to be,

Your Grace's

Most obedient and

most humble servant,

D. HUMPHREYS,

New-York, July 4, 1799. N060

Extract from Barlow's Vision of Columbus.

" **W**HILE freedom's cause his patriot bosom
 " warms,
 " In lore of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
 " See **HUMPHREYS** glorious from the field retire,
 " Sheath the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre---
 " That lyre, which erst, in hours of dark despair,
 " Rous'd the sad realms to urge th' unfinish'd war:
 " O'er fallen friends with all the strength of woe,
 " His heart-felt sighs in moving numbers flow.
 " His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
 " Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.
 " Immortal **WASHINGTON** with joy shall own
 " So fond a fav'rite, and so great a son."

Extract from the Critical Review for June, 1785.

" **T**HE performance, [i. e. the Address to the Ar-
 " mies of America] " may, with some trifling
 " exceptions, be justly stiled a **GOOD POEM**, but not
 " a very pleasing one to good Englishmen,"

Extract from the Monthly Review for May, 1785.

THE Reviewers, after mentioning the indulgence
 to which the Author of the Poem addressed to the
 Armies of America is entitled, on account of his having
 written it amidst the "hurly burly" of military toils, pro-
 ceed to observe, "Under every disadvantage, however,
 " we perceive, in his conceptions, much of the true spirit
 " of poetry; and there is a considerable degree of melo-
 " dy and harmony in his versification. He is a warm
 " patriot; full of zeal for the prosperity of the Ame-
 rican

“ rican Arms; and consequently, to the English reader,
 “ some of his expressions respecting the *British Invasion*
 “ will seem to have fallen from a pen dipped in gall;
 “ but we must remember that he wrote, as well as
 “ fought, IN America, and FOR America. He cele-
 “ brates the principal events of the war, and has many
 “ descriptive glances at the SCENERY, which cannot but
 “ afford amusement to even his readers on this side of
 “ the Atlantic, however they may disapprove the cause
 “ which gave birth to the P O E M.”——

.....

*From the Journal de Paris, May 7, 1786. Strictures
 on a Poem addressed to the American Armies.*

“ **A** GREAT many remarkable circumstances render
 this little performance worthy of the public atten-
 tion. It was composed in America, in 1782, at the encamp-
 ment of general Washington, when the British still occupy-
 ing New-York and Charleston, the great cause of Ame-
 rican liberty was not then decided. The author is an
 American officer, writing in the midst of the tumult of
 a camp, and conciliating the occupations and duties of
 his profession, with that silence and meditation which
 every poetical composition demands. The translator is
 a French general officer (M. le M. de Chattellux) in
 whom the talents of a great military and literary cha-
 racter are acknowledged to be blended in a very extra-
 ordinary degree.

“ THE object of the work is to animate the citizens
 of America to the defence of their country. The march
 of the poet is easy and unaffected; his ideas are noble
 and just, his sentiments amiable; and his translator,
 animated

animated with the same spirit, and endowed with the same talents, has not only transfused into our language the beauties of the original, but even added new ones to them.

“THE translator himself announces in his letter to Col. Humphreys, that he has not piqued himself upon being literal, and that he has taken some liberties in his translation. But he is right in saying that this liberty does not go so far as independence: for that which he adds, is so connected with the text itself, that it may be considered as a developement of his author’s idea; and what he retrenches (being commonly foreign to our idiom and phraseology) would not have been preserved by the American author himself, if, more familiarised with our language, he had been pleased to translate his work into French. This liberty may be criticised: but we will say, in justification of the translator, that the author is very far from complaining of it.

“THIS little poem is scarcely susceptible of extracts, We will only cite the apostrophe to Gen. Washington, when he comes to take command of the American army.

“O FIRST of heroes, fav’rite of the skies,
 “To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise!
 “O rais’d by heav’n to save th’ invaded state!
 “(So spake the sage long since thy future fate)
 “’Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life
 “For public cares—to guide th’ embattl’d strife—
 “Unnumber’d ills of every kind to dare—
 “The winter’s blast, the summer’s sultry air,
 “The lurking dagger—and the turbid storms
 “Of wasting war, with death in all his forms—
 “Nor aught could daunt. Unspeakably serene,
 “Thy conscious soul smil’d o’er the dreadful scene.”

“THE

“THE recital of the death of Brown, who perished in an ambuscade of savages, of Scammel who was assassinated by a pistol-shot in the reins, at the moment after he had surrendered himself to a detachment of English, and that of Col. Laurens, son to the famous Laurens, president of Congress, will ever be read with sympathetic sorrow. The descriptions of the author are full of animation, his regrets of sensibility; and the translator has not rested below his model.

“THE reader will, moreover, remark with pleasure, the contrast which the author has had the art to introduce, in a skilful manner, between the two very distinct parts of his poem. In the first, he paints the dangers which America experienced, and the calamities of war which desolated her for so long a period. In the last he collects only delightful ideas and pictures of happiness; he unfolds to America the auspicious effects of that liberty she had obtained, and the felicity she is about to enjoy. He invites his fellow citizens, for whom the task of glory is henceforth accomplished, to transport themselves upon the borders of the lakes, and upon the fertile banks of the Belle Riviere†, a river most worthy of its name. He represents to them all the beauties which nature hath lavished upon those happy regions, as a recompence to make them forget, on the bosom of rural felicity, the toils which they have endured for their country.

“IN fine, he predicts the future prosperity of this nascent empire, which rises upon a plan dictated by wisdom, and which will for ever remain the asylum of happiness and liberty.”

† The name by which the Ohio is known in French,

Translation of the introductory letter, prefixed by the Marquis de Chateaux, to the French edition of this Poem.

“ I WAS with you, my dear Colonel, when, after a glorious campaign, you composed in silence those elegant verses, wherein you have displayed the whole extent of your genius, in only wishing to express your patriotic sentiments. You made a mystery of the matter to me—and your modesty has exposed you to commit an unpardonable fault against the alliance that you have so nobly celebrated; since the European nation, which has had the first fruits of your poem, is precisely the English: but it is proper to acknowledge, on the present, as well as on many other occasions, this nation has proved that its enmity does not extend to merit and talents. All the public papers which are printed in London, have made your praises resound, and those very papers have first disclosed your secret. It is true, I have seen some of them, the authors of which appeared to be vexed, that a composition, in which the English are not treated with ceremony, should obtain the honors of public readings and public applauses*, and who wished to despoil you of your most illustrious title, that of being an American, by making you to be born in, I known not what district, of England. However that may be, it is certain that France had reason to complain. Of no avail will it be for you to say, that your work is written in English; do you not know how much that language is in vogue among us, and how much we are disposed to translate it? I will not disguise any thing. It has happened that your friend, your companion in arms, came to seize possession at

B

your

* The Morning Herald, and other English papers, made mention of the lecture of the poem in question, made in public, apparently in clubs or other places, where people enter by ticket.

your apartments, of a beautiful copy of your poem, printed at London with all the accuracy and magnificence, which they always bestow on every important work. It has, moreover, fallen to his lot to avail himself of your absence † for making it known to his countrymen. For making it known! that is saying too much: but at least to give some idea to those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the English language, to read it with facility. I have caused the text to be printed with the translation. This is a very generous proceeding, with which, I contend, you ought to be mightily satisfied. Every reader who may be in a condition to compare one with the other, will often cry out: "he has not known how to render all the energy, all the beauty of the original:"—and that is exactly what I desire. There is not a pretty woman who does not pardon her painter for not making her as handsome as she really is, whenever she is placed by the side of her portrait; then not a comparison but what proves to her advantage: and comparison is of all praises the most flattering, because it is the most perceptible, the most precise. My object will, therefore, be entirely completed, since all the criticisms which I shall merit, will turn to your glory. Being a translator in prose, and a translator who does not pique himself upon being literal, I should have much to fear from my author, if that author was not Colonel Humphreys, whom I wish in every point to make my model. He loves liberty too much, to be offended at what I have taken on this occasion: this liberty shall not go quite to independence: this is all I promise in assuring him that I will always be more faithful to that friendship he has accorded me, than to the text of which I took possession."

Le Marquis de Chatellux.

† This letter was addressed to Col. Humphreys, while he was in England.

A D D R E S S
TO THE
A R M I E S
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P R E F A C E.

*P*ERHAPS the following little poem may be considered with the more indulgence by the public, after it shall be known, that it was actually written, at a period* when the army was in the field, and the author so far engaged in the duties of his profession, as to have but little leisure for subjects of literature or amusement. And it will not be necessary to demonstrate to those who have the least knowledge of a military life, how unfavorable such a state is to poetical contemplation. This, it is presumed, may pertinently be urged in excuse for the slighter errors and inaccuracies of the performance: and the design must, in some measure, atone for any of a different complexion.

To inspire our countrymen, now in arms, or who may, hereafter, be called into the field, with perseverance and fortitude, through every species of difficulty and danger, to continue their exertions for the defence of their country, and the preservation of its liberties, is the object of this address.

For

* While the American army was encamped at Peck's-kill, and the enemy occupied the heights of New-York and Charleston.

For this purpose, it was imagined, no considerations could be more effectual, than the recollection of the past, and the anticipation of the future. For, where is the man to be found, who, after all that has been done and suffered—after such a profusion of blood and treasure has been expended—and such important advantages have been obtained—would basely relinquish and leave unfinished the illustrious task of rearing an empire, which, from its situation and circumstances, must surpass all that have ever existed, in magnitude, felicity, and duration ?

Although the author entertains the most sanguine expectations of the gratitude and liberality, with which the continent will reward those who have literally borne the heat and burden of the day of war—he has not insisted on those pecuniary or slighter considerations ; but has attempted to turn the attention to the future grandeur, happiness and glory of the country for which we are now contending. The lands already granted to the army, first suggested the idea of a military settlement on the Ohio, or some of those western regions, whose beauties can never be sufficiently displayed, much less exaggerated by description. The mild temperature and serenity of the air, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of its products, the extent of territory, and the amazing inland navigation, which those boundless lakes and immeasurable rivers will open—cannot fail, one day, to render that garden of the world equal to the representation given of it, in the conclusion of the poem. The possession of such a country, (rescued from the hand of invasion) in a perfect state of freedom and security, will be a glorious compensation

*pen*sation for all our toils and sufferings, and a monument of the most unparalleled bravery and patriotism, to the remotest posterity. Stimulated with the love of glory, allured by these delightful prospects, and animated with the pleasing hope of the speedy fruition of those rapturous scenes—there are thousands who have drawn the sword, with a resolution never to sheath it, until a happy period shall be put to the contest. For himself, the writer declares, that having already devoted whatsoever talents and abilities nature has conferred upon him, to the service of his country—no efforts that can be made with his voice, his pen, or his sword, shall ever be wanting to confirm its LIBERTIES and INDEPENDENCE.

ARGUMENT.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Armies, which are addressed, designated; and the Subject proposed—Great-Britain commences hostility against her Colonies—the Colonies arm—contrast of the two armies—battle of Bunker's-hill—a Commander in Chief appointed to the American armies—his character—augmentation of the American forces—reinforcements to those of Britain—peculiarly affecting circumstances which attended the deaths of Brown, Scammel & Laurens—eulogium of the American troops—anticipation that their meritorious services and sufferings will be consigned to immortality—apostrophe to Britain on the cruelty practised upon prisoners, and its effects in exciting such indignation in the Americans as will tend to the emancipation of their country—view of the successes of the American arms at Trenton, Princeton, Saratoga, Stony Point, in the Southern States, and at York Town—tribute of gratitude to the French King and nation—still the Americans are to rely on their own resources for the establishment of Independence—apostrophe to Independence—Britain obliged to relinquish her ideas of conquest—dawn of peace—invocation to peace—address to the armies on the happiness to be expected from it—invitation for them to settle in the western country—its beauties and advantages described—enjoyments resulting from the friendship of those who were in arms together—character of Americans in different ages—improvements of every kind in America—prayer to the Supreme Being that its felicity may become complete and perpetual.

ADDRESS,

A D D R E S S , &c.

" Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque

" Priscus, et neglecta redire virtus

" Audet ; apparetque beata pleno

" Copia cornu."—HOR.

" Incipient magni procedere menses."—VIRG.

YE martial bands ! Columbia's fairest pride !
 To toils inur'd, in dangers often try'd—
 Ye gallant youths ! whose breasts for glory burn,
 Each selfish aim and meaner passion spurn.
 Ye who, unmov'd, in the dread hour have stood, 5
 And smil'd, undaunted, in the field of blood—
 Who greatly dar'd, at freedom's rapt'rous call,
 With her to triumph, or with her to fall—
 Now brighter days in prospect swift ascend,
 Ye sons of fame, the hallow'd theme attend ; 10
 The past review ; the future scene explore ;
 And Heav'n's high King with grateful hearts adore !

WHAT time proud Albion, thund'ring o'er the waves,
 Frown'd on her sons, and bade them turn to slaves—
 When, lost to honour, virtue, glory, shame, 15
 When nought remain'd of Britain but the name—
 The parent state—a parent now no more—
 Let loose the hirelings of despotic power,
 Urg'd to keen vengeance their relentless ire,
 And hop'd submission from their sword and fire. 20

As when dark clouds, from Andes' tow'ring head,
 Roll down the skies, and round th' horizon spread,
 With thunders fraught, the black'ning tempest sails,
 And bursts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales :

So

So broke the storm, on Concord's fatal plain; 23
 There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians slain,
 Inglorious deed! to wild despair then driv'n,
 We, suppliant, made our great appeal to heav'n.
 Then the shrill trumpet echo'd from afar,
 And sudden blaz'd the wasting flame of war; 30
 From state to state, swift flew the dire alarms,
 And ardent youths, impetuous, rush'd to arms;
 "To arms," the matrons and the virgins sung,
 To arms, their fires, their husbands, brothers sprung.
 No dull delay—where'er the sound was heard, 35
 Where the red standards in the air appear'd,
 Where, through vast realms, the cannon swell'd its roar,
 Between th' Acadian and Floridian shore.

Now join'd the crowd, from their far-distant farms,
 In rustic guise, and unadorn'd in arms; 40
 Not like their foes, in tinsel trappings gay,
 And burnish'd arms that glitter'd on the day;
 Who now advanc'd, where Charl'stown rear'd its height,
 In martial pomp, and claim'd the awful fight;
 And proudly deem'd, with one decisive blow, 45
 To hurl destruction on the routed foe—
 Not so—just heav'n had fix'd the great decree,
 And bade the sons of Freemen still be free;
 Bade all their souls with patriot ardour burn,
 And taught the coward fear of death to spurn, 50
 The threats of vengeance and of war to brave,
 To purchase freedom, or a glorious grave.
 Long rag'd the contest on th' embattled field;
 Nor those would fly, nor these would tamely yield—
 Till Warren fell, in all the boast of arms, 55
 The pride of genius and unrivall'd charms,
 His country's hope!—full soon the gloom was spread:
 Oppress'd with numbers, and their leader dead,

Slow

Slow from the field the fullen troops retir'd,
Behind, the hostile flame to heav'n aspir'd. 60

TH' imperious Britons, on the well-fought ground,
No cause for joy or wanton triumph found,
But saw with grief their dreams of conquest vain,
Felt the deep wounds, and mourn'd their vet'rans slain.

NOR less our woes. Now darkness gather'd round ; 65
The thunder rumbled, and the tempest frown'd ;
When lo ! to guide us thro' the storm of war,
Beam'd the bright splendor of Virginia's star.
O first of heroes, fav'rite of the skies,
To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise! 70
" + Oh rais'd by heav'n to save th' invaded state !"
(So spake the sage long since thy future fate)
'Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life
For public cares—to guide th' embattled strife—
Unnumber'd ills of ev'ry kind to dare, 75
The winter's blast, the summer's sultry air,
The lurking dagger, and the turbid storms
Of wasting war, with death in all his forms—
Nor aught could daunt. Unspeakably serene,
Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene. 80

THE foe then trembled at the well-known name ;
And raptur'd thousands to his standard came.
His martial skill our rising armies form'd ;
His patriot zeal their gen'rous bosoms warm'd :
His voice inspir'd, his godlike presence led, 85
The Britons saw, and from his presence fled.
Soon reinforc'd from Albion's crowded shore,
New legions came, new plains were drench'd in gore ;

C

And

† This alludes to expressions made use of by president Davies, in a sermon preached at Manover, in Virginia, during the war of 1755.

And scarce Columbia's arm the fight sustains,
 While her best blood gush'd from a thousand veins. 90
 Then thine, O Brown! that purpled wide the ground,
 Pursued the knife through many a ghastly wound.
 Ah hapless friend! permit the tender tear
 To flow e'en now, for none flow'd on thy bier,
 Where cold and mangled, under northern skies, 95
 To famish'd wolves a prey thy body lies—
 Which erst so fair and tall in youthful grace,
 Strength in thy nerves, and beauty in thy face,
 Stood like a tow'r, till struck by the swift ball—
 Then what avail'd (to ward th' untimely fall) 100
 The force of limbs, the mind so well inform'd,
 The taste refin'd, the breast with friendship warm'd,
 (That friendship which our earliest years begun)
 Or what the laurels that thy sword had won,
 When the dark bands from thee, expiring, tore 105
 Thy long hair mingled with the spouting gore?
 Nor less, brave Scammel, frown'd thine angry fate,
 (May deathless shame that British deed await!)
 On York's fam'd field, amid the first alarms,
 Ere yet fair vict'ry crown'd the allied arms, 110
 Fell chance betray'd thee to the hostile band,
 The hapless victim of th' assassin hand!
 Lo! while I tell the execrable deed,
 Fresh in his side the dark wound seems to bleed;
 That small red current still for vengeance cries, 115
 And asks, "why sleeps the thunder in the skies?"
 On him, ye heav'ns, let all your vengeance fall,
 On the curst wretch who wing'd th' insidious ball.
 But thou, blest shade, be sooth'd! be this thy praise,
 Ripe were thy virtues, though too few thy days. 120
 Be this thy fame, through life of all approv'd,
 To die lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

AND

AND see, far south, where yonder hearse appears,
 An army mourning, and a land in tears !
 There Laurens, passing to an early tomb, 125
 Looks like a flow'r just with'ring in its bloom.
 Thy father's pride, the glory of our host !
 Thy country's sorrow, late thy country's boast !
 O Laurens! gen'rous youth! twice hadst thou bled—
 Could not the ball with devious aim have sped? 130
 And must thy friends, now peace appears so near,
 Weep the third stroke that cuts a life so dear,
 That blots the prospect of our rising morn,
 And leaves thy country, as thy fire, forlorn ?
 Companions lov'd! long as the life-blood flows, 135
 Or vital warmth in this fond bosom glows,
 While there I cherish your remembrance dear,
 Oft will I drop the tributary tear.

BUT what avails to trace the fate of war
 Through fields of blood, and point each glorious scar? 140
 Why should the strain your former woes recal,
 The tears that wept a friend or brother's fall,
 When by your side first in th' advent'rous strife,
 He dauntless rush'd, too prodigal of life?
 Enough of merit has each honour'd name, 145
 To shine, untarnish'd, on the rolls of fame,
 To stand th' example of each distant age,
 And add new lustre to th' historic page :
 For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shewn
 In breathing bronze, or animated stone, 150
 Or where the canvas, starting into life,
 Revives the glories of the crimson strife.

YE sons of genius, who the pencil hold;
 Whose master strokes, beyond description bold,

OF

Of other years and climes the hist'ry trace, 155
 Can ye for this neglect your kindred race?
 Columbia calls—her parent voice demands
 More grateful off'rings from your filial hands.
 And soon some bard shall tempt the untry'd themes,
 Sing how we dar'd, in fortune's worst extremes; 160
 What cruel wrongs th' indignant patriot bore,
 What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,
 What boding terrors gloom'd the threat'ning hour,
 When British legions, arm'd with death-like pow'r,
 Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way, 165
 And lur'd the savage to his destin'd prey,
 When fierce Germania her battalions pour'd,
 And rapine's sons, with wasting fire and sword,
 Spread death around: where'er your eyes ye turn'd,
 Fled were the peasants, and the village burn'd— 170
 How did your hearts for others' sufferings melt!
 What tort'ring pangs your bleeding country felt!
 What! when you fled before superior force,
 Each succour lost, and perish'd each resource!
 When nature fainting from the want of food, 175
 On the white snow your steps were mark'd in blood!
 When through your tatter'd garbs you met the wind,
 Despair before, and ruin frown'd behind!
 When nought was seen around, but prospects drear,
 Th' insulting foe hung dreadful on your rear, 180
 And boastful ween'd, that day to close the scene,
 And quench your name, as though it ne'er had been.

WHY, Britain! rag'd thine insolence and scorn?
 Why burst thy vengeance on the wretch forlorn?
 The cheerless captive, to slow death consign'd, 185
 Chill'd with keen frost, in prison glooms confin'd,

Of

Of hope bereft, by thy vile minions curst,
 With hunger famish'd, and consum'd with thirst,
 Without one friend—when death's last horror stung,
 Roll'd the wild eye, and gnaw'd the anguish'd tongue. 190

WHY, Britain! in thine arrogance and pride,
 Didst thou heav'n's violated laws deride,
 Mock human mis'ry with contemptuous sneers,
 And fill thy cup of guilt with orphans' tears?
 The widow's wailing, and the wretch's groan, 195
 Rise in remembrance to the eternal throne,
 While the red flame, thro' the broad concave driv'n,
 Calls down the vengeance of insulted heav'n.
 And didst thou think, by cruelty refin'd,
 To damp the ardor of the heav'n-born mind, 200
 With haughty threats to force the daring train
 To bow, unnerv'd, in slav'ry's galling chain—
 Make countless freemen—then no longer free—
 Shrink at thy frown, and bend the servile knee?
 And couldst thou dream? then wake, dissolve thy charms,
 Rous'd by their wrongs, see desp'rate hosts in arms! 206
 No fear dismays, nor danger's voice appals,
 While kindred blood for sacred vengeance calls:
 Their swords shall triumph o'er thy vaunted force,
 And curb the conqu'ror in his headlong course. 210

WHAT spoils of war, thy sons, Columbia, claim'd!
 What trophies rose, where thy red ensigns flam'd!
 Where the great chief, o'er Del'ware's icy wave,
 Led the small band, in danger doubly brave,
 On high designs—and ere the dawning hour, 215
 Germania's vet'rans own'd the victor's pow'r;
 Or on the muse's plain, where round thy tomb,
 O gallant Mercer! deathless laurels bloom;

Or

Or where, anon, in northern fields renown'd,
 The tide of slaughter stain'd the sanguine ground, 220
 When the bold freemen, gath'ring from afar,
 Foil'd the proud foe, and crush'd the savage war :
 On that brave band their country's plaudit waits,
 And consecrates to fame the name of Gates.
 Nor less the valour of the impetuous shock, 225
 Which seiz'd the glorious prize on Hudson's rock,
 Where Wayne, e'en while he felt the whizzing ball,
 Pluck'd the proud standard from the vanquish'd wall.
 Now turn your eyes, where southern realms are seen,
 From ruin rescu'd, by th' immortal Greene : 230
 See toils of death, where many a hero bleeds,
 Till rapid vict'ry, to defeat, succeeds,
 On num'rous plains, whose streams, unknown to song,
 Till this great æra, roll'd obscure along,
 Their names shall, now, to fame familiar grown, 235
 Outlast the pile of monumental stone.
 Or see on fair Virginia's strand arise,
 The column pointing to the fav'ring skies,
 Inscrib'd with deeds the allied arms have done,
 And grav'd with trophies from Britannia won : 240
 Here stand the conqu'ring bands : the vanquish'd throng
 Through the long lines in silence move along :
 The stars and lilies, here, in laurels drest—
 And there, dark shrouds the banner'd pride invest :
 These twice twelve banners once in pomp unfurl'd, 245
 Spread death and terror round the southern world :
 In various colours from the staff unroll'd,
 The lion frown'd, the eagle flam'd in gold,
 Hibernia's harp, reluctant, here was hung,
 And Scotia's thistle, there, spontaneous sprung : 250
 These twice twelve flags no more shall be display'd,
 Save in the dome where warlike spoils are laid :

Since,

Since, where the fathers in high council meet,
This hand has plac'd them prostrate at their feet.

So beam the glories of the allied band! 255
And such the dawning hope that cheers our land!
Since Gallia's fire, high on a throne of state,
Sublimely good, magnanimously great!
Protector of the rights of human kind,
Weigh'd the dread contest in his royal mind, 260
And bade his fleets o'er the broad ocean fly,
To succour realms beneath another sky:
Since his blest troops, in happiest toils allied,
Have fought, have bled, have conquer'd by your side:
The mingled stream, in the same trench that flow'd, 265
Cements the nations by their heroes' blood.

YET still, Columbians, see what choice remains,
Ignoble bondage, and inglorious chains,
Or all the joys which liberty can give,
For which you dare to die, or wish to live. 270
On the drawn sword, your country's fate depends:
Your wives, your children, parents, brothers, friends,
With all the tender charities of life,
Hang on the issue of the arduous strife.

To bolder deeds, and vict'ry's fierce delights, 275
Your country calls, and heav'n itself invites.
Charm'd by their potent voice, let virtue's flame,
The sense of honour, and the fear of shame,
The thirst of praise, and freedom's envied cause,
The smiles of heroes, and the world's applause, 280
Impel each breast, in glory's dread career,
Firm as your rock-rais'd hills to persevere.

Now the sixth year of independence smiles,
The glorious meed of all our war-like toils;

Auspicious

Auspicious pow'r, with thy broad flag unfurl'd, 285
 Shed thy stern influence on our western world !
 With thy congenial flame our hearts inspire,
 With manly patience, and heroic fire,
 The rudest shock of fortune's storm to bear ;
 Each ill to suffer ; every death to dare ; 290
 To rush undaunted in th' adventurous van,
 And meet the Britons, man oppos'd to man ;
 With surer aim, repel their barb'rous rage ;
 Shield the poor orphan, and the white-hair'd sage ;
 Defend the matron, and the virgin's charms ; 295
 And vindicate our sacred rights with arms.
 This, the great genius of our land requires,
 This, the blest shades of our illustrious fires,
 This, the brave sons of future years demand,
 Cheers the faint heart, and nerves the feeble hand ; 300
 This, sacred hope, that points beyond the span,
 Which bounds this transitory life of man,
 Where glory lures us with her bright renown,
 The hero's triumph, and the patriot's crown,
 The fair reward to suffering virtue giv'n, 305
 Pure robes of bliss, and starry thrones in heav'n.

CHANG'D are the scenes. Now fairer prospects rise,
 And brighter suns begin to gild our skies.
 Th' exhausted foe, his last poor effort try'd,
 Sees nought remain, save impotence and pride : 310
 His golden dreams of fancied conquest o'er,
 (And Gallia thund'ring round his native shore,
 Iberia aiding with Potofi's mines,
 While brave Batavia in the conflict joins)
 Reluctant turns, and, deep involv'd in woes, 315
 In other climes prepares for other foes.

ANON, the horrid sounds of war shall cease,
 And all the western world be hush'd in peace :
 The martial clarion shall be heard no more,
 Nor the loud cannon's defolating roar : 320
 No more our heroes pour the purple flood,
 No corse be seen with garments roll'd in blood ;
 No shiv'ring wretch shall roam without a shed ;
 No pining orphans raise their cry for bread ;
 No tender mother shriek at dreams of woe, 325
 Start from her sleep, and see the midnight foe ;
 The lovely virgin, and the hoary fire,
 No more behold the village flame aspire,
 While the base spoiler, from a father's arms,
 Plucks the fair flow'r, and riots on its charms. 330

E'EN now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed,
 See from our shores the less'ning sails recede :
 See the red flags, that to the wind unfurl'd,
 Wav'd in proud triumph round the vanquish'd world,
 Inglorious fly : and see their haggard crew, 335
 Despair, rage, shame, and infamy pursue.

HAIL, heav'n-born peace ! thy grateful blessings pour
 On this glad land, and round the peopled shore :
 Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,
 Propitious days, and festive nights serene ; 340
 With thee gay pleasure frolics o'er the plain,
 And smiling plenty leads thy prosp'rous train.

THEN oh, my friends ! the task of glory done,
 Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won—
 Your country's favours, by her voice confess'd, 345
 While unborn ages rise and call you blest—
 Then let us go where happier climes invite,

D

To

To midland seas, and regions of delight;
 With all that's ours, together let us rise,
 Seek brighter plains and more indulgent skies; 350
 Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
 And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
 Where all that beauty's hand can form to please,
 Shall crown the toils of war, with rural ease,
 The shady coverts, and the sunny hills, 355
 The gentle lapse of ever-murm'ring rills,
 The soft repose amid the noon-tide bow'rs,
 The evening walk among the blushing flow'rs,
 The fragrant groves that yield a sweet perfume,
 And vernal glories in perpetual bloom, 360
 Await you there: and heav'n shall bless the toil,
 Your own the produce, as your own the soil.

No tyrant lord shall grasp a thousand farms,
 Curse the mild clime, and spoil its fairest charms:
 No blast severe your rip'ning fields deform, 365
 No vollied hail-stones, and no driving storm:
 No raging murrain on your cattle seize,
 And nature sicken with the dire disease.
 But golden years, anew, begin their reigns,
 And cloudless sun-shine gild salubrious plains, 370
 Herbs, fruits, and flow'rs, shall clothe th'uncultur'd field,
 Nectareous juice, the vine and orchard yield,
 Rich, dulcet creams the copious goblets fill,
 Delicious honey from the trees distil;
 The garden smile, spontaneous harvests spring, 375
 The woodlands warble, and the vallies sing.

ALONG the meads, or near the shady groves,
 There sport the flocks, there feed the fatt'ning droves;
 There

There strays the steed, through gloomy vales afar,
Who erst mov'd lofty in the ranks of war. 380

THERE free from envy, cank'ring care, and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life :
There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast,
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.
From house to house the social glee extends, 385
For friends in war, in peace are doubly friends :
Their children taught to emulate their fires,
Catch the warm glow, and feel the kindred fires,
Till by degrees the mingling joys improve,
Grow with their years, and ripen into love : 390
Nor long the blushing pair in secret figh,
And drink sweet poison from the love-sick eye ;
Blest be their lot ! when in his eager arms
Th' enamor'd youth folds the fair virgin's charms,
On her ripe lip imprints the burning kiss, 395
And seals with hallow'd rites, the nuptial bliss.
Then festal sports the ev'ning hours prolong—
The mazy dance, and the sweet warbling song :
Then each endearment wakes the ravish'd sense
To pure delights, and raptures most intense : 400
And the pleas'd parent tells his list'ning son,
What wond'rous deeds, by him, in youth, were done.
No fights of woe, no tort'ring fears annoy
The sweet sensations of the heart-felt joy :
Nor shall the savages of murd'rous soul, 405
In painted bands dark to the combat roll,
With midnight orgies, by the gloomy shade,
On the pale victim point the reeking blade ;
Or cause the hamlet, lull'd in deep repose,
No more to wake, or wake to ceaseless woes : 410
For

For your strong arm the guarded land secures,
And freedom, glory, happiness, are yours.

So shall you flourish in unfading prime,
Each age refining through the reign of time ;
A nobler offspring crown the fond embrace, 415
A band of heroes, and a patriot race :
Not by soft luxury's too dainty food,
Their minds contaminated with their blood :
But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,
By freedom nurtur'd, and by temperance fed ; 420
Healthful and strong, they turn'd the virgin soil,
The untam'd forest bow'd beneath their toil :
At early dawn they fought the mountain chace,
Or rous'd the Indian from his lurking place ;
Curb'd the mad fury of those barb'rous men, 425
Or dragg'd the wild beast struggling from his den :
To all the vigour of that pristine race,
New Charms are added, and superior grace.

THEN cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
With gilded domes, and every art of peace. 430
Then cultivation shall extend his pow'r,
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flow'r ;
Make the fair villa in full splendors smile,
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
Then shall rich commerce court the fav'ring gales, 435
And wond'ring wilds admire the passing sails,
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whit'ning wave,
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
And Mississippi laves th' extended shores. 440

THEN

THEN oh, blest land ! with genius unconfin'd,
 With polish'd manners, and th' illumin'd mind,
 Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,
 Each science trace, and all the arts explore ;
 Till bright religion, beck'ning to the skies, 445
 Shall bid thy sons to endless glories rise.

As round thy clime celestial joy extends,
 Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp ascends ;
 Farther and farther still, thy blessings roll,
 To southern oceans and the northern pole ; 450
 Where now the thorn, or tangled thicket grows,
 The wilderness shall blossom as the rose,
 Unbounded deserts unknown charms assume,
 Like Salem flourish, and like Eden bloom.

AND oh, may heav'n, when all our toils are past, 455
 Crown with such happiness our days at last :
 So rise our sons, like our great sires of old,
 In freedom's cause, unconquerably bold ;
 With spotless faith, and morals pure, their name
 Spread thro' the world, and gain immortal fame. 460

AND thou Supreme ! whose hand sustains this ball,
 Before whose nod, the nations rise and fall,
 Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms,
 On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms :
 Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
 The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man. 466

A P O E M

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A R G U M E N T.

THE characters to whom the poem is addressed, and the subject of it—peace—dissolution of the army—General Washington's farewell, advice, and retirement—apostrophe to him—the happiness of the Americans, considered as a free and agricultural people—articles which contribute to their felicity, during the different seasons—winter's amusements, which produce a digression, concerning the late war, and the author—the pleasures which succeeded the horrors of war—invocation to connubial love—description of the female sex and character, marriage and domestic life in America—the present state of society there—the face of the country at, and since the period of, its discovery—the pleasant prospects exhibited by the progress of agriculture and population—eulogy of agriculture—address to Congress—the genius of the western world invoked to accelerate our improvements—a treaty of commerce proposed with Great Britain—superior advantages for a marine—America called upon to employ her sons on discoveries, in the carrying

carrying trade, fishing, and whaling—commerce—interrupted
 by the Algerines---sensation produced by it in the Americans---
 invocation for powers of expression to excite them to revenge---
 a view of the miseries of the prisoners, which terminates in an
 anathema on the perpetrators of such cruelties---friends of the
 captives and ruined merchants, how affected---exhortation to
 arm, unless an equitable peace can be obtained---apostrophe to
 the tributary powers---resolution to be taken by us---our re-
 sources hinted, from a glance at the late war---Great Britain
 and Algiers contrasted---prayer to the Supreme Being---an
 army raised---preparations for war---a navy formed---naval
 combat with the corsairs---their defeat---their woe---the utter
 destruction of their country---return and rejoicings of the vic-
 tors---a prospect.

P O E M, &c.

OH happy people, ye to whom is giv'n,
 A land enrich'd with sweetest dews of heav'n!
 Ye, who possess Columbia's virgin prime,
 In harvests blest of ev'ry soil and clime!
 Ye happy mortals, whom propitious fate
 Reserv'd for actors on a stage so great! 5
 Sons worthy fires of venerable name,
 Heirs of their virtue and immortal fame;
 Heirs of their rights, still better understood,
 Declar'd in thunder, and confirm'd in blood: 10
 Ye chosen race, your happiness I sing,
 With all the joys the cherub peace can bring,
 When your tall fleets shall lift their starry pride,
 And sail triumphant o'er the bill'wy tide.

THE song begins where all our blifs began, 15
 What time th'Almighty check'd the wrath of man,
 Distill'd, in bleeding wounds, the balm of peace,
 And bade the rage of mortal discord cease.
 Then foes, grown friends, from toils of slaughter breath'd,
 Then war-worn troops their blood-stain'd weapons
 sheath'd: 20
 Then our great Chief to Vernon's shades withdrew,
 And thus, to parting hosts, pronounc'd adieu:

"FAREWEL to public care, to public life:
 "Now peace invites me from the deathful strife.
 "And oh my country, may'st thou ne'er forget 25
 "Thy bands victorious, and thy honest debt!
 "If

" If aught, which proves to me thy freedom dear,
 " Gives me a claim to speak, thy sons shall hear :
 " On them I call—Compatriots dear and brave,
 " Deep in your breasts these warning truths engrave : 30
 " To guard your sacred rights—be just ! be wise !
 " Thence flow your blessings, there your glory lies.
 " Beware the feuds whence civil war proceeds ;
 " Fly mean suspicions ; spurn inglorious deeds ;
 " Shun fell corruption's pestilential breath, 35
 " To states the cause and harbinger of death.
 " Fly dissipation, in whose vortex whirl'd,
 " Sink the proud nations of the elder world.
 " Avoid the hidden snares that pleasure spreads,
 " To seize and chain you, in her filken threads ; 40
 " Let not the lust of gold nor pow'r enthral ;
 " Nor list to wild ambition's frantic call.
 " Stop, stop your ears to discord's curst alarms,
 " Which, rousing, drives a mad'ning world to arms :
 " But learn, from others' woes, sweet peace to prize, 45
 " To know your bliss, and where your treasure lies---
 " Within the compass of your little farms,
 " Lodg'd in your breasts, or folded in your arms :
 " Blest in your clime, beyond all nations blest,
 " Whom oceans guard, and boundless wilds invest. 50

" NOR yet neglect the native force which grows,
 " Your shield from insult, and your wall from foes :
 " But early train your youth, by mimic fights,
 " To stand the guardians of their country's rights.

" BY honour rul'd, with honesty your guide, 55
 " Be that your bulwark, and be this your pride :
 " Increase the fed'ral ties : support the laws :
 " Guard public faith : revere religion's cause.

E

" Thus

“ Thus rise to greatness---by experience find,
 “ Who live the best, are greatest of mankind. 60

“ AND ye, my faithful friends (for thus I name
 “ My fellow lab’ers in the field of fame)
 “ Ye, who for freedom nobly shed your blood,
 “ Dy’d ev’ry plain, and purpled ev’ry flood,
 “ Where havoc heap’d of arms and men the wreck, 65
 “ From Georgia’s stream to walls of proud Quebec ;
 “ To these stern toils the peaceful scene succeeds,
 “ The eyes of nations watch your future deeds :
 “ Go act, as citizens, in life’s retreat,
 “ Your parts as well, and make your fame complete : 70
 “ ’Tis our’s for ever, from this hour to part.
 “ Accept th’ effusions of a grateful heart !
 “ Where’er you go, may milder fates pursue,
 “ Receive my warmest thanks, my last adieu !”

THE HERO spokeAn awful pause ensu’d : 75
 Each eye was red, each face with tears bedew’d ;
 As if the pulse of life suspended stood,
 An unknown horror chill’d the curdling blood :
 Their arms were lock’d : their cheeks irriguous met,
 By thy soft trickling dews, affection ! wet. 80
 Words past all utt’rance mock’d the idle tongue,
 While petrified in final gaze they clung.

THE bands retiring, fought their ancient farms,
 With laurels crown’d---receiv’d with open arms.
 Now citizens, they form’d no sep’rate class, 85
 But spread, commixing, thro’ the gen’ral mass :
 Congenial metals, thus, by chymic flame,
 Dissolve, assimilate, and grow the same.

SWORDS

SWORDS turn'd to shears, and war to rural toil,
 The men who sav'd, now cultivate the soil. 90
 In no heroic age, since time began,
 Appear'd so great the majesty of man.

HIS task complete, before the fires august,
 The hero stood, and render'd up his trust.
 But who shall dare describe that act supreme, 95
 And fire his numbers with the glowing theme?
 Who sing, tho' aided with immortal pow'rs,
 The towns in raptures, and the roads in flow'rs,
 Where'er he pass'd? what monarch ever knew
 Such acclamations, bursts of joy so true? 100
 What scenes I saw! how oft, surpris'd I felt
 Thro' streaming eyes, my heart, dilated, melt!
 Scenes that no words, no colours can display,
 No sculptur'd marble, and no living lay:
 Yet shall these scenes impress my mem'ry still, 105
 Nor less the festal hours of Vernon's hill;
 Nor that sad moment when 'twas mine to part,
 As the last heart string severs from the heart.

"ADIEU," I cried, "to Vernon's shades, adieu;
 "The vessel waits---I see the beck'ning crew--- 110
 "Me now to foreign climes new duties guide,
 "O'er the vast desert of th' Atlantic tide.
 "'Tis thine, blest sage, while distant thunders roll,
 "Unmov'd thy calm serenity of soul,
 "'Tis thine whose triumphs bade the combat cease, 115
 "To prove how glorious are the works of peace;
 "To lure rich commerce * up thy native bay;
 "Make

* General Washington is actually occupied in opening the falls of Potowmac and James' Rivers, the noble object of which is to extend the navigation through the interior parts of America. Posterity will judge whether this is not one of the great works of peace, worthy the consistency and dignity of his character.

" Make freighted barks beyond the mountains stray :
 " Make inland seas through op'ning channels glide ;
 " Monongahela wed Potowmac's tide : 120
 " New states, exulting, see the flitting sails,
 " Waft joy and plenty round the peopled vales."

ALL former empires rose, the work of guilt,
 On conquest, blood, or usurpation built :
 But we, taught wisdom by their woes and crimes, 125
 Fraught with their lore, and born to better times,
 Our constitutions form'd on freedom's base,
 Which all the blessings, of all lands embrace ;
 Embrace humanity's extended cause,
 A world our empire, for a world our laws. 130

THRICE happy race ! how blest were freedom's heirs,
 Blest if they knew what happiness is theirs,
 Blest if they knew to them alone 'tis given,
 To know no sov'reign but the law and heav'n !
 That law for them, and Albion's realms alone, 135
 On sacred justice elevates her throne ;
 Regards the poor ; the fatherless protects ;
 The widow shields, the proud oppressor checks !
 Blest if they knew, beneath umbrageous trees,
 To prize the joys of innocence and ease, 140
 Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and rest,
 And the calm sunshine of the conscious breast.
 For them, the spring his annual task resumes,
 Invests in verdure, and adorns in blooms
 Earth's parent lap, and all her wanton bow'rs, 145
 In foliage fair, with aromatic flow'rs.
 Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,
 And winnow blossoms from each floating spray :
 In bursting buds the embryo fruits appear,
 The hope and glory of the rip'ning year ! 150

The

The mead that courts the scythe, the pastur'd vale,
 And garden'd lawn, their breathing sweets exhale,
 On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,
 And floats the odours of a thousand groves.
 For them, young summer sheds a brighter day, 155
 Matures the germe with his prolific ray ;
 With prospects cheers, demands more stubborn toil,
 And pays their efforts from the grateful soil.
 The lofty maize its ears luxuriant yields ;
 The yellow harvests gild the laughing fields, 160
 Extend o'er all th' interminable plain,
 And wave in grandeur like the boundless main.
 For them, the flock o'er green savannahs feeds :
 For them, high prancing, bound the playful steeds :
 For them, the heifers graze sequester'd dales, 165
 Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails :
 To them, what time the hoary frosts draw near,
 Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year.
 To nature's sons, how fair th' autumnal ev'n,
 The fading landscape, and impurpl'd heav'n, 170
 As from their fields they take their homeward way,
 And turn to catch the sun's departing ray !
 What streaming splendours up the skies are roll'd,
 Whose colours beggar Tyrian dyes and gold !
 Till night's dun curtains, wide o'er all display'd, 175
 Shroud shad'wy shapes in melancholy shade.

THEN doubling clouds the wintry skies deform ;
 And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm,
 With snows furcharg'd, from tops of mountains sails,
 Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales. 180
 Then desolation strips the faded plains :
 Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns :
 The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,

And

And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air.
 Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come, 185
 But find them happy and content with home ;
 Their gran'ries fill'd—the talk of culture past—
 Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast,
 With patt'ring rain and snow, or driving fleet,
 Rave idly loud, and at their window beat : 190
 Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
 In vain the tempest rattles at the door—
 The tame brute shelter'd, and the feather'd brood
 From them, more provident, demand their food.
 'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed 195
 The ox laborious, and the noble steed :
 'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
 To strow with litter, and to fence from cold,

THE cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within—
 At setting day the blissful hours begin ; 200
 'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
 The farmer feels his independent lot ;
 Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall,
 The voice of gladness and of nature call,
 Beholds his children play, their mother smile, 205
 And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.

FROM stormy heav'ns the mantling clouds unroll'd,
 The sky is bright, the air serenely cold.
 The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,
 For months entire o'er frozen regions blows : 210
 Man braves his blast, his gelid breath inhales,
 And feels more vig'rous as the frost prevails.
 Th' obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,
 Yields a smooth crystal to the flying steed.

'Tis

'Tis then full oft, in arts of love untry'd, 215
 The am'rous stripling courts his future bride;
 And oft, beneath the broad moon's paler day,
 The village pairs ascend the rapid sleigh;
 With jocund sounds impel th' enliven'd steed---
 Say ye, who know their joys, the lulling speed, 220
 At ev'ry bridge the tributary kifs;
 Can courtly balls exceed their rustic blifs?

BUT diff'rent ages diff'rent joys inspire,
 Where friendly circles croud the social fire: 224
 For there the neighbours gath'ring round the hearth,
 Indulge in tales, news, politics, and mirth;
 Nor need we fear th' exhausted fund should fail,
 While garrulous old age prolongs the tale,
 There some old warrior, grown a village sage,
 Whose locks are whiten'd with the frosts of age, 230
 While life's low burning lamp, renews its light,
 With tales heroic shall beguile the night;
 Shall tell of battles fought, of feats atchiev'd,
 And suff'rings ne'er by human heart conceiv'd;
 Shall tell th' adventures of his early life, 235
 And bring to view the fields of mortal strife;
 What time the mattin trump to battle sings,
 And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,
 While down the line the drum, with thund'ring sound,
 Wakes the bold soldier, slumb'ring on the ground; 240
 Alarm'd he starts; then sudden joins his band,
 Who, rang'd beneath the well-known banner, stand:
 Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurl'd,
 Bid one great soul pervade a moving world; 245
 Then martial music's all-inspiring breath,
 With dulcet symphonies, leads on to death;

Lights

Lights in each breast the living beam of fame;
 Kindles the spark; and fans the kindled flame:
 Then meets the stedfast eye, the splendid charms
 Of prancing steeds, of plumed troops and arms: 250
 Reflected sun-beams, dazzling, gild afar
 The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war;
 Then thick as hail-stones, from an angry sky,
 In vollied show'rs, the bolts of vengeance fly;
 Unnumber'd deaths, promiscuous, ride the air, 255
 While, swift descending, with a frightful glare,
 The big bomb bursts; the fragments scatter'd round,
 Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.
 Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks:
 Troops strive with troops; ranks, bending, press on ranks;
 O'er slipp'ry plains the struggling legions reel; 261
 Then livid lead and Bayonne's glitt'ring steel,
 With dark-red wounds their mangled bosoms bore;
 While furious courfers, snorting foam and gore,
 Bear wild their riders o'er the carnag'd plain, 265
 And, falling, roll them headlong on the slain.
 To ranks consum'd, another rank succeeds;
 Fresh victims fall; afresh the battle bleeds;
 And nought of blood can staunch the open'd sluice,
 Till night, o'erhad'wing, brings a grateful truce. 270
 Thus will the vet'ran tell the tale of wars,
 Disclose his breast, to count his glorious scars;
 In mute amazement hold the list'ning swains;
 Make freezing horror creep thro' all their veins;
 Or oft, at freedom's name, their souls inspire 275
 With patriot ardour and heroic fire.

I too, perhaps, should heav'n prolong my date,
 The oft-repeated tale shall oft relate;

Shall

Shall tell the feelings in the first alarms,
 Of some bold enterprize th' unequall'd charms ; 280
 Shall tell from whom I learnt the martial art,
 With what high chiefs I play'd my early part,
 With Parsons first, whose eye, with piercing ken,
 Reads through their hearts the characters of men ;
 Then how I aided, in the foll'wing scene, 285
 Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—
 Then how great Washington my youth approv'd,
 In rank prefer'd, and as a parent lov'd,
 (For each fine feeling in his bosom blends
 The first of heroes, sages, patriots, friends) 290
 With him what hours on warlike plans I spent,
 Beneath the shadow of th' Imperial tent ;
 With him how oft I went the nightly round,
 Thro' moving hosts, or slept on tented ground ;
 From him how oft (nor far below the first 295
 In high behests and confidential trust)
 From him how oft I bore the dread commands,
 Which destin'd for the fight the eager bands ;
 With him how oft I past th' eventful day,
 Rode by his side, as down the long array, 300
 His awful voice the columns taught to form,
 To point the thunders, and to pour the storm.
 But, thanks to heav'n! those days of blood are o'er,
 The trumpet's clangor, the loud cannon's roar:
 No more advance the long extended lines, 305
 Front form'd to front—no more the battle joins
 With rushing shock---th' unsufferable found
 Rends not the skies---nor blood distains the ground---
 Nor spread thro' peaceful villages afar,
 The crimson flames of desolating war, 310
 No more this hand, since happier days succeed,
 Waves the bright blade, or reins the fiery steed.

No more for martial fame this bosom burns,
 Now white-rob'd peace to bless a world returns;
 Now soft'ring freedom all her bliss bestows, 315
 Unnumber'd blessings for unnumber'd woes.

REVOLVING seasons thus by turns invite
 To rural joys and conjugal delight—
 Oh thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects
 In heav'n's own ties, the strong and feebler sex! 320
 Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
 Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
 All nature feels thy pow'r. The vocal grove
 With air-borne melody awakes to love;
 To love the boldest tenants of the sky, 325
 To love the little birds, extatic, fly;
 To love submit the monsters of the main,
 And ev'ry beast that haunts the desert plain:
 But man alone the brightest flame inspires,
 A spark enkindled from celestial fires. 330
 Hail, hallow'd wedlock! purest, happiest state,
 Thy untry'd raptures let my song relate:
 Give me, ere long, thy mysteries to prove,
 And taste, as well as sing, the sweets of love!

YE blooming daughters of the western world, 335
 Whose graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,
 Whose limbs of symmetry, and snowy breast,
 Allure to love, in simple neatness drest;
 Beneath the veil of modesty, who hide
 The boast of nature and of virgin pride— 340
 (For beauty needs no meretricious art
 To find a passage to the op'ning heart)
 Oh make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,
 My song immortal by your charms inspir'd

Tho'

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA. 43

THO' lavish nature sheds each various grace, 345
 That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
 Though health, with innocence, and glee, the while,
 Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile—
 Tho' mid the lily's white, unfolds the rose,
 As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows, 350
 Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,
 Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush,
 What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
 First feels of love the palpitating starts, 354
 Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
 Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—
 Though sweet their lips, their features more than fair—
 Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
 Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
 While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms; 360
 Yet something still, beyond th' exterior form,
 With goodness fraught, with animation warm,
 Inspires their actions; dignifies their mien;
 Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each scene.
 'Tis those perfections of superior kind, 365
 The moral beauties which adorn the mind;
 'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,
 In words of truth and kindness on their tongue,
 'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
 And calls the loveliness of beauty forth: 370
 'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
 Like vernal sun-beams round cœrulian skies;
 Bright emanations of the spotless soul,
 Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!

HERE the fair sex an equal honour claims, 375
 Wakes chaste desire, nor burns with lawless flames:
 No

No eastern manners, here, consign the charms
 Of beauteous slaves to some loath'd master's arms :
 No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was fold
 By parents base, for mercenary gold ; 389
 Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
 To live dishonour'd, or with hunger die.
 Here, uncontroul'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,
 The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,
 While mutual passions in their bosoms glow, 385
 While soft confessions in their kisses flow,
 While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
 Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.

NOR here the wedded fair in splendor vie,
 To shine the idols of the public eye ; 390
 Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,
 In balls and masquerades, in plays and games ;
 Each home felt bliss exchang'd for foreign sports,
 A round of pleasures, or th' intrigues of courts ;
 Nor seek of government to guide the plan, 395
 And wrest his bold prerogatives from man.
 What though not form'd in affectation's school,
 Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
 Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,
 Or practice all the little arts of guile— 400
 What though not taught the use of female arms,
 Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
 Like some fine garnish'd heads—th' exterior fair,
 In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair :
 Yet theirs are pleasures of a diff'rent kind, 405
 Delights at home, more useful, more refin'd ;
 Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,
 With hospitable cares and modest ease :

Their

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA. 45

Their youthful taste, improv'd by finer arts,
 Their minds embellish'd, and refin'd their hearts— 410
 'Tis theirs to act, in still sequester'd life,
 The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife:
 What nameless grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
 To soothe their partners, and divide their cares,
 Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath, 415
 And light a smile on the wan cheek of death !

No feudal ties the rising genius mar,
 Compel to servile toils, or drag to war ;
 But, free, each youth his fav'rite course pursues,
 The plough paternal, or the sylvan muse. 420
 Forhere exists, once more, th' Arcadian scene,
 Those simple manners, and that golden mean :
 Here holds society its middle stage,
 Between too rude and too refin'd an age ;
 Far from that age, when not a gleam of light 425
 The dismal darkness cheer'd of gothic night,
 From brutal rudeness of that savage state—
 As from refinements which o'erwhelm the great,
 Those dissipations which their bliss annoy,
 And blast and poison each domestic joy. 430

WHAT tho' for us, the pageantry of kings,
 Crowns, thrones, and sceptres, are superfluous things ;
 What tho' we lack the gaudy pomp that waits
 On eastern monarchs, or despotic states ;
 Yet well we spare what realms despotic feel, 435
 Oppression's scourge, and persecution's wheel.

WHAT tho' no splendid spoils of other times,
 Invite the curious to these western climes ;
 No virtuoso, with fantastic aim,
 Here hunts the shadow of departed fame : 440
 No

No piles of rubbish his attention call,
 Nor mystic obelisk, or storied wall :
 No ruin'd statues claim the long research ;
 No sliding columns and no crumbling arch ;
 Inscriptions, half effac'd, and falsely read, 445
 Or cumbrous relics of th' unletter'd dead :
 Yet here I rove untrodden scenes among,
 Catch inspiration for my rising song ;
 See nature's grandeur awfully unfold,
 And, rapt in thought, her works sublime behold ! 450
 For here vast wilds, which human foot ne'er trod,
 Are mark'd with footsteps of a present God ;
 His forming hand, on nature's broadest scale,
 O'er mountains, mountains pil'd, and scoop'd the vale ;
 Made sea-like streams in deeper channels run, 455
 And roll'd thro' brighter heav'ns his genial fun.
 In vain of day, that rolling lucid eye
 Look'd down in mildness from the smiling sky ;
 In vain, the germe of vegetation lay,
 And pin'd in shades, secluded from the day ; 460
 In vain, this theatre for man so fair,
 Spread all its charms for beasts or birds of air ;
 Or savage tribes, who, wand'ring through the wood,
 From beasts and birds obtain'd precarious food :
 Till great Columbus rose, and, led by heav'n, 465
 Call'd worlds to view, beneath the skirts of ev'n.

RISE, daring muse, with bolder flight explore
 The heav'nly wonders for these climes in store :
 Sing nature lab'ring with her latest birth,
 And a new empire rising on the earth ! 470

Now other scenes in these blest climes prevail :
 The sounds of population fill the gale :

The

The dreary wastes, by mighty toils reclaim'd,
 Deep marshes drain'd, wild woods and thickets tam'd:
 Now fair Columbia, child of heav'n, is seen 475
 In flow'r of youth, and robes of lovely green,
 Than virgin fairer, on her bridal morn,
 Whom all the graces, all the loves adorn.

HERE planters find a ceaseless source of charms
 In clearing fields, and adding farms to farms: 480
 'Tis independence prompts their daily toil,
 And calls forth beauties from the desert soil:
 What untry'd pleasure fills each raptur'd sense,
 When sturdy toil, thro' darken'd wilds immense,
 First pours the day-beams on the op'ning glade, 485
 And glebes embrown'd with everlasting shade!
 Here equal fortunes, ease, the ground their own,
 Augment their numbers with increase unknown.
 Here hamlets grow. Here Europe's pilgrims come
 From vassal'd woes to find a quiet home. 490
 The eye no view of waning cities meets,
 Of mould'ring domes, of narrow, fetid streets;
 Of grey-hair'd wretches, who ne'er own'd a shed,
 And beggars dying for the want of bread:
 But oft, in transport, round th' horizon roves, 495
 O'er mountains, vallies, towns, and stately groves;
 Then dwells, best pleas'd, on cultivated plains,
 Steeds, flocks, and herds, commix'd with lab'ring swains.

HAIL, agriculture! by whose parent aid,
 The deep foundations of our states are laid; 500
 The seeds of greatness by thy hand are sown;
 These shall mature with thee and time alone;
 But still conduct us on thy sober plan,
 Great source of wealth, and earliest friend of man.

YE rev'rend fathers! props of freedom's cause, 505
 Who rear'd an empire by your sapient laws,
 With blest example give this lesson weight,
 "That toil and virtue make a nation great!"
 Then shall your name's reach earth's remotest clime,
 Rise high as heav'n, and brave the rage of time— 510
 His list'ning sons the fire shall oft remind,
 What parent sages first in congress join'd:
 The faithful Hancock grac'd that early scene,
 Great Washington appear'd in godlike mien,
 Jay, Laurens, Clinton, skill'd in ruling men, 515
 And he, who earlier, held the farmer's pen.
 'Twas Lee, illustrious, at the father's head,
 The daring way to independence led.
 The self-taught Sherman urg'd his reasons clear,
 And all the Livingston's to freedom dear: 520
 What countless names in fair procession throng,
 With Rutledge, Johnson, Nash, demand the song!
 And chiefly ye, of human kind the friends,
 On whose high task my humbler toil attends.
 Ye who, uniting realms in leagues of peace, 525
 The sum of human happiness increase!
 Adams, the sage, a patriot from his youth,
 Whose deeds are honour, and whose voice is truth;
 Undying Franklin, in the hill of fame,
 Who bids the thunders spread his awful name; 530
 And Jefferson, whose mind with space extends,
 Each science woos, all knowledge comprehends,
 Whose patriot deeds and elevated views,
 Demand the tribute of a loftier muse:—
 Tho' Randolph, Hofmer, Hanson sleep in death, 535
 Still these great patriots draw the vital breath:
 And can a nation fail in peace to thrive,
 Where such strong talents, such high worth survive?

Rous'd

Rous'd at the thought, by vast ideas fir'd,
His breast enraptur'd, and his tongue inspir'd, 540
Another * bard, in conscious genius bold,
Sings the new world now happier than the old.

GREAT genius of our world, assert our fame,
In other bards awake the dormant flame !
Bid vivid colours into being start, 545
Men grow immortal by the plastic art !
Bid columns swell, stupendous arches bend,
Proud cities rise, and ærial spires ascend !
Bid music's pow'r the pangs of woe assuage !
With nobler views inspire th' enlighten'd age ! 550
In freedom's voice pour all thy bolder charms,
Till reason supersede the force of arms,
Till peaceful streamers in each gale shall play,
From orient morning to descending day.
In mortal breasts shall hate immortal last ? 555
Albion ! Columbia ! soon forget the past !
In friendly intercourse your int'rests blend !
From common fires your gallant sons descend ;
From free-born fires in toils of empire brave—
'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds ye gave, 560
Let those be friends whom kindred blood allies,
With language, laws', religion's holiest ties !
Yes, mighty Albion ! scorning low intrigues,
With young Columbia form commercial leagues.
So shall mankind, thro' endless years, admire 565
More potent realms than Carthage leagu'd with Tyre.

WHERE lives the nation, fraught with such resource,
Such vast materials for a naval force ?
Where grow so ripe, the iron, masts, and spars,
The hemp, the timber, and the daring tars ? 570

G

Where

* Mr. Barlow, author of the Vision of Columbus.

Where gallant youths, inur'd to heat and cold,
 Thro' every zone, more hardy, strong, and bold?
 Let other climes of other produce boast:
 Let gold, let di'monds, grow on India's coast:
 Let flaming suns from arid plains exhale 575
 The spicy odours of Arabia's gale:
 Let fragrant shrubs, that bloom in regions calm,
 Perfumes expiring, bleed ambrosial balm:
 Let olives flourish in Hesperia's soil,
 Ananas ripen in each tropic isle: 580
 Let Gallia gladden in her clust'ring vines:
 Let Spain exult in her Peruvian mines:
 Let plains of Barb'ry boast the generous steed,
 Far-fam'd for beauty, strength, and matchless speed;
 But men, Columbia, be thy fairer growth, 585
 Men of firm nerves, who spurn at fear and sloth,
 Men of high courage, like their fires of old,
 In labour patient, as in dangers bold!

THEN wake Columbia! daughter of the skies,
 Awake to glory, and to greatness rise! 590
 Arise and spread thy virgin charms abroad,
 Thou last, thou fairest offspring of a God;
 Extend thy view where future blessings lie,
 And ope new prospects for th'enraptur'd eye!
 See a new æra on this globe begun, 595
 And circling years in brighter orbits run
 See the fair dawn of universal peace,
 When hell-born discord thro' the world shall cease!
 Commence the task assigned by heaven's decree,
 From pirate rage to vindicate the sea! 600

BID thy live oaks, in southern climes that grow,
 And pines that shade the northern mountain's brow,
 In

In mighty pomp descending on the main,
 With sails expanded, sweep the watry plain :
 Thy rising stars in unknown skies display, 605
 And bound thy labours with the walks of day.

BID from the shore a philanthropic band,
 The torch of science glowing in their hand,
 O'er trackless waves extend their daring toils,
 To find and bless a thousand peopled isles ; 610
 Not lur'd to blood by domination's lust,
 The pride of conquest, or of gold the thirst ;
 Not arm'd by impious zeal with burning brands,
 To scatter flames and ruin round their strands ;
 Bid them to wilder'd men new lights impart, 615
 Heav'n's noblest gifts, with every useful art.

BID thy young sons, whom toil for glory forms,
 New skill acquiring, learn to brave the storms,
 To ev'ry region thy glad harvest bear—
 Where happy nations breathe a milder air ; 620
 Or where the natives feel the scorching ray,
 And pant and faint beneath a flood of day ;
 Or thro' those seas where mounts of ice arise,
 Th' eternal growth of hyperborean skies,
 Where feeble rayless sons obliquely roll, 625
 Or one long night invests the frozen pole.

THEN bid thy northern train, who draw the line,
 In ocean's caverns find a richer mine,
 Than fam'd Potosi's or Golconda's ore,
 Or all the treasures of the Asian shore. 630
 Bid them with hooks delusive ply the flood,
 And feed whole kingdoms with the finny brood.

AND bid thy youths, whose brawny limbs are strung
 For bolder toils—pursue those toils unstring—

Pursue

Pursue through foreign seas, with vent'rous sail : 635
 The dreadful combat of th' enormous whale :
 Lo where he comes, the foaming billows rise !
 See spouted torrents cloud the misty skies ;
 See in the skiff the bold harpooner stand,
 The murd'ring iron in his skilful hand ; 640
 From him alone th' attentive youths await
 A joyful vict'ry, or a mournful fate :
 His meas'ring eye the distance now explores,
 His voice now checks, and now impels the oars :
 The panting crew a solemn silence keep, 645
 Stillness and horror hover o'er the deep ;
 Now nigh he kens a vulnerable part,
 And hurls with deadly aim the barbed dart ;
 The wounded monster plunging through th' abyfs,
 Makes uncoil'd cords in boiling waters hiss— 650
 And oft the boat, drawn headlong down the wave,
 Leads trembling seamen to their watry grave ;
 And oft, when rising on his back upborne,
 Is dash'd on high, in countless pieces torn.
 But now afar see ocean's monarch rise, 655
 O'er troubled billows see how fast he flies,
 And drags the feeble skiff along the flood,
 Lash'd into foam, and colour'd red with blood !
 At length subsides the elemental strife,
 His rage exhausted with his ebbing life ; 660
 As tow'rs a rock on some sky-circled plain,
 So looms his carcase o'er the dusky main.
 Elate, the victors urge the added toil,
 Extract the bone, and fill their ship with oil. 664

FRAUGHT with the germe of wealth, our seamen roam
 To foreign marts, and bring new treasures home ;

From

From either Ind' and Europe's happier shore,
Th' assembled produce crouds the merchant's store :
From east to west the fruits and spices sweet,
On our full boards in rich profusion meet ; 670
Canary isles their luscious vintage join ;
In chrystal goblets flows the amber wine ;
European artists send their midnight toil
For crude materials of our virgin soil ;
For us, in tissue of the filken loom, 675
The lilacks blush, the damask roses bloom ;
For us in distant mines the metals grow,
Prolific source of pleasure, care, and woe !
Ne'er may our sons for heaps of useless wealth,
Exchange the joys of freedom, peace, or health, 680
But make e'en riches to their weal conduce,
And prize their splendor by their public use !

'Tis thus our youth, thro' various climes afar,
From toils of peace obtain the nerves of war—
But what dark prospect interrupts our joy ? 685
What arm presumptuous dares our trade annoy ?
Great God ! the rovers, who insult thy waves,
Have seiz'd our ships, and made our freemen slaves :
And hark ! the cries of that disastrous band
Float o'er the main, and reach Columbia's strand— 690
The wild alarm from ocean spreads around,
And circling echoes propagate the sound,
From smooth Saluda, fed with silver rills,
Up the Blue-ridge, o'er Alleganean hills ;
To where Niagara tremendous roars, 695
As o'er white-sheeted rocks his torrent pours,
(The dreadful cataract whole regions shakes
Of boundless woods, and congregated lakes !)

To farthest Kennebeck, adown whose tide,
 The future ships, unfashion'd, monstrous glide, 700
 On whose rough banks, where stood the savage den,
 The axe is heard and busy hum of men---
 But hark ! their labours and their accents cease,
 A warning voice has interdicted peace,
 Has spread thro' cities, gain'd remotest farms, 705
 And fir'd th' indignant states with new alarms :
 The sickly flame in ev'ry bosom burns,
 Like gloomy torches in sepulchral urns.

WHY sleep'st thou Barlow, child of genius ? why
 Seest thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie ? 710
 And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame ?
 'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame---
 To you, my dearest friends ! the task belongs,
 To rouse your country with heroic songs ;
 For me, tho' glowing with conceptions warm, 715
 I find no equal words to give them form :
 Pent in my breast, the mad'ning tempest raves,
 Like prison'd fires in Etna's burning caves :
 For me why will no thund'ring numbers roll ?
 Why, niggard language, dost thou baulk my soul ! 720
 Come thou sweet feeling of another's woe,
 That mak'st the heart to melt, the eye to flow !
 Come thou, keen feeling, liveliest sense of wrong !
 Aid indignation, and inspire my song !
 Teach me the woes of slavery to paint, 725
 Beneath whose weight our captur'd freemen faint !
 Teach me in shades of Stygian night to trace,
 In characters of hell the pirate race !
 Teach me, prophetic, to disclose their doom,
 A new-born nation trampling on their tomb ! 730

WHAT

WHAT mortal terrors all my senses seize,
 Possess my heart, and life's warm current freeze ?
 Why grow my eyes with thick suffusions dim ?
 What visionary forms before me swim ? 734
 Where am I ? Heav'ns ! what mean these dol'rous cries ?
 And what these horrid scenes that round me rise ?
 Heard ye the groans, those messengers of pain ?
 Heard ye the clanking of the captive's chain ?
 Heard ye your free-born sons their fate deplore,
 Pale in their chains, and lab'ring at the oar ? 740
 Saw ye the dungeon, in whose blackest cell,
 That house of woe, your friends, your children dwell ?
 Or saw ye those, who dread the tort'ring hour,
 Crush'd by the rigours of a tyrant's pow'r ?
 Saw ye the shrinking slave, th' uplifted lash, 745
 The frowning butcher, and the red'ning gash ?
 Saw ye the fresh blood where it bubbling broke,
 From purple scars, beneath the grinding stroke ?
 Saw ye the naked limbs, writh'd to and fro,
 In wild contortions of convulsing woe, 750
 Felt ye the blood, with pangs alternate roll'd,
 Thrill thro' your veins, and freeze with death-like cold,
 Or fire, as down the tear of pity stole,
 Your manly breasts, and harrow up the soul ?

SOME guardian pow'r in mercy intervene, 755
 Hide from my dizzy eyes the cruel scene !
 Oh stop the shrieks; that tear my tortur'd ear !
 Ye visions, vanish ! dungeons, disappear !
 Ye fetters, burst ! ye monsters fierce, avaunt !
 Infernal furies on those monsters haunt ! 760
 Pursue the foot-steps of that miscreant crew,
 Pursue in flames, with hell-born rage pursue !

Shed

Shed such dire curses as all utterance mock,
 Whose plagues astonish, and whose horrors shock !
 Great maledictions of eternal wrath, 765
 Which, like heav'n's vial'd vengeance, sting and scathe,
 Transfix with scorpion stings the callous heart,
 Make blood-shot eye-balls from their sockets start !
 For balm, pour brimstone in their wounded soul ;
 Then ope, perdition, and ingulf them whole ! 770

How long will heav'n restrain its bursting ire,
 Nor rain blue tempests of devouring fire ?
 How long shall widows weep their sons in vain,
 The prop of years in slav'ry's iron chain !
 How long the love-sick maid, unheeded, rove 775
 The sounding shore, and call her absent love ;
 With wasting tears and sighs his lot bewail,
 And seem to see him in each coming sail ?
 How long the merchant turn his failing eyes,
 In desperation, on the seas and skies, 780
 And ask his captur'd ships, his ravish'd goods,
 With frantic ravings, of the heav'ns and floods ?

How long, Columbians dear ! will ye complain
 Of these curst insults on the open main ?
 In timid sloth shall injur'd brav'ry sleep ? 785
 Awake ! awake ! avengers of the deep !
 Revenge ! revenge ! the voice of nature cries :
 Awake to glory, and to vengeance rise !
 To arms ! to arms ! ye bold indignant bands !
 'Tis heav'n inspires ; 'tis God himself commands. 790
 Save human nature from such deadly harms,
 By force of reason, or by force of arms.

O YE great pow'rs, who passports basely crave,
 From Afric's lords, to sail the midland wave---

Great

Great fallen pow'rs, whose gems and golden bribes 975

Buy paltry passports from these savage tribes---

Ye whose fine purples, filks, and stuffs of gold,

(An annual tribute) their dark limbs infold---

Ye whose mean policy for them equips,

To plague mankind, the predatory ships--- 800

Why will ye buy your infamy so dear ?

Is it self-int'rest, or a dastard fear?

Is it because ye meanly think to gain

A richer commerce on th' infested main ?

Is it because ye meanly wish to see 805

Your rivals chain'd, yourselves ignobly free ?

Who gave commission to these monsters fierce,

To hold in chains the humbled universe ? [swords,

Would God, would nature, would their conqu'ring

Without your meanness, make them ocean's lords ? 810

What! Do ye fear? nor dare their pow'r provoke?

Would not that bubble burst beneath your stroke?

And shall the weak remains of barb'rous rage,

Insulting, triumph o'er th' enlighten'd age ?

Do ye not feel confusion, horror, shame, 815

To bear a hateful, tributary name ?

Will ye not aid to wipe the foul disgrace,

And break the fetters from the human race ?

THEN, though unaided by these mighty pow'rs,

Ours be the toil; the danger, glory ours : 820

Then, O my friends, by heav'n ordain'd to free,

From tyrant rage, the long-infested sea---

Then let us firm, though solitary, stand,

The sword, and olive-branch in either hand:

An equal peace propose with reason's voice, 825

Or rush to arms, if arms should be their choice.

STUNG by their crimes, canaught your vengeance stay?
 Can terror daunt you? or can death dismay?
 The foul enrag'd, can threats, can tortures tame,
 Or the dank dungeon quench th' etherial flame? 830
 Have ye not once to Heav'n's dread throne appeal'd,
 And has not Heav'n your independence seal'd?
 What was the pow'r ye dar'd that time engage,
 And brave the terrors of its hostile rage?
 Was it not Britain, great in warlike toils, 835
 The first of nations, as the queen of isles—
 Britain, whose fleets, that rul'd the briny surge,
 Made navies tremble to its utmost verge,
 Whose single arm held half the world at odds,
 Great nurse of sages, bards and demigods! 840
 But what are these whose threatenings round you burst?
 Of men the dregs, the feeblest, vilest, worst:
 These are the pirates from the Barb'ry strand,
 Audacious miscreants, fierce, yet feeble band!
 Who, impious, dare (no provocation giv'n) 845
 Insult the rights of man—the laws of heav'n!

WILT thou not rise, oh God, to plead our cause,
 Assert thine honour, and defend thy laws!
 Wilt thou not bend thine awful throne to hear
 The pris'ner's cry, and stop the falling tear! 850
 Wilt thou not strike the guilty race with dread,
 On impious realms thy tenfold fury shed!
 Oh thou Most High, be innocence thy care,
 Oh make thy red right arm of vengeance bare,
 Resume in wrath the thunders thou hast hurl'd, 855
 To blight the tenants of the nether world!
 Thou God of Hosts, our stedfast councils guide,
 Lead forth our arms, and crush the sons of pride!

BUT

BUT hark! the trumps, as if by whirlwinds blown,
 Sound from cold Lawrance to the burning zone! 860
 Thy cause, humanity, that swells their breath,
 Wakes in each bosom cool contempt of death.
 By rumbling drums, from distant regions call'd,
 Men, scorning pirate rage, start unappall'd :
 With eye-balls flaming, cheeks of crimson flush, 865
 From rice-green fields, and fir-clad mountains, rush
 High-mettled youths—unus'd to fights of slain,
 Of hostile navies, or the stormy main—
 Enrag'd they leave unfinish'd furrows far,
 To dare the deep, and toil in fields of war : 870
 From dreams of peace, stern-visag'd vet'rans wake,
 Their rattling arms, with grasp indignant, shake ;
 Those * arms, their pride, their country's gift, what day
 To independence they had op'd the way ;
 Frowning wide ruin, terrible they rise, 875
 Like battling thunders bursting from the skies.
 From Erie's inland vales, unnam'd in song,
 In native fierceness pour the hunter throng :
 Beneath their rapid march, realms roll behind ;
 Their uncomb'd locks loose floating on the wind : 880
 Coarse their worn garbs—they place their only pride
 In the dread rifle, oft in battle tried.
 With aim unbalk'd, whose leaden vengeance flings,
 Sure as the dart the king of terrors flings :
 So erst, brave Morgan, thy bold hunters sped--- 885
 Such light-arm'd youths the gallant Fayette led,
 Ere Steuben brought the Prussian lore from far,
 Or Knox created all the stores of war.
 Thro' tented fields impatient ardour spreads---
 Rous'd by the trump the couriers rear their heads, 890
 Snuff in the tainted gale the nitrous grain,
 Responsive neigh, and prance the wide campaign.

Now

* At the conclusion of the war, Congress gave to the soldiers of the Continental Army, the arms, with which they had defended their country.

Now preparation forms the gleaming blade;
 In moulds capacious pond'rous deaths are made:
 In crouded docks th' incessant labour glows; 895
 The tool resounds---the wond'rous structure grows---
 Propp'd on the stocks, stupendous navies stand,
 Raise their huge bulks, and darken all the strand;
 Till tow'ring fleets, from diff'rent harbours join'd,
 Float on the pinions of the fav'ring wind; 900
 Tall groves of masts, like mountain forests, rise;
 Wav'd high in air, the crimson streamer flies:
 To prosp'rous gales the canvas wide unfurl'd,
 Bears the rous'd vengeance round the watry world:
 See! ocean whitens with innum'rous sails; 905
 Be still, ye storms! breathe soft, ye friendly gales!
 See! where Columbia's mighty squadron runs
 To climes illum'd by other stars and suns;
 Gains the deep streight; ascends the midland wave,
 Of ancient fleets th' unfathomable grave! 910
 When freedom's ardent chiefs, with eager eye,
 Dim thro' the mist the corsair force descry;
 Their cloudlike sails hang in the distant heav'n,
 Like shad'wy vapours of ascending ev'n---
 Here o'er the topmast, flames th' imperial star, 915
 There the red crescent leads the coming war.
 Th' obstructions clear'd---obliquely on the gales---
 With open ports---half-furl'd the flapping sails---
 Near and more near, athwart the bill'wy tide,
 In terrors arm'd, the floating bulwarks glide; 920
 Tier pil'd o'er tier, the sleeping thunder lies,
 Anon to rend the shudd'ring main and skies.

ERE yet they shut the narrow space between,
 Begins the prelude of a bloodier scene---

With

With sudden touch, deep-throated engines roar, 925
 Pierce heav'n's blue vault, and dash the waves to shore;
 Then mad'ning billows mock the fearful sound,
 While o'er their surface globes of iron bound;
 Unknown concussions rolling o'er their heads,
 Far fly the monsters'round their coral beds. 930

THE battle closes---fiercer fights begin--
 And hollow hulls reverberate the din :
 The green waves blacken, as the tempest lours,
 Chain-bolts and langrage rain in dreadful show'rs;
 Ship lock'd to ship, hangs o'er the foaming flood, 935
 The black sides wrapt in flame, the decks in blood :
 From both the lines now smoke, now flames aspire,
 Now clouds they roll, now gleam a ridge of fire :
 On hostile prows, Columbia's heroes stand,
 Conqu'ring 'mid death, or dying sword in hand : 940
 Promiscuous cries, with shouts confus'dly drown'd,
 In the wild uproar, swell the dol'rous sound :
 And nought distinct is heard, and nought is seen,
 Where wreaths of vapour hov'ring intervene,
 Save when black grains expand imprison'd air, 945
 The thunders wake, and shoot a livid glare ;
 Then ghastly forms are seen by transient gleams,
 The dead and wounded drench'd in purple streams.

Now helmless ships in devious routes are driv'n,
 The cordage torn, the masts to atoms riv'n : 950
 Now here they glow with curling waves of fire,
 In one explosion total crews expire.
 Here barks relinquish'd, burnt to ocean's brink,
 Half veil'd in crimson clouds begin to sink.
 With men submerg'd, there frailer fragments float, 955
 Here yawning gulfs absorb th' o'erloaded boat :
 There

There red-hot balls, that graze the waters, hiss,
 And plunge the gallies down the dread abyfs.
 Here shatter'd limbs---there garments dipt in blood,
 With mingling crimson stain the foughten flood, 960
 While Afric's pirates, shrinking from the day,
 By terror urg'd, drag wounded hulks away.

As when two adverse storms, impetuous driv'n,
 From east and west, sail up the azure heav'n,
 In flaming fields of day together run, 965
 Explode their fires, and blot with night the sun---
 The eastern cloud, its flames expir'd at last,
 Flies from the lightning of the western blast :
 So fled the corsair line the blighting stroke
 Of freedom's thunder---so their battle broke-- 970
 As if by heav'n's own arm subdu'd at length,
 Their courage perish'd, wither'd all their strength.

Oh then let vict'ry stimulate the chace,
 To free from shameful chains the human race,
 To drive these pirates from th' insulted waves, 975
 To ope their dungeons to despairing slaves,
 To snatch from impious hands and break the rod,
 Which erst defac'd the likeness of a God :
 Then seize th' occasion, call the furious gales,
 Crack bending oars, stretch wide inflated sails ; 980
 On rapid wings of wind the tempest bear,
 Make death's deep tubes with lucid lightnings glare :
 Like evanescent mists dispel their hosts,
 And with destruction's besom sweep their coasts !

Woe to proud Algiers ; to your princes woe ! 985
 Your pride is falling with your youths laid low---
 Woe to ye people, woe, distress, and fears !
 Your hour is come to drink the cup of tears :

A ghastly.

A ghastly paleness gathers on your cheeks, 990
 While mem'ry haunts your ears with captive shrieks;
 Then stifled conscience wak'ning dares to cry,
 "Think on your crimson crimes, despair, and die."—
 Then ruin comes, with fire, and sword, and blood,
 And men shall ask, where once your cities stood?

'Tis done! Behold th' uncheery prospects rise; 995
 Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprise:
 The heav'ns with sable clouds are overcast,
 And death-like sounds ride on the hollow blast—
 The rank grass rustling to the passing gale;
 Ev'n now of men the cheerful voices fail— 1000
 No busy marts appear, no crowded ports,
 No rural dances, and no splendid courts;
 In halls, so late with feasts, with music crown'd,
 No revels sport, nor mirthful cymbals found.
 Fastidious pomp! how are thy pageants fled! 1005
 How sleep the fallen in their lowly bed!
 Their cultur'd fields to desolation turn'd,
 The buildings levell'd, and th' enclosures burn'd.
 Where the fair garden bloom'd, the thorn succeeds,
 'Mid noxious brambles and envenom'd weeds. 1010
 O'er fallow plains, no vagrant flocks are seen,
 To print with tracks, or crop the dewy green,
 The plague, where thousands felt his mortal stings,
 In vacant air his shafts promiscuous flings;
 Here walks in darkness, thirsting still for gore, 1015
 And raves, unsated, round the desert shore—
 The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,
 Alone are prowl'd by animals of death.
 Here tawny lions guard their gory den;
 There birds of prey usurp the haunts of men; 1020
 Thro'

Thro' dreary wilds, a mournful echo calls,
 From mould'ring tow'rs and desolated walls.
 Where the wan light thro' broken windows gleams,
 The fox looks out, the boding raven screams;
 While trembling travellers in wild amaze, 1025
 On wrecks of state, and piles of ruin, gaze.

THE direful signs, which mark the day of doom,
 Shall scarcely scatter such portentous gloom—
 When, rock'd the ground, convuls'd each roaring flood,
 The stars shall fall, the sun be turn'd to blood, 1030
 The globe itself dissolve in fluid fire,
 Time be no more, and man's whole race expire.

THUS hath thy hand, great God! thro' ev'ry age,
 When ripe for ruin, pour'd on man thy rage:
 So didst thou erst on Babylon let fall 1035
 The plagues thy hand inscrib'd upon the wall:
 So didst thou give Sidonia's sons for food,
 To cowering eagles, drunk with human blood;
 Seal in thy wrath imperial Salem's doom,
 And sweep her millions to a common tomb. 1040

BUT let us turn from objects that disgust,
 The ghosts of empires, and of men accurst:
 Turn we from fights that pain the feeling breast,
 To where new nations populate the west:
 For there, anon, shall new auroras rise, 1045
 And, streaming, brighten up th' Atlantic skies,
 Back on the solar path, with living ray,
 Heav'n's own pure splendors pour a tide of day.

AND lo! successful from heroic toils,
 With glory cover'd, and enrich'd with spoils, 1050
 With

With garlands waving o'er these spoils of war,
 The pomp preceded by th' imperial star,
 'Mid shouts of joy, from liberated slaves,
 In triumph ride th' avengers of the waves.
 And see they gain Columbia's happy strand, 1055
 Where anxious crouds in expectation stand.
 See raptur'd nations hail the kindred race,
 And court the heroes to their fond embrace :
 In fond embraces strain'd, the captive clings,
 And feels and looks unutterable things. 1060
 See there the widow finds her darling son,
 See in each others' arms the lovers run,
 With joy tumultuous their swell'd bosoms glow,
 And one short moment pays for years of woe !
 When grateful sports and festal songs proclaim 1065
 Their joys domestic, and their distant fame.

THEN glorious days, by hallow'd bards foretold,
 Shall far surpass the fabled age of gold,
 The human mind its noblest pow'rs display,
 And knowledge, rising to meridian day, 1070
 Shine like the lib'ral sun ; th' illumin'd youths
 By fair discussion find immortal truths.

WHY turns th' horizon red? the dawn is near :
 Infants of light, ye harbingers appear !
 With ten-fold brightness gild the happier age, 1075
 And light the actors o'er a broader stage !
 This drama closing---ere th' approaching end,
 See heav'n's perennial year to earth descend.
 Then wake, Columbians! fav'rites of the skies,
 Awake to glory, and to rapture rise! 1080
 Behold the dawn of your ascending fame,
 Illume the nations with a purer flame ;

A N
E P I T A P H.

ALEXANDER SCAMMEL,
Adjutant General of the American Armies,
and
Colonel of the first regiment of New-Hampshire,
while
he commanded
a chosen corps of light infantry,
at the
successful siege of York-town in Virginia,
was,
in the gallant performance of his duty,
as field officer of the day,
unfortunately captured,
and
afterwards, infiduously wounded—
of which wound he expired at Williamsburgh, Oct. 1781.
Anno ætatis.....



THO' no kind angel glanc'd aside the ball,
Nor fed'ral arms pour'd vengeance for his fall:
Brave Scammel's fame, to distant regions known,
Shall last beyond this monumental stone,
Which, conqu'ring armies (from their toils return'd)
Rear'd to his glory, while his fate they mourn'd.

MOUNT

MOUNT VERNON:

A N O D E. *

BY broad Potowmack's azure tide,
 Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
 Displays its beauties far,
 Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
 Where no unhallow'd wish invades,
 Retir'd from fields of war.

ANGELS might see, with joy, the sage,
 Who taught the battle where to rage,
 Or quench'd its spreading flame.
 On works of peace employ that hand,
 Which wav'd the blade of high command,
 And hew'd the path to fame.

LET others sing his deeds in arms,
 A nation fav'd, and conquest's charms :
 Posterity shall hear,
 'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,
 To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
 And sooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong :
 Thy happy feat inspires my song,
 With gay, perennial blooms,
 With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
 Whose bow'ry wilderness of sweets
 The ambient air perfumes.

HERE

HERE spring its earliest buds displays,
 Here latest on the leafless sprays,
 The plummy people sing ;
 The vernal show'r, the rip'ning year,
 Th' autumnal store, the winter drear,
 For thee new pleasures bring.

HERE lapp'd in philosophic ease,
 Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
 Amidst thine ample farms,
 No vulgar converse heroes hold,
 But past or future scenes unfold,
 Or dwell on nature's charms.

WHAT wond'rous æra have we seen,
 Plac'd on this isthmus, half between
 A rude and polish'd state !
 We saw the war tempestuous rise,
 In arms a world, in blood the skies,
 In doubt an empire's fate.

THE storm is calm'd, seren'd the heav'n,
 And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n,
 Expands th' imperial day :
 " O God, the source of light supreme,
 " Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 " To guide our doubtful way !

" RESTRAIN, dread pow'r, our land from crimes !
 " What seeks, tho' blest beyond all times,
 " So querulous an age ?
 " What means to freedom such disgust ;
 " Of change, of anarchy the lust,
 " The fickleness and rage ?"

70 THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise

The legacy he gave—
And half he fear'd his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a slave.

A TRANSIENT gloom o'ercaft his mind ;
Yet, still on providence reclin'd,
The patriot fond believ'd,
That pow'r benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's task begun,
Imperfectly atchiev'd.

THUS buoy'd with hope, with virtue blest,
Of ev'ry human bliss poffest,
He meets the happier hours :
His skies affume a lovelier blue,
His prospects brighter rife to view,
And fairer bloom his flow'rs,



T H E
GENIUS OF AMERICA. *

A SONG.—*Tune, the watry God, &c.*

WHERE spirits dwell, and shad'wy forms,
On Andes' cliffs mid black'ning storms,
With livid lightnings curl'd :

The

* Written during the insurrections in Massachusetts, in the year 1787.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA. 71

The awful genius of our clime,
In thunder rais'd his voice sublime,
And hush'd the list'ning world.

" IN lonely waves and wastes of earth,
" A mighty empire claims its birth,
" And heav'n asserts the claim;
" The sails that hang in yon dim sky,
" Proclaim'd the promis'd æra nigh,
" Which wakes a world to fame.

" HAIL ye first bounding barks that roam,
" Blue-tumbling billows topp'd with foam,
" Which keel ne'er plough'd before !
" Here suns perform their useless round,
" Here rove the naked tribes embrown'd,
" Who feed on living gore.

" To midnight orgies, off'ring dire,
" The human sacrifice on fire,
" A heav'nly light succeeds—
" But, lo ! what horrors intervene,
" The toils severe, the carnag'd scene,
" And more than mortal deeds !

" YE FATHERS, spread your fame afar,
" 'Tis yours to still the sounds of war,
" And bid the slaughter cease;
" The peopling hamlets wide extend,
" The harvests spring, the spires ascend,
" 'Mid grateful songs of peace.

" SHALL steed to steed, and man to man,
" With discord thund'ring in the van,
" Again destroy the blifs ?

" Enough

" Enough my mystic words reveal,

" The rest the shades of night conceal,

" In fate's profound abyfs."



A N E L E G Y

O N

LIEUTENANT DE HART.*

VOL.-AID. TO GEN. WAYNE

WHEN autumn all humid and drear,
 With darkness and storms in his train,
 Announcing the death of the year,
 Despoil'd of its verdure the plain :
 When horror congenial prevail'd,
 Where graves are with fearfulness trod,
 De Hart by his sister was wail'd,
 His sister thus sigh'd o'er his sod :

" NEAR Hudson, a fort, on these banks,

" Its flag of defiance unfurl'd :

" He led to the storm the first ranks ;

" On them, iron tempests were hurl'd.

" Transpierc'd was his breast with a ball—

" His breast a red fountain supply'd,

" Which, gushing in waves still and small,

" Distain'd his white bosom and side.

" His

* This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-house, near Fort Lee
 1780.

- " His visage was ghastly in death,
 " His hair, that so lavishly curl'd,
 " I saw, as he lay on the heath,
 " In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.
 " How dumb is the tongue, that could speak
 " Whate'er could engage and delight !
 " How faded the rose on his cheek !
 " Those eyes, how envelop'd in night !
 " THOSE eyes, that illumin'd each soul,
 " All darken'd to us are now grown :
 " In far other orbits they roll,
 " Like stars to new systems when gone,
 " My brother, the pride of the plain,
 " In vain did the graces adorn ;
 " His blossom unfolded in vain,
 " To die like the blossom of morn,
 " OH war, thou hast wasted our clime,
 " And tortur'd my bosom with sighs ;
 " My brother, who fell ere his prime,
 " For ever is torn from my eyes.
 " To me, how distracting the storm,
 " That blasted the youth in his bloom ?
 " Alas, was so finish'd a form
 " Design'd for so early a tomb ?
 " How bright were the prospects that shone ;
 " Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—
 " Health, beauty, and youth were his own,
 " Health, beauty, and youth are no more,
 " No blessings of nature and art,
 " Nor music that charm'd in the song,

" Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,
" Dear youth, could thy moments prolong !

" THRICE fix times the spring had renew'd

" Its youth and its charms for the boy :

" With rapture all nature he view'd,

" For nature he knew to enjoy.

" But chiefly his country could charm :

" He felt—'twas a generous heat—

" With drums and the trumpet's alarm,

" His pulses in consonance beat.

" YE heroes, to whom he was dear,

" Come weep o'er this sorrowful urn,

" Come ease the full heart with a tear—

" My hero will never return :

" He died in the dawn of applause,

" His country demanded his breath ;

" Go, heroes, defend the same cause,

" Avenge, with your country, his death."

So sung on the top of the rocks,

The virgin in sorrow more fair ;

In tears her blue eyes ; and her locks

Of auburn, flew loose in the air.

I heard, as I pass'd down the stream ;

The guards of the foe were in view :—

To enterprize fir'd by the theme,

I bade the sweet mourner adieu.

THE MONKEY,

WHO SHAVED HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS.

A FABLE.—Addressed to the Hon. — — —.

A MAN who own'd a barber's shop
 At York, and shav'd full many a fop,
 A monkey kept for their amusement;
 He made no other kind of use on't—
 This monkey took great observation,
 Was wonderful at imitation,
 And all he saw the barber do,
 He mimic'd strait, and did it too.

It chanc'd in shop, the dog and cat,
 While friseur din'd, demurely sat,
 Jacko found nought to play the knave in,
 So thought he'd try his hand at shaving.
 Around the shop in haste he rushes,
 And gets the razors, soap, and brushes;
 Now pufs he fix'd (no muscle misfs stirs)
 And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,
 Then gave a gash, as he began—
 The cat cri'd "waugh!" and off she ran.

NEXT Towser's beard he tri'd his skill in,
 Tho' Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling:
 As badly here again succeeding,
 The dog runs howling round and bleeding.

NOR yet was tir'd our roguish elf,
 He'd seen the barber shave himself;
 So by the glafs, upon the table,
 He rubs with soap his visage sable,

Then

Then with left-hand holds smooth his jaw,—
The razor, in his dexter paw ;
Around he flourishes and slashes,
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.
His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin
He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin ;
Drew razor swift as he could pull it,
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

MORAL:

WHO cannot write, yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends.
Tho' others use them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge tools.



A N O D E.

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

O H, lovely Laura ! may a youth,
Inspir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,
Disclose the heart's alarms,
The fire in youthful blood that glows,
Th' impassion'd pang on love that grows,
And dare to sing thy charms !

Of health, of youth, th' expanding flush,
Of virgin fear the flying blush,

Distain thy lily cheek :

The bee such nectar never sips,
As yields the rose-bud of thy lips,
Thy lips that sweetly speak.

'Tis thine the heaviest heart to cheer,
Those accents caught with eager ear,
So musically roll :

While swells the breast, the snow-white skin
Scarce hides the secret thoughts within,
Nor needs disguise that soul.

WHERE down thy waist, and o'er thy breast,
In light-brown ringlets neatly drest,
Devolves thy beauteous hair :

Eager I gaze—and, gazing, dream
Of halcyon days ; while on me beam
Those blue-eyes mild and fair.

UNBLAM'D; oh let me gaze and gaze,
While love-sick fancy fondly strays,
And feasts on many a kiss ;—

For us let tides of rapture roll,
Thus intermingling soul with soul,
In extasies of bliss !

THE

THE SHEPHERD.

A S O N G.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

“ **I**T rains, it rains, my fair,
 Come drive your white sheep fast :
 To shelter quick repair,
 Haste, shepherdes, make haste.

I HEAR—the water pours,
 With patt’ring on the vines :
 See here! see here! it lours—
 See there the lightning shines.

THE thunder dost thou hear ?
 Loud roars the rushing storm :
 Take, (while we run, my dear)
 Protection from my arm.

I SEE our cot, ah hold !
 Mama and sister Nance,
 To open our sheep-fold,
 Most cheerily advance.

GOD blefs my mother dear,
 My sister Nancy too !
 I bring my sweet-heart here,
 To sleep to night with you.

Go, dry yourself, my friend,
 And make yourself at home—
 Sister, on her attend :
 Come in, sweet lambkins, come.—

MAMA

MAMA, let's take good care
Of all her pretty sheep;
Her little lamb we'll spare
More straw whereon to sleep.

'Tis done—now let us haste
To her ;—you here, my fair !
Undress'd, oh what a waift !
My mother, look you there.

LET's sup ; come take this place,
You shall be next to me ;
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze
Shall shine direct on thee.

COME taste this cream so sweet,
This syllabub so warm ;
Alas ! you do not eat :
You feel e'en yet the storm.

'Twas wrong—I press'd too much
Your steps, when on the way :
But here, see here your couch—
There sleep till dawn of day.

WITH gold the mountain tips :—
Good night, good night, my dove ;
Now let me on your lips,
Imprint one kiss of love.

MAMA and I will come,
As soon as morn shall shine,
To see my sweet-heart home,
And ask her hand for mine.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

TWAS at the wedding-feast, for Celia won,
 By Cymon's coxcomb son :
 Aloft in dwarfish state
 The soplike bridegroom sat,
 And made a deal of fun !

His gallant peers around were plac'd,
 Their hair all curl'd and dress'd in newest taste :
 (Of powder what prodigious waste !)
 The simp'ring Celia by his side,
 His lace and gew-gaws fondly ey'd,
 And swell'd her little heart with pride.
 Proper, proper, proper pair !
 None but a rake,
 None but a rake,
 Such pains would take, to gain a fickle fair.

II.

MUNGO was there, and did well,
 And led the cap'ring choir ;
 With fumbling fingers twang'd the fiddle :
 The notes awake the am'rous fire,
 And drinking joys inspire.
 The song began of beaux,
 And whence the order rose ;
 (Such wond'rous things a fidler knows.)
 A Monkey's grinning form in utmost vigour,
 Bely'd a macaroni's noble figure ;

When

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

OR THE POWER OF MUSIC: AN ODE

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

By Mr. Dryden.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sat
 On his imperial throne.

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd,)
 The lovely Thais by his side,
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seat above ;
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Coquetta prest,
A while he fought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a coxcomb of the
world.

A present fop ! they shout around ;
A present fop ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears,
The fopling hears ;
Assumes the shape,
Looks like an ape,
And grins, and laughs, and sneers.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the thirsty fidler sung ;
Of Bacchus, ever plump and ever young :
The jolly god to wedding comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
Flush'd with a purple nose,
His pimpled face he shews.
Now give the boy a dram. He comes, he comes !
Bacchus ! plump and merry younker,
Makes the wedding-folks get drunker ;
Bacchus taught to toast the lasses ;
Tippling ev'ry joy surpasses,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
After drinking to break glasses.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the fop grew vain,
Talk'd all his courtship o'er again,
And thrice he kiss'd the girls all round, and thrice they
fled amain.

When he to fair Olympia prest,
A while he fought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
world.

A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears ;

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung :

Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young :

The jolly god in triumph comes ;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :

Flush'd with a purple grace,

He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes !

Bacchus ! ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain ;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,

Fought all his battles o'er again,

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain.

The fidler saw the mischief rise,
 His yawning mouth, his maudlin eyes ;
 And while he fense and fong defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and ftrok'd the bride.

 He chofe a doleful ditty,
 To work him up to pity :
 He fung poor Damon's cruel wrongs,
 By too fevere a fate,
 Banish'd, banish'd, banish'd, banish'd,
 Banish'd for his fmall eftate,
 And writing mournful fongs :

 Deferted, at his utmoft need,
 By all Apollo's tuneful breed ;
 On an old feather-bed he lies,
 Nor dullnefs felf will clofe his eyes :
 With ftupid ftare the joylefs fopling fat,
 Revolving in his alter'd foul,
 The various turns of fate and fun ;
 And now and then a drink he ftole,
 And ftreams began to run.

V.

The mighty fidler fmil'd to fee
 That love was in the next degree :
 To touch that ftring was little labour,
 For love to pity is next neighbour.
 Softly fweet he tun'd his fiddle,
 Soon it founded, tiddle, diddle.
 Trade, he fung, is toil and trouble ;
 Money but an empty bubble ;
 Constant hurry, ftill beginning,
 Constant cheating, never ending ;
 If a fortune's worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth thy fpendng !

ALEXANDER's FEAST. 85

The master saw the madnefs rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse ;

He fung Darius, great and good !

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood :

Deserted at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

Without a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fat,

Revolving in his alter'd soul,

The various turns of chance below ;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow,

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see

That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he fung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying ;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Celia sits beside thee;
 Drink about, and luck betide thee,
 The many rend the bowls with loud applause;
 So love was crown'd, but liquor won the cause.

The fop, grown addled in his noddle,
 Gaz'd on his bride,
 And then his bottle,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd.
 At length for love, and drinking more unable,
 The tipsy bridegroom fell beneath the table.

VI.

Now tug the wooden lyre again:
 A harder yet, and yet a harder strain.
 Let scolding break its sleep afunder,
 And start him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, Xantippe's fable
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And he peeps out from under the table.

Revenge, revenge, dark Mungo cries,
 See the cuckolds arise!

See the horns that they rear,
 How they look in their hair,
 And the tears that roll down from their eyes!

Behold the hen-peck'd band,
 In ghostly terrors stand!
 These are husbands whose couches have met with a
 Whose wives still remain, [stain;
 Unconcern'd with their pain:
 Give the vengeance due,
 To the cuckold crew.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST. 87

Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on his fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair !

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghostly band,
Each a torch in his hand !

These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain.

Whose bodies remain
Unburied on the plain :
Give the vengeance due,
To the Valient crew.

Behold how they tofs their foreheads up higher,
 How they point to the bed-rooms around,
 And warn ev'ry pair to retire :

The cronies applaud with a Bacchanal sound :
 And each in a rapture laid hold on his Helen ;

The way fair Celia led,
 To light the bucks to bed,
 The rest is scarce worth telling.

VII.

Thus long ago,
 Ere younger Cymon's horns began to grow,
 While Celia's tongue lay still,
 Dark Mungo shew'd prodigious skill,
 Both as a finger, [finger.
 And when he touch'd his lyre with heavy thumb and
 But when the shrill-voic'd Celia came,
 And tun'd to rage her vocal frame ;
 The gifted scold from her unborrow'd store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to jarring sounds [fore,
 With nature's mother-wit, and screams unknown be-
 Let Mungo, if he's able,

Do more---or yield the wreath---
 He stretch'd a fop beneath the table,
 She scolded him to death.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus with his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 But when divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame,
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

A LETTER

M

A L E T T E R

T O A

YOUNG LADY IN BOSTON.

DATED AT

NEW-HAVEN, APRIL, 1780.

INSPIR'D with hope of giving pleasure,
 By tale disastrous, told in measure,
 I mean, dear miss, from facts diurnal,
 To write a kind of *sleighing journal* ;
 And minute how I came across, back
 From *Pomfret* to the *Sound* on horseback.

Suppose (to save the pain of parting)
 Your friends (the trouble past of starting)
 Far on their way—the muse will find us—
 Our hearts, with you, as far behind us :—
 No wonder, then, we soon were lost on
 The roads that go direct from *Boston*,
 And came, erroneous where they lead in,
 From *Brush-Hill*, down to *Dedham-meeting* :
 From whence we turn'd our steeds to *Wrentham*,
 And drove, as if the devil sent 'em,
 'Till nine—nor made a single check first—
 At nine, we stopp'd to take our breakfast.

Here I might use poetic fiction,
 With all the tropes and flow'rs of diction,
 To change (since flatt'ry half our trade is)
 The tavern-girls to sky-born ladies :

Or

Or give, in number new and rare,
 With Homer's fire, a bill of fare ;
 Or turn, with Ovid's art bewitching,
 To rooms of state, a bar or kitchen :
 But facts, perhaps, by way of letter,
 May shorter be express'd and better ;
 As, how the woman first denied us
 A breakfast ; how she scowl'd and eyed us ;
 And how we sily manag'd matters,
 And coax'd the dame, and squeez'd the daughters ;
 'Till breakfast serv'd, with kinder looks,
 Left no pretext to kiss the cooks.

OUR meal complete—'ere we departed,
 We paid the club—then off we started—
 But now the clouds began to low'r,
 And threat of rain no drizzly show'r:
 It dropp'd---we came to Attleborough---
 The mist increas'd, as did our sorrow.

I CANNOT choose, with Homer's haste,
 To say, " we snatch'd a short repast."
We din'd: and spent an hour in reading
 The news—from hence, through show'rs proceeding
 To *Providence*—'ere it grew dark
 Your friend, the * major, call'd on Clark,
 Deliver'd your commands, in form,
 Then came to Rice's in the storm ;
 For now the storm, that long impended,
 In downright cataracts descended.

HERE I must take, for episodes,
 Such as I find—by no means gods---

For

* Major D. Putnam, an aid-de-camp to Major General Putnam, as was the Author

For here some half-score *strangers* met,
 I never saw a *stranger* set :
 Our pleasant scene may soon be sketch'd,
 We stretch'd and yawn'd---then yawn'd and stretch'd.

WITH doubts (where one can clear the mystery)
 I would not puzzle future history :
 At dawn (the fact you might suppose)
 We wak'd---got up---put on our cloaths :
 And then, to use our technics arch,
 Again took up our line of march,
 Through paths of snow, too thin and soft,
 Our horses flounder'd deep and oft :
 Sev'n miles we drove, not over fast,
 And reach'd the eighth---the eighth and last---

THOU muse, oft call'd at latest shift,
 To help poor bards at some dead lift;
 Now, let thy succours not be scant'd,
 They ne'er can be more sadly wanted ;
 Come to our aid, thou muse of fire,
 And drag us through the rhyme and mire !

No vagrant wights, or true knights errant,
 E'er saw such perils, I dare warrant ;
 Not Homer's hero fac'd such dangers,
 By land or sea, with friends or strangers ;
 Not Bunyan's pilgrim found such pond,
 Quite badly wet in Slough Despond ;
 Nor Satan, in his various way, was
 So plagued (as Milton sings) in chaos ;
 Nor ev'n the son of old Anchises
 Was brought to such a fatal crisis,---
 No Charon here, we found to ferry us
 Over a villain lake, like Erebus.

THE

THE *dismal vale* we now 'gan enter,
 And down we plung'd towards the centre---
 Above mid-sides the horses slump in,
 Nor stir a step, except by jumping---
 Again they plunge---and here full sadly
 For our poor driver, honest Bradley,
 The pole snapp'd short---then quickly falling,
 It went down, with the horses, all in---
 The worst of scrapes to make the best on,
 And raise the pole, was now the question---
 Bradley (hence nam'd the lion-hearted)
 His utmost skill and strength exerted :
 While poles we plac'd across the slough,
 And got it out—the Lord knows how—
 Then, many a fruitless effort tried,
 We reach'd, half-drown'd the other side.

THE muse invok'd, who sat on bench,
 In guise most like a mortal wench,
 In our misfortunes wet her wings,
 And therefore soars not, though she sings :
 That muse, no doubt, with little striving,
 Might learn the true sublime of diving,
 Ev'n now she tells, how, thick and faster,
 Disaster crouded on disaster,
 To reach a house how hard we work'd,
 The horses mir'd, and tir'd, and cork'd,
 'Till neighbours came, with kind assistance,
 And drew the sleigh, by hand, some distance.

As when a sailor, long the sport
 Of winds and waves, arrives in port,
 He joys, although the vessel's stranded,

To find himself alive and landed :
Not less our glee, nor less our courage,
To find a cot, where we found porridge ;
And where three days ourselves we found,
(To try our patience) weather bound.

EACH plan to move in council stated,
Was pass'd---rejected---re-debated.

HERE one might fall to moralising
Upon some theme which most seem wise in ;
Ye, who for human nature fickle,
Come learn that man is frail and fickle,
The sport, or bubble altogether,
Of fire and water, wind and weather!

It now grew cold—the path was frozen,
To part the hour of midnight chosen—
Our matters all, at length, adjusted,
Th' event to Providence we trusted.

THE rubs and jostlings of that night,
Were more by half than I shall write :
Can things like these in rhyme be written !
How by a dog my friend was bitten ;
How Bradley tore a piece of skin,
Like *paper dollar*, from his shin ;
And how your bard, 'ere he was seated,
His better finger dislocated ;
How heavily the horses drew
The sleigh ; and how they dragg'd it thro'
A mire—from whence (remains no doubt)
The very bottom had dropp'd out;

And

And lastly, how, to make us fret,
The sleigh was fairly overset;
Beset with ills, we rode by moon-light:
Till that was gone—and then 'twas soon light.

THE fun, to our new world now present,
Brought on the day benign and pleasant;
The day, by milder fates attended,
Our plagues at *Gen'ral Putnam's* ended.
That chief, though ill, receiv'd our party
With joy, and gave us welcome hearty:
The good old man, of death not fearful,
Retain'd his mind and temper chearful,
Retain'd (with palsey sorely smitten)
His love of country, pique for *Britain*;
He told of many a deed and skirmish,
That basis for romance might furnish;
The story of his wars and woes
Which I shall write in humble prose;
Should heav'n (that fondest schemes can mar)
Protract my years beyond this war.

THUS end the toil and picture frightful
Of sleighing—oft a *sport* delightful---
A *sport*, which all our lads and lasses
Agree each other sport surpasses,
When, crossing bridges in that vehicle,
They taste of kisses sweet as treacle.

To Hartford next, with whip and spur hence
I came---nor met one ill occurrence---
There *Wadsworth's* hospitable dome
Receiv'd me: 'twas a second home.

SOME

SOME days elaps'd, I jogg'd quite brave on
 And found my *Trumbull* at New-Haven ;
 Than whom, more humour never man did
 Possess---nor lives a soul more candid---
 But who, un Sung, would know hereafter,
 The repartees, and peals of laughter,
 Or how much glee those laughters yield one,
 Maugre the system Chesterfieldian !
Barlow I saw, and here began
 My friendship for that spotless man ;
 Whom, though the world does *not yet* know it,
 Great nature form'd her loftiest poet.
 But *Dwight* was absent at North-Hampton,
 That bard sublime, and virtue's champion.
 To whom the charms of verse belong,
 The father of our *epic song* !

My morn of life *here* haply past,
 With youths of genius, science, taste :
 But mid the roar of drums and guns,
 Where meet again the muse's sons ?
 The mental banquet must they quit,
 The feast of reason and of wit ;
 For ever lost, in civil strife,
 That solace sweet of human life !

THE cannon's distant thunders ring,
 And wake to deeds of death the spring :
 Far other sounds once touch'd my ear,
 And usher'd in the flow'ry year,
 But, now, adieu the *tuneful train*,
 The warblings of my native plain ;
 Adieu the scenes that charm'd my view,
 And thou, fair maid, again adieu !

Farewel.

Farewel the bow'rs and conscious shades !—
 My country's cause my soul invades—
 Yes, rous'd by sense of country's wrongs,
 I give the wind my idle songs :
 No vacant hour for rhyme succeeds,
 I go where'er the battle bleeds :
 To-morrow—(brief then be my story)—
 I go to WASHINGTON and GLORY ;
 His aid-de-camp—in acts when tried—
 Resolv'd (whatever fates betide)
 My conduct, 'till my final breath,
 Shall not disgrace my life or death,



AN EPISTLE

TO DR. DWIGHT.

On board the Courier de l'Europe, July 30, 1784.

FROM the wide watry waste, where nought but
 skies
 And mingling waves salute the aching eyes ;
 Where the same moving circle bounds the view,
 And paints *with* vap'ry tints the billows blue ;
 To thee, my early friend ! to thee, dear *Dwight* !
 Fond recollection turns, while thus I write ;
 While I reflect, no change of time or place,
 Th' impressions of our friendship can efface---
 Nor peace, or war---though chang'd for us the scene---
 Though mountains rise, or oceans roll between---
 Too deep that sacred passion was impress'd
 On my young heart---too deep it mark'd your breast---
 Your breast which asks the feelings of your friend,

N

What

What chance betides him, or what toils attend?
 Then hear the muse, in sea-born numbers tell
 In mind how cheerful, and in health how well;
 And ev'n that muse will deign to let you know,
 What things concur to make and keep him so.---

WE go, protected by supernal care,
 With cloudless skies, and suns serenely fair;
 While o'er th' unruffled main the gentle gale
 Consenting breathes, and fills each swelling sail;
 Conscious of safety in the self-same hand,
 Which guides us on the ocean or the land.

OF thee, fair bark! the muse prophetic sings,
 " *Europe's swift Messenger!* expand thy wings,
 " Rear thy tall masts, extend thine ample arms,
 " Catch the light breeze, nor dread impending harms---
 " Full oft shalt thou---if aught the muse avails---
 " Wing the broad deep with such delightful gales;
 " Full oft to either world announce glad news,
 " Of allied realms promote the friendly views;
 " So shall each distant age assert thy claim,
 " And *Europe's Messenger* be known to fame!"

WHAT tho' this plain so uniform and vast,
 Illimitably spreads its dreary waste;
 What though no isles, nor vales, nor hills, nor groves,
 Meet the tir'd eye that round th' horizon roves;
 Yet, still collected in a narrow bound,
 Ten thousand little pleasures may be found.---

HERE we enjoy accommodations good,
 With pleasant liquors, and well-flavour'd food,

Meats

Meats nicely fatten'd in Columbian fields,
 And luscious wines, that Gallia's vintage yields,
 On which you bards ('twas so in former days)
 Might feast your wit, and lavish all your praise.

WITHIN our ship, well-furnish'd, roomy, clean,
 Come see the uses of each diff'rent scene---
 Far in the prow, for culinary use,
 Fires, not poetic, much good cheer produce,
 The ovens there our daily bread afford,
 And thence the viands load our plenteous board.

SEE various landscapes shade our dining hall,
 Where mimic nature wantons round the wall,
 There no vain pomp appears---there all is neat---
 And there cool zephyrs fanning, as we eat,
 Avert the fervours of the noon-tide ray,
 And give the mildness of the vernal day.

SEE the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold,
 Shew fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold !
 O'er painted ceilings brighter prospects rise,
 And rural scenes again delight our eyes---
 There oft from converse or from social sports,
 We drink delight less dash'd than that of courts.

BUT when more sober cares the hour requires,
 Each to his cell of solitude retires ;
 His bed—his books—his paper, pen and ink—
 Present the choice, to rest, to read, or think.—

YET what would all avail to prompt the smile,
 Cheer the sad breast, or the dull hour beguile ;
 If well-bred passengers, discreet and free,
 Were not at hand to mix in social glee?

Such

Such my companions—such the muse shall tell,
 Him first, whom once you knew in war full well,
 Our Polish * friend, whose name still sounds so hard,
 To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard ;
 That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
 For virtue, science, arts and arms renown'd !
 Next him, behold, to grace our watry scene,
 An honest German lifts his gen'rous mein,
 Him Carolina sends to Europe's shore,
 Canals and inland waters to explore ;
 From thence return'd, she hopes to see her tide,
 In commerce rich, through ampler channels glide.
 Next comes the bleak Quebec's well-natur'd son :
 And last our naval chief, the friend of fun,
 Whose plain, frank manners, form'd on fickle seas,
 Are cheerful still, and always aim to please :
 Nor less the other chiefs their zeal display,
 To make us happy as themselves are gay.

SEVER'D from all society but this,
 Half way from either world we plough th' abyfs ;
 Save the small sea-bird and the fish that flies,
 On yon blue waves no object meets my eyes.---
 Nor has th' insidious hook, with lures, beguil'd
 Of peopled ocean scarce a single child---
 Yet luckless Dolphin, erst to Arion † true,
 Nought could avail thy beauteous, transient hue ;
 As o'er the deck, in dying pang you roll'd,
 Wrapp'd in gay rainbows and pellucid gold.

Now

* General Kosciuszko.

† Ille sedet, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vehendi
 Cantat, et aequoreas carmine mulcet aquas,

Ovid, Fast. 2.

Now see that wand'rer bird, fatigu'd with flight
 O'er many a watry league, is forc'd to light
 High on the mast---the bird our seamen take,
 Though scar'd, too tir'd its refuge to forsake :
 Fear not sweet bird, nor judge our motives ill,
 No barb'rous man now mean thy blood to spill,
 Or hold thee cag'd---soon as we reach the shore,
 Free shalt thou fly, and gaily sing and soar !

ANOTHER grateful sight now cheers the eye,
 At first a snow-white spot in yon clear sky ;
 Then through the optic tube a ship appears,
 And now distinct athwart the billows veers :
 Daughter of ocean, made to bless mankind !
 Go, range wide waters on the wings of wind---
 With friendly intercourse far climes explore,
 Their produce barter, and encrease their store---
 Ne'er saw my eye so fair a pageant swim,
 As thou appear'st, in all thy gallant trim !---

AMUS'D with trivial things, reclin'd at ease,
 While the swift bark divides the summer seas ;
 Your bard (for past neglects to make amends)
 Now writes to you---anon to other friends.---

ANON the scene, in Europe's polish'd climes,
 Will give new themes for philosophic rhimes,
 Ope broader fields for reason to explore,
 Improvements vast of scientific lore !

THRO' nations blest with peace, but strong in arms,
 Refin'd in arts, and apt for social charms,
 Your friend will stray, and strive with studious care
 To mark whate'er is useful, great, or rare ;

To

Search the small shades of manners in their lives,
 What policy prevails, how commerce thrives;
 How morals form of happiness the base,
 How others differ from Columbia's race;
 And, gleanings knowledge from the realms he rovd,
 Bring home a patriot heart, enlarg'd, improv'd.---



E P I S T L E

FROM DR. DWIGHT TO COL. HUMPHREYS.

Greenfield, 1785.

FROM realms, where nature sports in youthful
 prime,
 Where Hesper lingers o'er his darling clime,
 Where sunny genius lights his sacred flame,
 Where rising science casts her morning beam,
 Where empire's final throne in pomp ascends,
 Where pilgrim freedom finds her vanish'd friends,
 The world renews, and man from eastern fires,
 Phoenix divine, again to Heaven aspires,
 Health to my friend this happy verse conveys,
 His fond attendant o'er th' Atlantic seas.

HEALTH to my friend let every wish prolong;
 Be this the burden of each artless song;
 This in the prayer of every morn arise;
 Thou angel guardian, waft it to the skies!
 His devious course let fostering Heaven survey;
 Nor ills betide, nor foes arrest his way.

NOR

NOR health alone---may bliſs thy path attend;
 May truth direct thee, and may peace befriend;
 From virtue's fount thy taintleſs actions flow;
 The ſhield of conſcience blunt the dart of woe;
 To riſing bliſs refin'd above alloy,
 Where budding wiſhes bloſſom into joy,
 Where glory dwells, where ſaints and ſeraphs ſing,
 Let Heaven, in proſpect, tempt thy lifted wing.

ME the ſame views, the ſame ſoft tide of cares,
 Bear gently onward down the ſtream of years,
 Still the ſame duties call my courſe along;
 Still grows, at times, the pain-deluding ſong;
 Still ſcenes domeſtic earthly joys refine,
 Where bleſ'd Maria mingles cares with mine;
 The ſame fond circle ſtill my life endears,
 Where Fairfield's elms, or Stamford's groupe appears;
 Or where, in rural guiſe, around me ſmile
 Manſions of peace, and Greenfield's beauteous hill,
 Still to my cot the friend delighted hies,
 And one lov'd parent waits beneath the ſkies.

To thee, far ſummon'd from each native ſcene,
 With half the breadth of this wide world between,
 How bleſ'd the news my happy verſe conveys,
 Of friends, divided by interfluent ſeas?
 Health, peace, and competence, their walks ſurround,
 On the bright margin of yon beauteous ſound;
 Where Hartford ſees the fiſt of waters glide,
 Or where thy Avon winds his ſilver tide.

YET

YET thou must mourn a * friend, a brother dear,
 And o'er departed merit drop a tear.
 Him sense illum'd, the hero's warmth inspir'd,
 Grace taught to please, and patriot virtue fir'd;
 Alike in peace, in war, at home, abroad,
 Worth gain'd him honour, where his footsteps trod;
 Yet all in vain: his laurel'd garlands bloom;
 But waste their beauty on th' untimely tomb.

MEANTIME, invited o'er th' Atlantic tide,
 Where arts refin'd allure thy feet aside,
 May'st thou unmov'd by splendor's painted charms,
 And steel'd; when pleasure smiling spreads her arms,
 The great simplicity of soul retain,
 The humble fear of Heaven, and love of man,
 When round thy course temptations sweetly throng,
 When warbling syren's chant the luscious song,
 When wealth's fair bubble beams its hues afar,
 When grandeur calls thee to her golden car,
 When pleasure opens the bosom bright of joy,
 And the dy'd serpent gazes to destroy;
 Oh! may the heavenly Guide thy passions warm,
 Up virtue's hills thy feet resistless charm,
 Shew thee what crowns reward the glorious strife,
 And quicken fainting duty into life.

OFT has thine eye, with glance indignant seen
 Columbia's youths, unfolding into men,
 Their minds to' improve, their manners to adorn,
 To Europe's climes by fond indulgence borne,
 Oft hast thou seen those youths, at custom's shrine,
 Victims to pride, to folly, and to sin,

If

* Major Elijah Humphreys, brother of Col. Humphreys who died in the West Indies, in 1785.

Of worth bereft, of real sense forlorn,
 Their land forget, their friends, their freedom spurn;
 Each noble cause, each solid good desert,
 For splendour happiness, and truth for art;
 The plain, frank manners of their race despise,
 Fair without fraud, and great beyond disguise;
 Where, thro' the life the heart uncover'd ran,
 And spoke the native dignity of man.

For these, the gain let Virtue blush to hear,
 And each sad parent drop the plaintive tear!
 Train'd in foul stews, impoison'd by the flage,
 Hoyl'd into gaming, Keyser'd into age,
 To smooth hypocrisy by Stanhope led,
 To truth an alien, and to virtue dead,
 Sworn with an English butcher's sour disdain,
 Or to a Fribble dwindled from a man,
 Homeward again behold the jackdaw run,
 And yield his fire the ruins of a son!

WHAT tho' his mind no thought has e'er perplex'd,
 Converse illum'd, nor observations vex'd;
 Yet here, in each debate, a judge he shines,
 Of all, that man enlarges, or refines;
 Religion, science, politics, and song;
 A prodigy his parts; an oracle his tongue,
 Hift! hift! ye mere Americans, attend;
 Ope wide your mouths; your knees in homage bend;
 While Curl discloses to the raptur'd view
 What Peter, Paul, and Moses, never knew;
 The light of new-born wisdom sheds abroad,
 And adds a * leanto to the word of God.

O

What

* An awkward addition to a dwelling house, very common in New-England.

What Creole wretch shall dare, with home-made foils,
Attack opinions, brought three thousand miles ;
Sense, in no common way to mortals given,
But on Atlantic travellers breath'd by Heaven ;
A head, en queue, by Monsieur Frizzle dress'd ;
Manners, a Paris Taylor's arts invest ;
Pure criticism, form'd from *acted* plays ;
And graces, that would even Stanhope grace ?
Commercial wisdom, merchants here inhale
From him, whose eye hath seen th' unfinish'd bale ;
Whose feet have pass'd the shop, where pins were sold,
The wire was silver'd, and the heads were roll'd !
Conven'd, ye lawyers, make your humblest leg !
Here stands the man, has seen Lord Mansfield's wig !
Physicians hush'd, hear Galen's lips distil,
From Buchan's contents, all the Art to heal !
Divines, with reverence cease your scripture whims,
And learn this male Minerva's moral schemes ;
Schemes theologic found in Drury-lane,
That prove the bible false, and virtue vain !
Heavens ! shall a child in learning, and in wit,
O'er Europe's climes, a bird of passage flit ;
There, as at home, his stripling self unknown,
By novel wonders stupified to stone,
Shut from the wise, and by no converse taught,
No well-read day, nor hour of serious thought,
His head by pleasure, vice, and hurry, turn'd,
All prudence trampled, all improvements spurn'd ;
Shall he, with less of Europe in his cap,
Than fatchell'd school-boy guesses from the map,
On every subject struttingly decree,
Ken the far shore and search th' unfathom'd sea,
Where

Where learning has her lamp for ages oil'd,
 Where Newton ponders, and where Berkeley toil'd ?
 Of all the plagues, that rise in human shape,
 Good Heaven, preserve us from the travell'd Ape !
 * "Peace to all such : " but were there one, whose mind
 Bold genius wing'd, and converse pure, refin'd,
 By nature prompted science realms to roam,
 And both her Indies bring with rapture home ;
 Who men, and manners, search'd with eagle eye,
 Exact to weigh, and curious to descry ;
 Himself who burnish'd with the hand of care,
 'Till kings might boast so bright a gem to wear ;
 Should he, deep plung'd in Circe's sensual bowl,
 Imbrue his native manliness of soul,
 With eye estrang'd, from fair Columbia turn,
 Her youth, her innocence, and beauty scorn ;
 To that foul harlot, Europe, yield his mind,
 Witch'd by her smiles, and to her snares resign'd ;
 To nature's bloom prefer the rouge of art,
 A tinsell'd out-side to a golden heart,
 Show, to the bliss by simple freedom given,
 To virtue, Stanhope, and Voltaire to Heaven ;
 Who but must wish, the apostate youth to see ?
 Who but must agonize, were Humphreys he ?
 But all, thy soul shall 'scape, th' escape to aid,
 Fair to thy view be every motive spread.
 Of each gay cause the dire effects survey,
 And bring the painted tomb disclos'd to day.
 Tho' there proud pomp uprears his throne on high ;
 Tho' there the golden palace lights the sky ;
 Tho' wealth unfolds her gay, Edenian seats,
 Her walk of grandeur, and her wild of sweets ;

The

The stage, the park, the ring, the dance, the feast
Charm the pall'd eye, and lure the loathing taste ;
Yet there fierce war unceasing sounds alarms ;
Pride blows the trump, and millions rush to arms ;
See steel and fire extinguish human good !
See realms manur'd with corse, and with blood !
At slaughter's shrine expires the new-born joy,
And all Jehovah's bounty fiends destroy.
See the huge jail in gloomy grandeur rise,
Low'r o'er mankind, and mock the tempted skies !
Hear the chain clank ! the burbling groan attend !
And mark the neighbouring gibbet's pride ascend.
See earth's fair face insatiate luxury spoils !
For one poor tyrant, lo, a province toils !
To brothels, half the female world is driven,
Lost to themselves, and reprobates of heaven,
There too refinement glances o'er the mind ;
And nought but vice, and outside, is refin'd ;
To vice auspicious, brilliant manners blend,
The waxen saint, and sinner, foe and friend,
Melt from the soul each virtue, as they shine,
And warm th' impoison'd blossom into sin.
In fair Columbia's realms, how chang'd the plan ;
Where all things bloom, but, first of all things, man ?
Lord of himself, the independent swain,
Sees no superior stalk the happy plain :
His house, his herd, his harvest, all his own,
His farm a kingdom, and his chair a throne.
Unblench'd by foul hypocrisy, the foul
Speaks in her face, and bids his accents roll ;
(Her wings unclipp'd) with fire instinctive warms,
Strong pulses feels, and bold conceptions forms ;

At

At noblest objects aims her flight supreme,
 The purpose vast, and enterprize extreme.
 Hence round the pole her sons exalt the sail,
 Search southern seas, and rouse the Falkland whale;
 Or on bold pinions hail the Asian skies,
 And bid new stars in spicy oceans rise,
 Hence in bright arms her chiefs superior flame,
 Even now triumphant on the steep of fame,
 Where Vernon's Hero mounts the throne sublime,
 And sees no rival grace the reign of time.
 Hence countless honours rising med'cine claims;
 Hence Law presents her constellated names;
 The sacred science sees her concave bright
 Instarr'd, and beauteous, with the sons of light:
 Hence Edwards cheer'd the world with moral day,
 And Franklin walk'd, unhurt, the realms where light-
 nings play,
 Mechanic genius hence exalts his eye,
 All powers to measure, and all scenes descry,
 Bids Rittenhouse the heav'nly system feign,
 And Bushnell search the chambers of the main.
 Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,
 Ascending bards begin th' immortal song:
 Let glowing friendship wake the cheerful lyre,
 Blest to commend, and pleas'd to catch the fire.
 Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given!
 To fill with worth the part assign'd by Heaven;
 Distinguish'd actors on life's busy stage,
 Lov'd by mankind, and useful to the age;
 While science round them twines her vernal bays,
 And sense directs, and genius fires their lays.
 While this fair land commands thy feet to roam,

And,

And, all Columbian, still thou plan'st for home,
 From those bright sages, with whose mission join'd,
 Thou seek'st to build the interests of mankind,
 Experience, wisdom, honour, mayst thou gain,
 The zeal for country, and the love of man,
 There thro' the civil science may'st thou run;
 There learn how empires are preserv'd, or won;
 How arts politic wide dominions sway;
 How well-train'd navies bid the world obey;
 How war's imperial car commands the plain,
 Or rolls majestic o'er the subject main;
 Through earth, how commerce spreads a softer sway,
 And Gallia's sons negotiate realms away.

THEN, crown'd with every gift, and grace, return,
 To add new glories to the western morn;
 With sages, heroes, bards, her charms display,
 Her arts, arms, virtues, and her happy sway;
 Bid o'er the world her constellation rise,
 The brightest splendour in th' unmeasur'd skies,
 Her genial influence thro' all nations roll,
 And hush the sound of war from pole to pole.

AND oh, may he, who still'd the stormy main,
 And lightly wing'd thee o'er the glassy plain,
 Thro' life's rough-billow'd sea, with kinder gales,
 With skies serener, and with happier sails,
 Each shoal escap'd, afar each tempest driven,
 And nought but raptures round th' enchanted Heaven
 To bliss, fair shore, thy prosperous course convey,
 And join my peaceful bark, companion of thy way.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD,
IN CONNECTICUT.*Written in 1779, on the Spot where that Town stood.*

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
 Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
 Ye desolated plains my voice inspire,
 And give soft music to the song of woe.
 How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd sight,
 Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls!
 How oft thy bosom beat with pure delight,
 At yonder spot where stand the darken'd walls!
 But there the voice of mirth resounds no more,
 A silent sadness thro' the streets prevails:
 The distant main alone is heard to roar,
 And hollow chimnies hum with fullen gales—
 Save where scorch'd elms th' untimely foliage shed,
 Which, rustling, hovers round the faded green—
 Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,
 'Mid recent graves o'er desolation's scene.
 How chang'd the blissful prospect, when compar'd,
 These glooms funeral, with thy former bloom,
 Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shar'd,
 Long ere he seal'd thy melancholy doom,
 That impious wretch, with coward voice decreed
 Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes, to dust;
 Beheld, with sneering smile, the wounded bleed,
 And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood and lust.
 Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,

To

To touch his feelings, or to soothe his rage---
 Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
 Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.

COULD Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
 Or make his deeds survive in glory's page?
 Could Britons seek of savages the fame?
 Or deem it conquest, thus the war to wage?
 Yes, Britons, scorn the councils of the skies,
 Extend wide havoc, spurn th'insulted foes;
 Th'insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,
 Resistance growing as the danger grows.
 Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,
 The visionary shapes before me stand---
 The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,
 And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.
 Long dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driv'n,
 In black'ning volumes o'er the landscape bend:
 Here the broad splendor blazes high to heav'n,
 There umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.
 In fiery eddies, round the tott'ring walls,
 Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly;
 With frightful crash the burning mansion falls,
 The works of years in glowing embers lie.

TRYON, behold thy sanguine flames aspire,
 Clouds ting'd with dies intolerably bright,
 Behold, well pleas'd, the village wrapt in fire,
 Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight!
 Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,
 See age and sickness, tremulously flow,
 Creep from the flames---see babes in torture die,
 And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.

Go, gaze, enraptur'd with the mother's tear,
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,
Where no bold bands can check thy curst career ;
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain !
These be thy triumphs ! this thy boasted fame !
Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless songs !
Repeat thro' endless years his hated name,
Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrongs.

P

THE

THE
WIDOW OF MALABAR;
OR,
THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM;
A TRAGEDY.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
M. LE MIERRE.

Que fera gens hominum, quiere hunc tam barbara morem permetit Patria? *Virg.*

To JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq,
OF HARTFORD.

My dear Friend,

THE extraordinary success with which the following Tragedy has been attended in the representation, and the circumstance of our having been jointly concerned in writing the Prologue and Epilogue, make an apology unnecessary for my inscribing it to you. If the public, in judging my writings, has acted the part of a generous patron, rather than of a rigid critic, this candid public ought to be informed how much it is owing to you, that my performances are not still less worthy of its patronage. It is my boast, that we formed our taste together, and on the same models, Although you preceded me somewhat, in your classical studies; yet no sooner had we seen each other at the place of our education, than (as I think I may be allowed to flatter myself) a certain similarity of genius, and congeniality of soul, connected us by the ties of an undissoluble friendship.

WE shall not be accused of having neglected real business for poetical recreations. Had not the tumultuous scenes, which commenced with the late war, separated our little society, we might perhaps have innocently indulged ourselves considerably more in literary speculations, than the circumstances have since permitted. It is a consolation that the occasion or tendency of our performances have conciliated the minds of our Countrymen to receive them with favour. I will not offend

offend your delicacy by entering into a detail of the merits of your writings, But I wish you would realise, that, with such talents, erudition, and critical knowledge as you possess, the present age and posterity have a kind of claim upon you, for such farther monuments of genius as your avocations may allow you to furnish.

I am, my dear Sir,

With the most affectionate sentiments,

Your sincere Friend, and

Humble Servant,

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

New-York, August 4, 1790.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY MR. HALLAM.

THE Gallic muse, this night, prepares our tale,
 And shews what rites in other lands prevail;
 Displays the widow'd fair a sacrifice,
 And draws compassion's drops from melting eyes.
 Oh! if your hearts have ever learn'd to feel,
 Let sweet compassion o'er your bosoms steal;
 Believe the plot, from Eastern story, true,
 Believe the shores of Malabar ye view.
 The haughty Bramin, with imperious smile,
 Propels the fair-one to the fun'ral pile:
 There—see her mounting, with retorted eyes,
 And hear, 'midst bursting flames, her dying cries.

SUCH tragic strains the nobles charms dispense,
 To purge the passions, and refine the sense:
 Each virtuous tear confers a new-born grace,
 And adds fresh beauty to the fairest face.—

OH! born to bless, and meliorate mankind,
 With manners winning, and with taste refin'd,
 What wrongs, ye fair! your gentle bosoms bore,
 In each rude age—on ev'ry barb'rous shore!
 Doom'd the mean vassals of unfeeling lords,
 By Western Savages, and Tartar hords!
 Through Asian climes, see custom reason braves,
 And marks the fairest of their sex for slaves:
 Hearts form'd for love, but doom'd in vain to glow
 In prison'd pomp, and weep in splendid woe:—
 Or see their fate in India more severe,
 The sad companions of a husband's bier!—

Not

NOT such their doom, where genial science shines,
And Heav'n-born freedom, human souls refines;
Where polish'd manners social life improve,
And teach us to respect the sex we love;
Confirm their claims in equal rights to share,
Friends in our bliss, and partners in our care:—
And hail, ye fair, of ev'ry charm possess'd---
Who grace this rising empire of the West;
With better fates, and nobler genius born,
Your sex to honour, and your land adorn;
In this blest age, to share our fond regard,
The friends of heroes, and their blest reward!—

YET when o'er foreign woes ye shed a tear,
And find your bliss by contrast still more dear;
With humble joy adore th' Almighty hand,
Which fix'd your birth in this auspicious land!

YE gen'rous patrons who protect our stage,
Friends to the arts, and guardians of the age;
To tragic woes now lend the list'ning ear,
Attend with candour, with indulgence hear!
While we display, in pleading nature's cause,
Our best attempts to merit your applause!—

P E R S O N S.

P E R S O N S.

Laniffa Widow of Malabar	-	<i>Mrs. Henry.</i>
Fatima her friend	- -	<i>Miss Tuke.</i>
High Priest of Bramins	- -	<i>Mr. Henry.</i>
Young Bramin	- - -	<i>Mr. Harper.</i>
A Bramin	- - -	<i>Mr. Biddle.</i>
French General	- - -	<i>Mr. Hallam.</i>
French Officer	- - -	<i>Mr. Wignell.</i>
An officer of the Governor	-	<i>Mr. Martin.</i>
Bramins		
People		
Officers and soldiers, French.		

Acted in Philadelphia, May 7, 1790:

THE
WIDOW OF MALABAR;
OR,
THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM:
A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

☞ The Scene is in the Portico of a Pagod, in the suburbs of a maritime Town on the Coast of Malabar.

The High Priest.---Young Bramin.---Bramin.

HIGH PRIEST.

THE ambassador who sail'd for Pekin's court,
That chief of Malabar, has clos'd his days :
We must now learn, whether the widow'd fair,
According to the custom of our climes,
Devotes herself upon the fun'ral pile.
This holy rite, inviolate as old,
Which now, religion blends with policy,
'Tis our's to guard through India. Go, and learn,
[to the Bramins.]
I'll wait for your return.

SCENE II.

High Priest.---Young Bramin.

HIGH PRIEST.

'Tis you, young man,
Who must conduct the awful pomp of death.

Q
YOUNG

see "Cabinet" vol 2 p. 100

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What then ! is this a time, while Europe's bands,
 Invade our country with unnumber'd ships,
 And hurl their bursting thunders at our walls :
 Is this a time, amidst alarms and deaths,
 To give a spectacle more cruel far,
 To light new fun'ral fires—our shame ! our scourge !
 Can we unmov'd, behold the victim burn ;
 Should we not rather snatch her from the flames ?
 Her husband died far off, nor, in that scene,
 When nature fails, and when the fleeting soul
 Hovers between two worlds, did he demand
 Such proof of her affection---then the fair,
 Dissolv'd in all the extacy of grief,
 And prompt to shun the tediousness of life,
 Might deem it bliss to die with him she lov'd.

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT matters it, if dying he receiv'd
 No oath that she would follow him in death.
 Think you, descended from such noble blood,
 She can dispose of life just as she wills ?
 E'en now her friends require the sacrifice---
 And what a stigma, would refusal cast
 On all her kindred ! how pollute her name ;
 And make her thus a slave, in grief of soul,
 And steep'd in tears---the scorn of gods and men !
 Curse the long horrors of a constant death.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BUT Father ! cruel is poor woman's fate,
 No choice is left, but infamy or death ;
 Is it not barb'rous in a land like this,
 Where woman has no portion save her charms,
 That laws unjust should give the husband pow'r !

To

To leave his wife, consign'd beyond his death,
For heirs to immolate upon his tomb !
Then must she die, or lead a hated life,
Stripp'd of maternal rights---The sons forgetting,
A mother dies to deck a father's ashes !---

HIGH PRIEST.

KNOW'ST thou, young man, that custom's iron rod,
Rules ev'ry land, and sanctifies their laws ?
One country gives the father right to fix,
For life or death, his children's destiny:---
One makes the son a pious paracide,
Soon as the authors of his life grow old.---
In Afric, men, like beasts, are bought and sold:---
The Courtiers in Japan, die with their Kings:---
The Sultan strangles all his nearest kindred:---
And e'en in Europe, where such light prevails,
A foreign sense of honour, for one word,
Oft makes the best friends shed each others blood !

YOUNG BRAMIN.

So must these cruel customs sanction crimes,
And Hymen's torch allume the fun'ral fire !
Ah, must our fair-ones, slaves to barb'rous men,
Slaves to their husbands e'en beyond their lives,
Bound with such chains, as death can never break,
Must they in vain thus raise their plaintive cry :
“ Ah! cruel Lords of this creation, see;
“ How weak, how full of woes, our sex is form'd;
“ Is it for you, exempt from many ills,
“ Which we must bear—is it for you, instead
“ Of light'ning much our load, to add new weight
“ To nature's heavy yoke! 'Tis you who give us
“ Slavery and death!—”

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

YOUNG man, what horrid language!

Dost thou renounce, thy nation and religion?

Oh shocking blasphemy! say, wilt thou then,

That woman, made for us, shall have her rights?

Dost thou defend, that foreign prejudice?

Wives owe their husbands all they have—their lives—

And in their widow'd state they covet death;

E'en those whose vulgar blood forbids that honour.

In torrid climes all things are in extremes!

Wilt thou, who know'st our rites, bewail their fate!

And yet thou know'st what voluntary ills,

Our Priests and Faquirs brave—what glorious palms

They win—and how, without a groan or sigh,

They stifle nature as they conquer pain.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

At least, they, suff'ring by their own accord,

Do not deplore their pain or wish for pity.

But tyrant honor here pursues the sex

To death.—Pardon my weakness---but I thought,

The real woes of life were quite enough,

Without our adding more :---Of good and ill

Th' inexplicable laws of nature mix

Each creature's portion---yet from worm to man,

Instinct directs them to self-preservation---

How strange that man alone, throughout all nature,

Should lift his murd'rous hand against his life,

As if he spurn'd the gift of fav'ring Gods.---

And do those awful pow'rs, whose warning voice

Cries in our inmost souls, "be just, be good,"

Demand such wanton waste of their best blessings?

Who hates too much himself, loves not his neighbour,

And could a righteous Heav'n have made the law,

To love all others, and to hate ourselves?

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

High Priest.---Bramin.---Young Bramin.

HIGH PRIEST.

WELL! what's your information? will this widow
Devote herself upon the fun'ral pile!
And has she promis'd?---

BRAMIN.

Yes, this very day,

SHE means to sacrifice herself---her friends
Surrounding her unceasing---but not long,
For when she learnt her loss, she knew her duty;
Our women mostly are too bold or timid:
In triumph dancing, or as victims dragg'd,
They mount the burning pile.---But she, serene,
Nor mingled marks of joy with death's apparel,
Nor breath'd a single sigh, nor seem'd deprest'd---
But fix'd in resolution, though so young,
She shews how life sublimely may be lost.---

HIGH PRIEST.

I THOUGHT no less---nor do I view surpris'd,
Her pious conduct---oh, my friends, 'tis well---
For at this time, while strangers press the siege,
And from superior prowess, skill, or fortune,
Seem ready to atchieve their dreadful conquest,
Let us maintain our sacred fun'ral rites---
Let us, tho' conquer'd, piously maintain them.
But will this widow soon be at the temple?

BRAMIN.

YES, you will see a great example soon:
E'en now the people croud the sacred porch.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MUST she be burn'd? alas! how I bewail her.---
 In charms distinguish'd, and in flow'r of youth,
 Ah! how 'tis pitiful to see such courage,
 Employ'd to haste her beauties to the tomb,
 E're nature had reclaim'd them---hateful custom!
 Oh! what a world is this, where not e'en crimes,
 And cruelty alone destroy our blifs:
 But where, by specious names of law and right,
 Inhuman men oppress the feebler sex.
 Men hear not the mild voice of sympathy,
 But only strive to persecute each other:
 Nor all th' inevitable pangs or plagues
 That flesh is heir to, can, at least, compare
 With those which they inflict upon themselves!

HIGH PRIEST.

HEAR thou a diff'rent voice that speaks to thee,
 What hop'st thou from this world? is this thy home?
 We're born for woes---let us not faint---but learn,
 That patient suffering is the proof of virtue.
 Now hear of Brama the tremendous voice,
 "Thy sensibility is sacrilege!"---

YOUNG BRAMIN.

AH, but some other hand might lead the fair.---

HIGH PRIEST.

No---you were last admitted to our order;
 'Tis your's to lead the victim to the pile,
 And your's the honour to confirm her zeal,
 Go wait my final orders at the porch:
 The law ordains---be humble---tho' you doubt---

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

High Priest.---Bramin.---Officer of government.

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT urgent business brings you now to us?

OFFICER.

THE governor's commands.---

HIGH PRIEST.

Well, what are they?

OFFICER.

HE counsels to postpone the sacrifice,
Left from their posts too many troops be drawn,
And thus the town be left an easy prey.---
Besides, you see the temple's situation,
Between the walls and camp, will let our foes
Perceive the ceremony :---which, he fears,
Will greatly irritate European minds!---

S C E N E V.

High Priest.---Bramins.

HIGH PRIEST.

[*to the Bramins:*]

YES!---to postpone, what should at once be done!
What then is his design? And is it thus,
He means, if conquer'd, to preserve our manners?
Well—I'll not trust to his perfidious prudence,
But make him instrumental in my plans.
Whate'er this timid governor intends,
The sacrifice shall never be deferr'd
Onemoment for the siege—I'll order that—
The gods themselves, by such a sacrifice,
Are render'd more propitious to our cause.—

BRAMIN.

THIS rite omitted, all our rites were vain.

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

AH, should this rite, first introduc'd for safety,
 Then foster'd by religion, be abandon'd,
 Where shall we stop? one and another goes,
 Till not a temple will be left for us.—
 These doctrines stern, and pains extravagant,
 Astonish, shake, and petrify the souls
 Of mortals made to venerate the skies,
 And see in us the delegates of Heav'n.
 Say, but for these, where were the Bramins' honours?
 Our penance would be deem'd mistake or madness.—
 Yet when mankind behold to what a length,
 Enthusiasm in other minds can go,
 They wonder, tremble, and believe the more,
 Thence order springs, and Brama all adore.—

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Widow.—Fatima.

FATIMA.

BUT, Madam! to what law have you submitted?
 I shudder at the thought.—

WIDOW.

Be not surpris'd:

You, born in Persia, under milder skies,
 Can scarce conceive the manners of our climes.
 But Fatima! the dye for me is cast,—
 Yon walls and rocks are dark with fun'ral smoke,
 Others have fallen in their tombs of fire;
 Nor can Laniffa from her fate escape.—

FATIMA.

Your woes depress my soul, yet you seem tranquil.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.
My husband's dead, and calls me from the earth.

FATIMA.
AND can your sorrows quench the love of life ?
Or will your husband's senseless shade be sooth'd,
By this dread off'ring of your fairest days ?
Suppose he lov'd, as much as you lov'd him,
Would he require it ?

WIDOW.
OH ! you understand not :—
Honor's the tyrant that subdues my soul !
To live contemptible—or die in flames—
I have no other choice—that is the law !

FATIMA.
'Tis wrong !—abominable !

WIDOW.
IT exists,
And that's enough.—

FATIMA.
WHO made this murd'rous law ?
What woman first was mean enough to yield,
And mount the bonfire of a barb'rous spouse ?
Forsooth ! he claims it—but if he survives,
Does he destroy himself to honor her ?
Ah ! does he guard his faith beyond the grave ?
Then, by what right does he survive—but that
Of having made the law ? The weaker sex
Must bear a yoke, men will not bear themselves !

WIDOW.
I GIVE up life, since honor thus decrees :
Alas ! long since, I gave up happiness !

You

You see my destiny—my boundless grief—
I ne'er knew aught save mis'ry in this world :
Wedlock and widowhood alike were torments !

FATIMA.

WHAT heard I ? my surprise exceeds my terror !
You were not happy in your wedded state ?

WIDOW.

You little know how wretched I have been !

FATIMA.

I SEE despair invades your very soul,
And yet you hide your tears.

WIDOW.

HEAV'N would not yet—

FATIMA.

OH speak, what griefs too long conceal'd—

WIDOW.

My friend !

'Tis but too true, I lov'd and was belov'd.—
Oh ! hapless day, when from the Ganges' banks,
From Ouglee's shades we came to sojourn here ;
And ship accurs'd, which, to complete my woes,
Carried a youth—too lovely to my eyes !
There, Fatima, you know the cause of tears,
And all the secret sorrow that consumes me !
Why, in our country's view, are Europe's sons
Esteem'd barbarians ? why could not my father
Consent his child should wed that foreign chief ?
Or rather, why did he compel his daughter
To wed the man she hated ?

FATIMA.

OH ! great Gods !

Your husband sacrifices you to day—

You

You lov'd him not ; and yet you die for him !
Your fun'ral pile, erected in despight,
Will prove a trophy for his jealous shade !
You're freed by fortune from him—but in vain——

WIDOW.

STILL more in vain your pity.——

FATIMA.

CRUEL woman !

But where is now your lover ?

WIDOW.

THAT's unknown :

I know he lov'd and wish'd to marry me ;
That he was snatch'd away, that I was forc'd
To smother flames which I could not extinguish ;
And that the flames I vainly strove to quench,
In spite of me, revive and threat my virtue.

FATIMA.

YOUR lot is hard !——

WIDOW.

HAD I elsewhere been born,
I should have ceas'd to be a SLAVE, a WRETCH !
The man who forc'd me to his arms, when living,
Would, when he died, at least, have left me free ;
Then soothing hope had whisper'd to my soul,
That I, some day, might find the youth I lov'd !
Now all conspires to drive me to despair ;
Past vows, remembrance, and a form too dear,
The nuptial ties impos'd, and those refus'd,
What'er I suffer'd, and what'er I lost—
I die—and worse—I die a dreadful death,
To join the man, who forc'd my lover from me.

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

You much amaze me.

WIDOW.

Yes—I've said too much.

Excuse, oh cruel shade, excuse thy victim:

This heart submissive, though too hardly us'd,

Pays the strange duty that thy death demands:

For thee, my flesh shall mount the burning pile,

But ask no softer sentiment from me.

If you have caus'd my woes—let it suffice,

I shall be faithful found beyond thy death:

Perhaps, the pangs to come will scarcely equal

The sacrifice I made without a sigh—

And yet my fate might sanction more than sighs!

FATIMA.

How curst a fate succeeds to such a marriage?

WIDOW.

OH! if you love me, leave me all my courage;

I've need enough of it—for *that's* my all.

But you must ne'er disclose this conversation.

FATIMA.

No, madam;—heav'ns! I see a Bramin coming,

And read unkindness in his hateful face.

S C E N E II.

Widow.—Fatima.—Young Bramin.

FATIMA.

WELL, what dost thou announce? for doubtless death,

Terror, and lamentation come with thee.

And art thou come to claim that cruel promise,

And tear my dearest lady from my arms?

WIDOW.

WIDOW, [to *Fatima*.]
You may withdraw awhile.

S C E N E III.

Widow.—Young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Tis thus both parties,
Heap keen and undeserv'd reproaches on me.
You think me, madam, a relentless monster :
While to our chief my feelings seem too tender :
His views transported into other worlds,
Perceive no scenes of pain, or pity here.
For me, who follow him at awful distance,
I know my heart was made to feel for others :
And when I yield to nature's first decree,
Do I betray my country or religion ?
But, oh—what painful effort ! gods !—'tis I
Must lead you to the flames !—'tis I—who, fill'd
With horror for your fate, had rather die
To abrogate th' infernal rite for ever !
Still as I see thee, still my melting soul
Revolts against the order for thy death.

WIDOW.

WHAT interest can you have to plead for me ?
Is it for Bramins thus to shew their pity ?
How then could you accept this ministry,
Without the temper ? or, if form'd with kindness,
Why did you join with those who stifled theirs ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

ALAS ! What mortal can command his fate !
I've been unhappy from my earliest days.
Why did the man, who sav'd my infant life,

Convey

Convey me here from Bengal? Why, so soon,
 Did death deprive me of that foster father?
 An orphan, forc'd to take this new profession.
 I find some deadly custom every where,
 Escap'd from one, and but to aid another!

WIDOW.

To what do you allude?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THE murd'rous custom,
 Of plunging in the Ganges ev'ry child,
 Who thrice declines his nat'ral aliment,
 When first presented to him—'twas my case—
 But while I should bewail your woes alone,
 I speak of mine.——

WIDOW.

'Tis true the tale is piteous—
 But, oh, what destiny pursues my race?
 Far from these regions in my native land,
 I lost a brother by that same strange custom.
 He in his dawn of life, at Bengal died:
 In Malabar, at morn, I meet my doom!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

IN Bengal, madam, did your brother die?
 So destiny ordain'd for me at Ouglee.—

WIDOW.

AT Ouglee! that agrees.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THERE was I born.

WIDOW.

AND there the tissue of my woes began.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT is your family, your name?

WIDOW.

LANISSA.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OH, gracious gods! my sister.—

WIDOW.

HEAV'NS!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

EMBRACE,

Embrace, and own your brother!

WIDOW.

THOU, my brother!

Oh, aggravation of my vig'rous fate:

Iv'e found thee in the very hour of death.

Just Deities! where are we?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Tis Providence.

WIDOW.

In what a day of wrath has heav'n rejoin'd us!

Ah, barb'rous brother! ah, why have I found thee?

Restore me that UNKNOWN, who wept my fate!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT said you?

WIDOW.

Yes, I'm born to bear strange woes!

If you're my brother, you must wish my death.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I WISH your death! what madness? oh—my sister!

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

If I am so, begin to steel your heart:
 Brothers persuade their sisters here to die:
 Our mutual honor claims this sacrifice;
 My family attends around the pile:
 You must no more be touch'd with pity for me—
 The ties of blood which elsewhere draw mankind,
 Repel them here, and nature's plan reverse.
 Th' endearing names of brother and of sister,
 Here lose their charms, and urge me to expire.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

My eyes at last are open'd—yes, I ought
 To succour thee—what signify your customs?
 Shall I regard your laws? I'll brave them all,
 In such a cause—in vain you name your friends,
 Who wish to haste your death—you saw how I,
 A stranger then to you, froze at the thought.—
 Shall thy sweet voice, humanity! when mix'd,
 With cries of kindred blood, have lost its rights?

WIDOW.

Your rashness, brother, will not profit us.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

If man presumptuous throws down nature's laws,
 Let us rebuild them:—No—'tis not for me,
 To heed those customs that consign to death;
 I'm not that fierce barbarian—but the brother,
 Whom heav'n has sent to you.

WIDOW.

Your friendship makes
 This life more lovely, and its end more dreadful.
 Oh, 'tis much, in this excess of woes,
 To combat nature, tenderness and tears.

Why

Why did I see thee?—I belong to death,
And death demands his prey—what! you pretend
To change the customs prejudice confirms!
Shame were my portion, if I shun'd my fate.
No—if I'm dear to thee, then join our friends,
Who soon will come to place thee at their head.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT dar'ft thou tell me?

WIDOW.

FOLLOW here!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

REMAIN!

WIDOW.

WITH unavailing grief why wilt thou goad me?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

ART thou then blinded by fanatic rage!

WIDOW.

COULD I survive th' opprobrium that would follow?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MUST I accuse the heav'ns for having found thee?

WIDOW.

ACT like a brother—leave me to my fate——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

NOT like a brother—if that act brings death.
Wait but a little time, 'till war decide
The fortune of this place, and give you right
To live.

WIDOW.

BUT if the assailants fail, in vain
Shall I have shewn timidity and tears.

S

Then

Then shall I fall too late a sacrifice,
 Despis'd of all—the glory gone!—I've promis'd,
 Nor will delay.——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Tis well, my sister, well—
 Let's finish this dispute by changing climes :
 Let's fly beyond the reach of such strange rites :
 And put the sea between this shame and us.
 Let's fly from India, and its barb'rous laws,
 To realms where reason guides the human race,
 Where nature's God those real duties shew,
 Which neither mortals, years, or climes can change.

WIDOW.

WHAT idle hope now animates your breast?
 How, quit these shores? the world is shut to me.
 I cannot go, where mem'ry, shame, go not.
 Or, were it possible, my friends would then
 Be more than exiles in their native land.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Go on! and still respect this murd'rous law!
 Believe thy husband, like a god, will scathe thee :
 Thy friends be scorn'd for thy delinquency.
 For me, thy only friend, first known this day,
 'Tis well that I, by sympathy, must bear
 The horrors of thy fate—while thou'rt unmov'd!—
 A brother, little as his tears avail,
 Has still the pow'r to save you from yourself :
 And—cruel!—that he will. He'll save thy life,
 In spite of thee—that, once accomplish'd, then
 There's neither ocean, continent, or isle,
 Which can divide me far enough from hence.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

WIDOW.

[*alone.*]

WHAT can this project be? this enterprize?
From his too tender love must I defend me?

S C E N E V.

Widow.—Fatima.

FATIMA.

MADAM, a truce is settled with the foe,
Which stops all farther carnage for one day.
The shorter is the truce, the more my hopes :
For in the town there's terror and dismay,
Soon Malabar must yield.—Before the place,
E'en now the gen'ral of this foreign force,
In parley with the governor, declares
We must surrender, or expect a storm.—
Madam, you may rejoice that soon the law
Which seals your death, will have no farther sway.
But what new trouble rises in your breast?
Perhaps the conversation of this Bramin,
Who, though so young must have a cruel heart,
Has cast such deep dejection in your spirits.—

WIDOW.

ALAS ! you're ignorant !—But—conceal the fact.—
Hark—Fatima ! this Bramin is my brother ;
To day recognis'd, in this house of death ;
He means to end the rigours of my fate.—

FATIMA.

You wish for death, with all its dreadful suff'rings ;
And your connections hurry it :—In vain
A brother loves you !—

WIDOW

WIDOW.

OH !—I should have wept,
 If he had led me to the fun'ral pile——
 And now I weep for fear he'll keep me from it.—
 Unnat'ral ! he had pierc'd this heart with sorrows—
 Too tender ! he still wounds me to the soul—
 He wishes my dishonour !—'twas too much
 To banish love—without being forc'd to combat
 The ties of nature, and a brother's tears.

FATIMA.

WHY paint this lucky chance in such dark shades ?
 Or why despair ?—all things now bid you live :
 A truce, which vict'ry soon perhaps will follow—
 A brother found—and more—perchance, they know
 In yonder camp something of that European——
 At least, they come from the same distant land,
 And may relate if yet your lover lives.

WIDOW.

SHALL I then learn his lot ? great gods what hope ?
 Happy Laniffa ! yes—thou may'st to day——
 My soul now op'ning to the rays of bliss,
 Scarce holds its purpose—sacrifice myself,
 While he still lives—and more perhaps—still loves !
 I free, at last, from wedlock's cruel chain,
 Mistress of both my life and destiny !
 Where do I wander ? how forget myself—
 What dreams thy blindfold friendship offers me ?
 What fatal expectations hast thou rais'd ?
 Inexorable honour holds my heart.—
 Respect my virtue, glory, resolution,
 And let me still believe that this young Frenchman,
 Is lost forever to my fond affection !

Oh !

Oh! spare my aching heart—Oh! hide my fate
From that lov'd youth—and then I die contented.

ACT III. SCENE I.

French General.—French Officer.

GENERAL.

THE truce which I have granted to this town,
Now gives us free access into these suburbs.
The Malabarian faith cannot be question'd,
For war has laws which all mankind observe.

OFFICER.

I KNOW this temple, consecrated to Brama,
Affords an assylum by honour sanctioned.
But then this truce requested by their chief,
And granted by you for a single day——
Why, sir, a day will not suffice to bury
The heroes of both sides, who press these plains,
And, fest'ring, taint the air.

GENERAL.

I ONLY meant,

By rigidly abridging thus the term,
And threat'ning an assault, to save much blood:
Too much already has distain'd these shores:
Let's save what yet humanity can save.
But, oh, my friend, what can atone those ills,
Which war inflicts on mortals?—yet I see,
With indignation, that this race entire,
Are slaves to the proud Bramin—with what art,
He warms their minds with superstitious fire,
And then alarms them for their rites and worship.
But I will calm their fears—soon shall they learn,

My

140 THE WIDOW OF MALABAR;

My king will not oppress, or change their laws;
That he proposes trade on equal terms,
And only asks the favour of a port,
Where ships, which cross the ocean, may refit.

OFFICER.

SUCH conduct well becomes a patriot prince.

GENERAL.

BUT know, my friend, another care of mine:
I love a beauteous native of these climes.
Three years ago I saw her in this place,
The loveliest of her sex! her father oft,
In spite of custom, suffered me to see her—
I saw her virgin soul incline to me,
And shun all other lovers—thence I hop'd,
One day to marry her;—but letters came,
Which forc'd me home—I parted in despair—
And if I fought the honour of command
In oriental regions—'twas to find
The object of my fond, my sole desire.
But I delay too long—dispatch, my friend,
And gain some news of her—she's call'd Lanissa.

OFFICER.

BUT, sir, for this I must go in the town:
Which by the truce, you know, is not permitted.
How can I be inform'd?

GENERAL.

WHY out of town,
You may have news of her—'twill be enough,
To ask for her by name—for she is born
Of the first cast in India.—Go, enquire,
My friend, I rest entirely on your zeal.

SCENE

SCENE II.

GENERAL.

[*alone.*]

THOU, whom the heav'ns too long have hid from me,
My dear Laniffa ! art thou in this place ?
Art thou yet free for me—or have the chains
Of some forc'd marriage bound thee to another ?
Pardon my country, if I give one hour
From war to love !—and pardon me, Laniffa !
If troubling your repose, it is my fate,
To fight against your country—pity me,
But do not hate !—I only do my duty,
And honour made me fly towards my love.

SCENE III.

General—Officer.

GENERAL.

WELL ! what's her situation ? tell me all—
And have you learn'd if still Laniffa—

OFFICER.

I COULD learn nothing—

GENERAL.

NOTHING ! what stopp'd you then ?

OFFICER.

A SPECTACLE of horror, which the rage
Of the proud priest prepares—a croud of people
Gather'd tumultuous round, and barr'd my passage.

GENERAL.

How ! speak ! explain yourself.

OFFICER.

WITHIN an hour,
You'll see a widow plunge herself alive,

Into

Into devouring flames. The law ordains
This fate, when'er a husband dies.—

GENERAL.

WHAT say you?

OFFICER.

ALREADY is the victim in the temple.—
This ceremony seems to feast the mob;
Who make a holiday.—The priests contrive it.—
The costly ornaments that deck the fair,
The diamonds, rubies, pearls, and chains of gold,
Become the Bramins' booty, and excite
Their curst cupidity.—Why 'tis the triumph
Of priest-craft over all the ties of blood.

GENERAL.

AND yet religion lends its hallow'd name!
We Frenchmen, shall we see, unmov'd, this sight?
She goes to death—and I'm to be a witness.

OFFICER.

YOUR pardon, sir,—if charg'd with other cares—

GENERAL.

LOVE we forget—humanity now calls—
The moments are too dear—delay is death—
Th' unfortunate has claims on my defence:
Away—to succour her shall be my care!
I call on heav'n, and all its holy pow'rs,
To witness, I will strive to save the victim!
Haste! follow me—

OFFICER.

BUT what are your intentions,
What right have we to act? what chance to save her?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

High Priest—his suite of Bramins.—General.—Two Officers.

HIGH PRIEST:

HAUGHTY European ! whence are these murmurs ?
This fun'ral for a husband nearly stopp'd !
In violation of the truce, your troops
Have ev'n talk'd of running to their arms :—
And in yon porch, without respect for Brama,
Had rudely hedg'd me in on ev'ry side.—

GENERAL.

I KNOW them by the wish that warms their breasts.

HIGH PRIEST.

You gave the order to them !—

GENERAL:

NO—'twas nature.—

Run and suspend the fury of the French: [*to an officer.*]
Let them keep still, they shall be satisfied.

SCENE V.

General.—High Priest.

GENERAL.

BARBARIAN ! these abominable rites
Are real ; which Europeans took for fictions : —
And, you, a priest, support them with your power !
These temples should be refuges for men,
In all misfortunes !—and these priests, like angels,
The ministers of peace to bless the earth !—
But you, the scandal of the God you serve,
You, raising hands imbrued in blood to heav'n,
You make these peculations for your priests,
These cruel crimes, a policy of state !——

T

Your

Your whole fraternity rejoice to light,
The torch that leads their victims to the tomb:
The sinner here is in the hands of butchers!—

HIGH PRIEST.

THESE mystic rites the deity commands.

GENERAL.

THUS, with dry eyes, you'll see this woman then,
At thy command, sink in a gulf of flame!
Thine ear will drink the cries of her distress!—
I know her not—I know her woes—and hear
The voice of sweet compassion—and this heart,
Alive to each fine feeling—not like thine—
Will prompt me to exert my pow'r to save her:
To save your women, forc'd to suicide,
And make it known to all mankind hereafter,
MONTALBAN FOUNDED HERE HUMANITY.—

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT means thy arrogance?

GENERAL.

FIRST learn to know me—

HIGH PRIEST.

ARE you a conqueror, that you speak as master?

GENERAL.

I SPEAK as man.—

HIGH PRIEST.

AND I, as heavn's own organ,
A PRIEST inspir'd by gods.—

GENERAL.

AND do thy gods

Incite thee to such crimes?

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

AND who are you,
Who dare to judge the manners of my country;
And seek to change the customs of old times! !——
Think'st thou thy proud, but feeble hand, can pluck
The rooted groves of India from their place?

GENERAL.

I WILL apply the ax.——

HIGH PRIEST.

AND vain thy effort;
For time has plac'd a triple brafs around them.——

GENERAL.

SAY, rather round thy heart—But know, barbarian!
'Tis best to change thy cruel custom soon.—
What shall I call thee? Priest! and Bramin! yes—
But thou art not a man!——Humanity,
The first and sweetest sentiment of nature,
Innate and essence of our very being,
Thou know'st it not!——What sort of soul hast thou?
What monster bore thee? ne'er hast thou known pity?
Nor shed a tear?—I come to teach compassion:—
I thank the skies, whose salutary voice
Has call'd me to this pagod—to this DEN
OF MONSTERS.—Tygers! stop.—By heav'ns, I'll quench
Your fun'ral fire in blood, but that I'll quench it!

HIGH PRIEST.

You quench it? quench the orb of day!—quench love!
And that immortal flame which here unites,
Respect for GODS and HUSBANDS!—Idiot! learn
'Tis love that makes our women vanquish death.—
Or if for fame their breasts can brave all suff'rings:

Not

Not more indulgent are we to ourselves.

Know'st thou how I have reach'd this glorious height?

'Twas THROUGH A PATH OF THORNS.—Yes, more than death,

This body—bore—but reason first ordain'd

The law for women, when they us'd to haste

Their husbands deaths by poison.—

GENERAL.

'Tis not true.—

Not hell itself could send such monstrous wives,

But at long intervals. 'Tis all pretext.—

For crimes so great are rare, like other plagues;

And women have not cruel souls, like thine.—

See there! I walk o'er ashes of the dead,

Relics of fun'ral fires, and bleaching bones,

The sad remains of human sacrifice!

Now hear me, Bramin, hear! your fun'ral piles,

Those sights of horror, work my soul to rage.

And think your town to-morrow may be mine;

Come then assume our manners—'tis not hard—

Oh, if you are not tender—be not savage:

And let me save the last, who would have died

According to your custom—leave your custom—

'Tis dear humanity——

HIGH PRIEST.

In vain you dream,

Your arm can save this widow, or that she

Is such a coward as to wish for life——

Has she a fire, or brother? they all join

To silence ev'ry murmur—act like them—

They conquer nature—go, and stifle pity—

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

YES, tyrant, yes—I see your harden'd heart,
Has shut each avenue to soft emotions.—
Insensibility has grown a system:
And nought can change your cruel character.—
Yet what my voice cannot, my sword shall do:
And India shall behold my footsteps mark'd,
WITH (*what you can't conceive*) HUMANITY.—
I swear upon this weapon, which my arm
Can never wield in a more worthy cause,
I swear ev'n in this house, where terror dwells,
To save the fair and abrogate your law.

SCENE VI.

Bramin.—High Priest.—General.

BRAMIN.

THE widow has put off her pompous robes:
The priests all wait for you, since in your hands
They must remit the off'rings.—

HIGH PRIEST.

WELL! let's go!

GENERAL.

FORBEAR, inhuman priests—There are no means
But I'll employ.—I'll see her at this instant.—

HIGH PRIEST.

NAY, calm your transport—quit your hope—and know
Abstracted, as she is, in sacred duties,
No stranger can approach her—nor ev'n we,
In such a solemn hour.—

GENERAL.

SHE shall not die!

In

In spite of all your artifice, I'll save her.
 Oh, tyrant of a feeble sex! you know not,
 How dear that sex for ever is to Frenchmen!—
 Ah! lovely sex, which destiny unites
 With us, to share the joys and woes of life:
 Whose innate charms can sweeten ev'ry scene,
 In ev'ry clime, save in this barb'rous land:
 How long e'er India, too, will own your claims!
 When will ye lose your savageness of soul,
 And learn to treat this sex as tender friends?
 Ye know not how our knights, when not in love,
 Have often fought to save their life, or glory!—

HIGH PRIEST.

WELL! 'tis to save her glory that she dies.—
 Think you she would forget herself so far,
 As from desire to live, to lose her fame?
 Admire her courage—do not pity her—
 For though I should relax; you could obtain
 Nothing from one whose honor stands engag'd.—

SCENE VII.

General.—Officer.

OFFICER.

My gen'ral, do you know the horrid scheme
 The governor has plan'd?

GENERAL.

WHAT! will they urge
 Their tragic preparations?

OFFICER.

YES—the truce.
 Was but to give the barb'rous Bramin time,
 To light the fun'ral fire.—

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

I AID their triumph!

My easy faith abus'd to haste her death!
My indignation burns—I'll close the scene,
And purge the earth of such a froward race:
To slay them, is to serve the universe.—
But then the truce—my plighted word restrains me:
Thy rigid laws, oh honor! overwhelm
Me who defend, and innocence which falls!—
To raise this city—and destroy this race—
Is that humanity? No—no---nor yet
Will I believe the governor is leagued
With that base Bramin—let us learn the truth.
Come on, my friend—let's follow honor's laws,
And shew we're French by shielding nature's cause!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Widow alone, clothed in white linen.

BEHOLD my destiny! Behold my portion!
I shall have finish'd life in early youth—
The heav'ns restore a brother—at a time---
When I must tear me from his fond embrace :---
I may not feel sensations so divine!
Though nature draws---yet honor drives me back—
Another voice delights, and desolates me:
Martyr to marriage---and of love the victim---
Death in my heart---and smiles upon my brow---
Oh! how shall I conceal the hidden flame,
And march to meet my doom! my husband too,
A second time now seems to sacrifice me :---
And yet I must look cheerful.---Oh! fond youth,
Too early lov'd, too early lost for ever,

Far

Far absent from Laniffa !---aid her now
To quit that light she only lov'd for thee !---

S C E N E II.

High Priest.---Widow.

HIGH PRIEST.

YOUR promise, madam, plighted to your friends,
Allows you no return. Besides, the blood
Of your great ancestors; the placid smile
That dignifies your face; and your own soul,
Which spurns this speck of earth; announce that you,
Aspire to other worlds.---By quitting life
And life's delusive charms, your high example
Will fire our heroines, ratify our rites,
Extend your fame, and make your husband blest,
While you, exulting, soar among the stars!

WIDOW.

WITHOUT attempting, with superfluous care,
To scan the world unknown; or knowing how
A righteous God will recompence the pangs,
Of such a dreadful death; I am prepar'd
To make the sacrifice.---Our laws, the honor
Of all my kindred and myself require it.---
The fix'd disgust of life that gnaws my breast,
Precipitates my fate---I tax not heav'n,
But for the rig'rous mode.---If I must die,
In vernal bloom---why did not sharp disease
Cut the thin thread of life---and not your law !---

HIGH PRIEST.

CONSIDER well th' immortal prize before you,
Nor lose it for these pains.-----

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

I COULD postpone,
The sacrifice, you know, for one whole year.
But then my fame might be the sport of fools.---
I scorn the tongue of slander---and will meet,
Instead of shunning, death---I've but one wish,
And that is this, that I may be the last,
Whom a false honor destines to the tomb;
And that humanity, whose pow'r is lost,
May soon regain its empire in these climes!

HIGH PRIEST.

GOOD heav'n's! what wish? what have you rashly said?
Suppress the scandal in your secret soul!
Humanity---oh weakness---want of good---
Chymeric coupling of corrupted souls!
This wish was never from yourself alone:
This is the mischief of those foreign manners.
These proud Europeans pour into our souls,
The infectious poison of their coward system!
'Tis time to check its progress---India calls
For courage from a soul sublime, like your's.---

SCENE III.

Widow, alone.

*Where fly? where shield me from terrific tortures?
The FLAME PURSUES me---THERE!---I see it THERE!
I FEEL IT---OH!---WHAT PANGS E'ER I MUST CEASE
TO BE!---what land of death and darkness bore me!--*

SCENE IV.

Widow.---Young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I COME to tell you that your fate is chang'd---

U

Now,

Now, sister, give up ev'ry thought of dying.—
 This chief of the besiegers is resolv'd,
 To save your life.—He's with the governor
 And quite importunate that thou shalt live :---
 He seems a God, and will not be denied !---

WIDOW.

HE was not made acquainted who I am?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No—'twas humanity alone inspir'd him:
 With how much warmth his pity, rage, resentment,
 Before us BURST? He could not shew more ardor,
 Were it to shield a sister or a lover.--
 At such fine transports how I long'd t' applaud him!
 But then I fear'd the Bramins would suspect,
 I took some undue int'rest in thy life.
 Sister! 'tis very hard to hide one's feelings,
 And to disguise, that one may seem inhuman---
 Ah! how that foreign chief has been deceiv'd,
 To view me in the light he view'd our priests.
 Indeed I blush'd.—But he has stak'd his honor,
 To save your life---yes, he, without your leave,
 Would bear you off himself, but for the watch.—

WIDOW.

BROTHER, dissuade him—oh, you know the laws,
 And that he cannot come into my presence.
 A stranger's face would sully all the rites:
 And scoffers would impute it as my crime.
 But then, perhaps, your int'rest in my fate,
 Has magnified his zeal. He but pursued
 The nat'ral bent of pity. This European,
 Sent by his king, has more than me to think of.---

Would

Would he defend my life, while I'm unknown?
 Could I accept his aid? THERE'S BUT ONE MAN--- [*aside.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I SAW the moment, when humanity
 Had well nigh made him pass the bounds of honor.
 Rather than see thee die, he seem'd resolv'd
 To break the truce, and ev'n to lose his life.—
 When I beheld him shew such gen'rous warmth,
 I FELT a HORROR *for our LAWS and LAND.*

SCENE V.

Fatima.—Widow.—Young Bramin.

FATIMA.

You need not, madam, apprehend the presence
 Of that brave foreigner, who dares defend you---
 For neither having seen, or hop'd to see you,
 He only studies how to save your life.
 Perhaps he speaks with too much indiscretion
 Against a barb'rous custom---and from that,
 His life is not in safety---Ev'n the priest
 Attempts t' exasperate the mob against him:
 He paints him as a monster, in our walls,
 A foe to our religion, to our laws,
 With such success, I fear that blood will follow.—

[*to the young Bramin.*]

OH, strive to make him hide the aid he gives:
 Or else his cares, instead of serving you,
 Will prove much worse than vain, they'll ruin him.

WIDOW.

WHAT! can he perish while the truce remains?
 Too long have I delay'd to fall a victim---
 I'll run, and have the fun'ral pile prepar'd---

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

OH heav'ns! and are you mad?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SHALL I permit it?

WIDOW.

You see what perils he incurs for me:
 He'll lose his life; and I shall be the cause—
 I dread the succour which he deigns to yield;
 Whate'er it be I cannot profit by it.—
 But still I ought to keep him from all harms,
 And make my fun'ral pile, a fortress for him.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SISTER, thy risque is his---consent to live,
 The people then will cease to persecute him.

WIDOW.

My death will serve him better—and I seek it,
 As much to save his days, as do my duty.
 Henceforth no one shall see me shun my fate,
 To kindle thus the mob's misguided rage.
 I'll shew, my heart can emulate his own,
 And seek his safety, as he sought for mine.—

SCENE VI.

Young Bramin.—Fatima.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You will not leave her?—soon the foreign chief,
 Will come to see the high priest in this place.
 I'll wait for this brave chief, and strive that he
 May use more moderation for our good.—

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Young Bramin, alone.

Thus does fanatic frenzy blind its victims!—
Heroic mortal! full of noble fires,
Must we then dread, lest such a friend as you,
Should want the gen'rous succour which you give?

SCENE VIII.

Young Bramin.—French General.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHERE were you going, sir? I might—perhaps—

GENERAL.

WHAT would you.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SIR! that you would please to know me—

GENERAL.

I've seen your chief—and know you well enough—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I DIFFER from him more than you imagine.—

GENERAL.

WHAT's that to me?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I PITY the sad fate,
Of her our customs doom to death to-day!

GENERAL.

'Tis very likely you would come to tell me!
Why, sir!—you're all suspected—ev'n your pity—
Go—leave me—

YOUNG BRAMIN.—

No—not till I have told you,

The

The int'rest that my heart takes in this fair.
 You wish to save her from impending death;
 I wish it more than you; and can assist you---
 For know, SHE IS MY SISTER!---

GENERAL.

SHE! *thy* SISTER?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SHE is---

GENERAL.

Her danger then is greater far.-----

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Tis infinitely less-----

GENERAL.

I KNOW you better,

And all the rage fraternal blood inspires.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

CONFOUND me not, for mercy's sake, with mine.--
 Far better I respect the ties of blood.--
 My sister ready to be sacrific'd
 Upon the fun'ral pile--GODS! HOW *her* BLOOD
 CRIES IN MY VEINS--I'll brave extremest peril
 So save her--Sir!--I feel, in principle,
 I'm all European;--count upon my aid.--

GENERAL.

You've seen her--has she sworn to die?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Tis true--

You'd be SURPRIS'D! *your* PITY WILL *be* TOUCH'D!
 Her heart is fix'd upon *her* cruel duty.--
 A duty still more cruel, since 'tis known,
 The man for whom she falls a sacrifice,
 Was not the real object of her love!-----

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

AND he, her choice, with paltry fear oppress'd,
Will suffer such a fight before his eyes!—
While I, a stranger, feel my bosom burn,
And, as a man, will come to her relief.
The COWARD! what does he? or what's his fear?
How can he see another person shield her?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THE fact is, sir!, in distant climes detain'd,
He does not know her doom.—But let my heart
Disclose its pains to you—I would redress
The wrong that nature suffers in these realms.
I've tried persuasion—but, 'tis all in vain—
My sister will not yield—her mind is fix'd.—
But haply I have found you at this hour;—
You, who are born with tenderness, will strive,
With me, to save those days which she deserts.—
In spite of her, the GODS *propitious call*,
To save, *if possible, that DEAREST LIFE*,—
To SNATCH LANISSA FROM—

GENERAL.

The THUNDER STRUCK ME!—

IMMORTAL GODS! *what NAME?*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What EXCLAMATION?

GENERAL.

LANISSA!—SHE THE VICTIM?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

How! you know her?

GENERAL.

LANISSA is to die! —and I am come,
So far to be a witness!—OH! I'LL SEE HER—

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BUT, sir!—

GENERAL.

*I fly this very moment to her——*OH! *shall they murder all my heart holds dear?—*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You LOV'D HER? YOU——!

GENERAL.

PERDITION!—STOP me NOT——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

IMPENETRABLE walls obstruct all access:

Besides, the truce prohibits open force:—

You take the readiest way to haste her ruin!

Oh, let us not destroy, by starts of passion,

The prodigy a God has wrought for us.——

GENERAL.

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO WREST HER FROM THIS PERIL?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THERE is, hard by, a subterranean way,

Through which, I'm told, in former times a widow,

Was rescued from the flames, by means of gold.

From where the pile was built, the passage leads

Directly to the port. If still the priests

Should press the sacrifice, we'll try that plan—

I in the temple— while you're out of town—

And heav'n, I trust, will favor our attempt.—

GENERAL.

SO NEAR!—SO FAR FROM HER!—*each instant kills me!*I SHUDDER with AMAZEMENT!—*and my EAR*HEARS, *from devouring flames, her DYING CRY!*—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BUT, sir! compose awhile your troubled spirits;

Be

Be cautious how you stir religious zeal,
Among this people, whence revolt might spring.
They know our conversation in this place ;
And zealots once inflam'd will hear no reason.
Whatever care I take to save Lanissa,
Your rashness would precipitate her death !—
Then, for Lanissa's sake, and for your own,
Return to camp—avoid th' assassin-stroke !——

GENERAL.

WELL ! I believe you, and have no distrust—
But furnish me one earnest of your zeal ;
Abjure before the priest, and in my fight,
The horrid task, which he assign'd to you.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT say you ?—No—but on the other hand,
'Tis best I feign to keep that horrid task :
Since, soon he would commit it to another—
And this delay will serve our purpose best.—

GENERAL.

I YIELD—thy reason's good—thy zeal confirms me.—
I'LL SERVE THE TIES OF LOVE :—SERVE THOSE OF
NATURE !——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

My sister still resist !—But I'll inform her,
What arm has rais'd itself in her defence.—
The high priest comes—adieu—I fear lest he
Should see us here, adieu ! adieu ! remember !——

SCENE IX.

General.—High Priest.—

GENERAL.

WHERE go you ? what ! to drag her to the pile !

X

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

THOU impious wretch! think'st thou her constant
—virtue—

GENERAL.

AH! not in vain shall I have stopp'd th' attempt—

HIGH PRIEST.

WHILE you beheld her lot—and ev'n her wish —

GENERAL.

HER lot depends not on herself, or you—
Reason legitimates the scheme I've form'd,——
You do not know the value of this victim:
You will e'er long, barbarian!—But, my word
Engag'd, I hold the law of nations binding.——
Now, IF I SEEK TO CURB *my* FURY THUS,
Then, SPARE the VICTIM—or—I CANNOT PROMISE.
*You may believe me—*IN MY STATE OF MIND—
THERE'S NOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE!—THERE'S NOUGHT
THAT'S SACRED!—
I'll watch you well—and—e'er you sacrifice her—
THYSELF, THY RACE, THY ALTARS, *and* THY IDOLS,
OH! I'LL SPARE NOTHING!—*arm'd for her, MY SWORD*
Shall save with her the feeble sex oppress'd!
AMIDST THE WAVES *of* BLOOD, WHICH I WILL SHED,
I'LL BEAR HER THROUGH THIS TOWN, REDUC'D TO
ASHES,
AVENGING THUS THE WOES THY WRATH PRODUC'D,
'TILL MEN SHALL SEARCH IN VAIN WHERE STOOD
THY TEMPLE!—

SCENE X.

High Priest.—Bramins.

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT means this wild excess of rage and madness?

The

The monster braves us at these very shrines—
 He dares attack religion's holiest rites,
 And means to change our laws to save this victim---
 Let's lose no time, to ward the storm from us :
 To ward the storm ? let's hurl it on his head !---
 Revenging thus, by his tremendous fall,
 Our customs, temple, liberty and laws !-----

[*The theatre represents a porch of the Pagod of the Bramins, surrounded with rocks---a funeral pile erected in the midst---the ocean seen at a distance.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Young Bramin.---Fatima.

FATIMA.

YOU'RE lost in melancholy---what's the cause ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

My sister is forlorn---our hopes are blasted !---
 You heard, this night, the noise toward the fort,
 And how the bay re-echo'd with the roar ?
 'Twas then some traitors brib'd ('tis thought by Bramins)
 Spread fire and ruin through the fleet---and then
 The chief, as he was hast'ning to its succour,
 Was slain by base assassins.---All the camp
 Was panic-struck---the shore with slaughter stain'd---
 The port with fragments of burnt vessels strew'd !---
 What still remain'd of broken bands embark'd,
 On board the shatter'd fleet, and put to sea---
 The wind sprung up, and all are out of fight.-----

FATIMA.

THUS ev'ry gleam of hope for ever gone !---

YOUNG BRAMIN.

TH' immediate consequence you see, this moment,

The

The fun'ral pile prepar'd!--

FATIMA.

OH! fight of horror!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THE priests will come to make me bring my sister;
But sooner than officiate at those rites,
I'll suffer all the plagues that man can feel;
Yes, me they first shall murder!—

FATIMA.

WHY from her

At such a moment?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Twas her prudent care,

Forbade my having access to her room:—
So much she fear'd my zeal---so much the aid
Of that European, who engag'd to save her!--
But run and carry to my dearest sister,
A brother's resolution, tears, despair!
Oh, tell her, I'm resolv'd, in spite of worlds,
To die myself, or to prevent her death.

SCENE II.

Young Bramin, alone.

IN such a gen'rous cause the stranger fell!--
And my poor sister sinks into the tomb!--
I hop'd her heart, which would not yield to me,
Would lean from death towards so fond a lover.
Oh, CRUEL SISTER, with what joy I thought,
To tell thee that thy lover was thy shield.
Now, HAPPY! that thou did'st not know what hand,
Prepar'd the succour, Heav'n has render'd vain!--

SCENE

SCENE III.

High Priest.—Young Bramin.—Bramin.—Indian People.

HIGH PRIEST.

PEOPLE! enjoy the peace which I've obtain'd!—
I've freed you from these fierce European bands!—
Had they victorious enter'd once the town,
They would have chang'd your laws, and chac'd your
Gods.---

'Tis true, the better to complete my plans,
I made the effort e'er the truce expir'd.
But then, reduc'd to such extremities,
'Twas sanction'd by necessity and right.
I saw our soldiers slain upon these shores,
Whose plaintive shades surrounded Brama's shrine,
And seem'd to rise to stimulate the blow
Which sav'd our country, and reveng'd its dead!

BRAMIN.

YOU must have known the wishes of your country.

HIGH PRIEST.

I MARK'D the sudden pang that pierc'd your souls,
When first the news was spread, that this mad chief,
Design'd a faithful widow to with-hold,
From yonder honor'd pile. But Brama smil'd,
The god of India smil'd, confirm'd his rites,
And blest'd his favor'd land. By me, he drove
Those haughty bands far hence---he sav'd your walls,
And he aveng'd his violated pow'r. [*to the young Bramin.*]
Young man! 'tis you must bring the victim here:
Go.---

YOUNG BRAMIN.

[*aside.*]

I GROW frantic at their cruel rites.---

I would be calm—but—oh—this rising choler
Will not permit—'tis now too late for prudence—
My breast would burst with silence—I'll speak daggers
To that proud Bramin's soul—shall I proud priest!

[to the high priest.]

Shall I—submissive to thy horrid rage,—
Shall I proceed to bring the victim here?
After we know thy crime—that thou hast broken
The truce—that law agreed upon by nations,
And held inviolate for mutual good—
You wish—you coward, vile incendiary!
To seem a tutelary God for us!—
Now since your villainy, your treach'rous rage,
Has murder'd that illustrious foreign chief;—
'Tis time that you should know me—learn, base Bramin,
To save Lanissa, I concur'd with him.—

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT do I hear?—you form'd so black a plot,
And dare insult me! traitor!—you—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

YES, I—

And glory in it—ah! to you a traitor;
But not like you beneath the altar's shade:
I but contriv'd to save the sex oppress'd.—

HIGH PRIEST.

SEE then to what your foolish pity led,
To yield your country—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No—I would have sav'd
The feeblest and most wretched half—whom you,
As having pow'r, oppress with monstrous laws.—

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

OH frightful blasphemy! unheard of outrage!
Why does not Brama thunder on thy head?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THOU know'st not yet but part of what I dar'd
Nor with what crimes I'm blacken'd in thy fight—
To save Laniffa—nature have I serv'd,—

SHE IS MY SISTER.——

HIGH PRIEST.

HEIGHT of human crimes!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OH why could I not ope my sister's eyes
To see the folly of your barb'rous rites.

HIGH PRIEST.

You set yourself to judge our laws, our rites!
You wish her shame!——a native——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

RATHER exile,

Who wishes to depart this place for ever;
Such anger rises at your law of blood!
Barbarian! yes, he meant to snatch from death,
A sister whom he loves—he's not a brother
To immolate—but to protect and love her.——
Heav'n form'd his heart far different, wretch! from thine:
So perish in these climes thy cruel custom!
I know sweet nature——and I know but her——

HIGH PRIEST.

YES——and I know a time will come to punish——
First, let the sacrifice be made——and then
I shall know how to treat so base a traitor——
You more obedient to my orders, go, [*to another Bramin.*]
And bring the victim hither——but behold,

Unlike

Unlike her atheist brother—there she comes
Spontaneously to meet her honor'd doom.—

S C E N E IV.

[Widow, followed by her relations—and the preceding actors.]

WIDOW—advancing, bewildered.

WHERE am I?—oh!—-I'm dizzy—all turns round me.
Ah! who will bear me to the banks of Ganges?
What shrouded phantom!—heav'ns!—I see him come—
Let's fly—oh!—he has caught me—how he drags
Me to the fun'ral fire?—he shews himself—
Hold!—oh!—unpitying husband!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Do not die
To save that soft'ring chief!—thy friend—that hero—

HIGH PRIEST.

HAS fallen in the snares where sinners fall.—

WIDOW.

Of whom have you been speaking?

HIGH PRIEST.

Of a wretch,

Who died my victim.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Of a foreign hero—

WIDOW.

“A FOREIGN hero”!—why he succour me?
For what should he attempt to save my life?
What is this gen'rous hero then—so kind,—
Who, tho' he knows me not, still dares to shield me:—
That my distresses should so nearly touch him!—
Have all the French the feelings of my lover?

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT word escap'd? what have you dar'd to utter?
Are you not cur'd of that disgraceful frenzy?—
I've rescued you from that unworthy Frenchman—
Forget th' audacious wretch!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You ought to mourn
For him.—

WIDOW.

"To mourn for him!"—oh! grief
That kills me!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

YES, he died for thee.—

WIDOW.

COME on!

And light the fires!—I feel no farther fear—
Death will be now a happiness for me—
At sight of flames, where I shall make my bed,
Despair affords a certain kind of joy—
I'll die.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

AH! wilt thou, cruel sister!—See
Thy brother at thy feet.—

HIGH PRIEST.

THY husband calls.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHICH of you two has most barbarity?
Now, sister! mark me—by the rights of blood,
Here misconceiv'd, I'll rescue thee from death.
Stop—ye attendants! stop—and learn from me,
Ye shall not lead her to that horrid place—
A brother dares protect her as he ought!—

Y

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

HAVE you no rev'rence for the god of India?
No honor for the priesthood?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BRAMIN hear me!

If I reproach myself for any thing,
'Tis that I took this fatal ministry;
'Tis that I have too far obey'd your will!
I blush at my respect for such a man;
And at my timid doubts that half restrain'd,
My arguments against thy murd'rous creed.—
My reason cannot be obscur'd by customs,
My instinct chang'd, nor yet my heart made hard.
In spite of vulgar error, and its crimes,
Here sentiment prevails—my soul's my own—
Ye people, listen! I abjure for ever,
Your rites, your laws, your solemn mockeries!

HIGH PRIEST.

OH! impious renegade!—ye Bramins seize him—
Confine him for a monument of wrath
To sooth th' offended majesty of Brama.—

[*The Bramins separate them by force, she mounts the funeral pile.*]

WHAT noise is that?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THEY enter by that way——

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT! have I lost my cares?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

GREAT gods! ye heard me?

HIGH PRIEST.

REVERSE!

YOUNG

OR, THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM. 171

YOUNG BRAMIN,
Oh!—bliss!—

SCENE V.

[*French General rushing in at the head of troops—
and the preceding actors.*]

GENERAL—*running towards the pile—*

LANISSA IN THE FLAMES!—

HIGH PRIEST.

OUR FOE ALIVE?

GENERAL.

Let's fly!—oh! live, my dearest-----

WIDOW.

Who snatches me from death?

GENERAL.

DEARER THAN LIFE,

LANISSA!---

WIDOW.

[*Giving a shriek of surprise and joy in the arms of
the French General, before she names him.*]

Ob! MONTALBAN!—my deliv'rer!---

GENERAL.

'Tis I,

Who snatch thee from the flames—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'Tis he—'tis he—

Oh! double blessing!—gods!—'tis he alive!---

GENERAL.

THE story of my death was spread on purpose.—

A bay deserted serv'd us for a shelter.—

While—through the subterranean path—one band

Enter'd the town—another took the fort.

ONE

ONE MOMENT MORE—AND WHAT HAD BEEN MY FATE!
 Thus the dark path which av'rice open'd first,
 To save from sacrifice a woman—now
 Has answer'd nobly for the same design!
 And I—what bliss!—have serv'd my king and country,
 And gain'd the place without the loss of blood?

[to the High Priest.]

Of you (whose plots propitious Heav'n confounds)
 I learn'd full soon the villainous designs.—
 Your crime was but a coward's—nor amaz'd me—
 A Frenchman—I forget it!—conq'ror—pardon!—
 I leave your life—ev'n after all your crimes——
 Guards! make him go from hence—and ne'er return,
 [High Priest goes out,

SCENE VI. and last,

The preceding Actors.

WIDOW.

'Twas you, Montalban! came to my defence!—
 'Twas you I fear'd, and fled! what god has sav'd you,
 To save your poor Laniffa?—ah! my life,
 Preserv'd by one so dear, becomes more dear!——
 How precious your's and mine should be to me?
 Oh—I had liv'd less happy by another.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Oh!--just reward for all your pains—you thought
 To save an unknown woman from her fate:
 And Heav'n saw fit, by way of retribution,
 That you should save the idol of your soul!

WIDOW.

My dear Montalban!

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

OH! my lov'd Laniffa!

[*pointing to her brother.*]

Let him partake your gratitude with me,
After such tears and cruel trepidations!

YE people, ye shall live with happier laws—
Receive as the first favor of my prince,
Th' entire extinction of this savage rite!—
Louis for this employ'd my hand; for he,
Alike for greatness and for goodness known,
Diffuses blessings from the rising day
To yonder Western World—the land that loves him:
While other conq'rors carry rage and lust,
And horrid carnage—he humanity!—

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HENRY, in the character of *Laniffa*.

WELL, here I come—and almost out of breath,
 'Twixt love, fire, fear, and widowhood and death;
 While I for such fictitious strife am harness'd—
 I feel—I suffer—more than half in earnest:
 By Bramin's seiz'd—those bloody-minded fellows—
 My hair-breadth 'scapes were greater than Othello's!
 Nought could have sav'd me from the jaws of fate,
 Had my French lover came one breath too late.—
 The pile prepar'd and kindling brisk as tinder,
 They'd burn'd your poor Laniffa to a cinder!

BUT well our author had contriv'd the whole,
 And seems, in truth, a right good-natur'd soul:
 He swears himself his drama, without vanity,
 Is founded on the basis of humanity;
 Without one RULE or UNITY infringing,
 He sav'd his heroine from a mortal singing—
 So after all this mighty fire and rattle,
 Our bloodless play is like a bloodless battle.

AM I to blame, if, this dear life to save,
 I lik'd a lover better than a grave;
 Prefer'd your christian maxims for a drama,
 To all the murd'rous rites of pagan Brama;
 And held, retreating from my fun'ral urn,
 " 'Twas better far to marry than to burn?"
 No—I'll be burn'd, but ev'ry maid and widow,
 Would do, in such a case, just as I did do.

YES

YES—thank your stars, Columbia's happy dames!
 Ye need not fear those frightful fun'ral flames :—
 Of other lands let foreign bards be dreaming,
 But this, this only is the land for women :—
 Here ye invert the Bramins' barb'rous plan,
 And stretch your sceptre o'er the tyrant—man.

YE men, if I offend, I ask your pardon,
 I would not for the world your sex bear hard on:
 Ye are the fathers, founders of a nation,
 The gods on earth, the lords of this creation!
 And let philosophers say what they please,
 You're not *grown less* by coming o'er the seas :—
 We know your worth, and dare proclaim your merit,—
 The world may ask your foes, “if you want spirit?”
 Your vict'ries won—your revolution ended---
 Your constitution newly made---and mended---
 Your fund of wit---your intellectual riches---
 Plans in the closet---in the senate speeches---
 Will make this age of heroes, wits, and sages,
 The first in story to the latest ages !-----
 Go on---and prosper with your projects blest,
 'Till your millennium rises in the west :---
 We wish success to your politic scheming,
 Rule ye the world !----and then---be rul'd by women !---

FOR here, ye fair, no servile rites bear sway,
 Nor force ye---(though ye promise)---to obey :
 Blest in the mildness of this temp'rate zone,
 Slaves to no whims, or follies---but your own.---
 Here custom, check'd in ev'ry rude excess,
 Confines its influence to the arts of dress,
 O'er charms eclips'd the side-long hat displays,
 Extends the hoop, or pares away the stays,

Bedecks

Bedecks the fair with artificial geer,
 Breast-works in front, and bishops in the rear :---
 The idol rears, on beauty's dazzling throne,
 Mankind her slaves, and all the world her own ;
 Bound by no laws a husband's whims to fear,
 Obey in life, or burn upon his bier ;
 She views with equal eye, sublime o'er all,
 A lover perish---or a lap-dog fall---
 Coxcombs or monkeys from their chains broke loose---
 And now a husband dead---and now a goose.

BUT jesting all apart---and such droll strictures ;
 We'll strive to charm you with still fairer pictures---
 For 'tis our object to divert---not tease you---
 To make you laugh or cry---as best shall please you---
 So as it suits each kind spectator's turn,
 You'll come to see me play the fool---or burn---
 Ladies and gentlemen! on this condition,
 I humbly offer my sincere petition,
 That you'll come oft to hear me sing or say---
 "And poor Lanissa will for ever pray!"

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

To the Translation of ATHALIAH,

A T R A G E D Y.

THE scenes which Racine drew, bold, tender, chaste,
 Too full of nature, not to meet your taste,
 We now prepare---we strive to make your own,
 The classic wealth of France---too long unknown !
 This gold of Gaul coin'd in Columbia's mint,
 'Tis your's to fix the current value in't.

E'ER with these themes we trespass on your time,
 Themes moral, novel, beauteous, and sublime :
 I come to plead the buskin'd muse's cause,
 To claim your candor, not to bribe applause.
 If a well-regulated stage can teach
 The noblest maxims, in the purest speech---
 If we, the public's servants, virtue's friends,
 Attempt, by honest means, those honest ends---
 Then let Columbia's voice reward our toil ;
 On us her sages and her daughters smile !

ATTEND, while first we bring upon our stage,
 A sacred drama from the sacred page ;
 A drama, which has oft, on Gallic ground,
 (To kings a lesson !) with applause been crown'd.
 Whate'er can please from characters that live,
 Whate'er of worth pure sentiment can give,
 The mighty master to his scenes imparts,
 To charm your ears and captivate your hearts,
 To fill the melting eye with virtue's tear,
 And make you learn to practise what you hear.

If haply our best efforts should avail,
To add due int'rest to this well-told tale ;
Here will ye find instruction with delight,
And say, when done, "*We have not lost a night.*"

ENCOURAG'D by your smiles, on virtue's side,
In such a cause, we feel a gen'rous pride:
Here shall no muse attempt by words unchaste,
Or wanton scenes, to soothe fastidious taste;
Nor (for just sentiments can reach your hearts)
To croud this house by meretricious arts---
Call'd by far nobler pow'rs, here crowds shall throng,
Call'd by the pow'rs of genius and of song.

HAIL, thou young nation---blest in mental charms,
In taste, arts, science, government and arms!
Rais'd to new life, the boast of ev'ry age,
Long shall thy *infant deeds* adorn our stage;
Deeds of immortal fame, that grac'd our land!
Or in the senate, or the warrior band!
Fir'd with the prospect of thy growing fame,
My breast enkindles with the patriot flame;
Haste, haste, ye sons of song, call glory forth,
And dare display your great compatriots' worth;
Thence future ages will not view unmov'd,
What ADAMS, JAY, and WASHINGTON approv'd!



E P I L O G U E

To the Translation of A T H A L I A H,
A T R A G E D Y.

SO fell, dethron'd, the murd'rer of her race,
So rose the orphan-king to fill her place !

I faw

I saw your breasts, when impious blood was spilt,
 Exult that virtue triumph'd over guilt :---
 Nor do I come to banish from your breasts,
 Those fine sensations by some foolish jests ;
 But rather, shunning trite theatric tricks,
 I wish a moral in your minds to fix.

LOOK round this world ! the Arbiter of fates,
 Holds in his hand the destiny of states ;
 Makes duty and advantage still accord,
 And gives to worthy deeds a just reward.

OFT ruin waits on vice---by discord hurl'd,
 The bolts of vengeance desolate the world.---
 Go---search all lands, with philosophic views,
 Go---read the records of th' historic muse !
 Where are the mighty states, of former times,
 Which brav'd ev'n Heav'n by greatness and by crimes ;
 The hundred gates of Thebes, with threat'ning walls,
 The hieroglyphic lore of Egypt's halls ?
 Where the proud boasts of Babylon and Tyre,
 The Attic muses and the Roman fire ?

SEE in that land, where late our scene was laid,
 What dreadful havoc, giant discord made !
 From want of virtue such dire suff'rings flow,
 And want of union laid fair Salem low !---
 'Twas want of virtue, want of union spread
 Flames thro' her domes and heap'd her streets with dead ;
 Usher'd to light immortal deeds of shame---
 Infernal deeds---and deeds without a name---
 Bade dearest friends by hidden daggers bleed,
 And famish'd mothers on their infants feed ;
 Destroy'd the dwelling of th' ETERNAL SIRE,

His

His altars whelm'd in human blood and fire ;
 Uptore the tow'ring bulwarks from their base,
While ruin drove her plough-share o'er the place.

OH discord ! parent of each woe and crime,
 Far be thy influence from our happy clime !
 Far be ambition, which vindictive hurl'd
 Ruin on ruin round a wasted world !

THOU union ! guide our senatorial band,
 The chosen few, the fathers of our land !
 'Tis theirs, with patience and enlighten'd zeal,
 To toil incessant for the public weal ;
 To raise lost credit from its low abyfs,
 And point the zenith of Columbia's blifs !

SAY ye ! who sought for peace, in martial strife,
 What forms the greatest good of social life ?
 What constitutes the real strength of states ?
 Is it their floating tow'rs ? their brazen gates ?
 Their troops innumerable ?——'Tis one soul,
 One vital spirit that pervades the whole,
 'Tis CONCORD !——glorious offspring of the skies,
 Which binds frail mortals in fraternal ties !—

OH favor'd race ! in toils of empire brave,
 Defend those rights which God and nature gave !
 Heav'ns !—what the price those rights confirm'd have cost,
 What treasures lavish'd, and what heroes lost ?
 And yet I hear those forms, from many a plain,
 Exulting cry, "WE HAVE NOT BLED IN VAIN !"
 I see blest WARREN rise——an awful shade !
 And great MONTGOM'RY wave the crimson'd blade ;
 Mild MERCER, dreadful in the day of war,
 Brave BROWN, deform'd with many a savage scar ;

SCAMMEL—

SCAMMEL—the pride of hosts!—the Britons' shame!—
 And young DE HART in the first field of fame;
 WOOSTER, with locks of age defil'd in gore,
 And LAURENS! *friend to freedom!*—NOW NO MORE!—

FROM high they hail the scenes that now appear,
 And point th' effulgent dawn of glory near!—
 'Rapt in extatic visions—now my eyes
 Pierce the dun curtains of incumbent skies:
 What streams of light through western tracks descend,
 Fire the wide welkin, and the concave rend!
 Thy suns, Columbia! roll o'er scenes more bright,
 And happier ages burst upon my sight!
 And hark! what music strikes th' enraptur'd ear?
 Hear sounds prophetic!—mystic numbers hear!



O D E

On the GLORY of COLUMBIA,

By DR. D W I G H T.

I.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
 Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
 Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

II.

To conquest and slaughter, let Europe aspire;
 Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire!

Thy

Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend :—
A world is thy realm—for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause :—
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies!

III.

FAIR science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards and new sages, unrivall'd shall soar,
To fame unextinguish'd when time is no more :
To thee the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind ;
Here, grateful to Heav'n, with transport shall bring
Their incense more fragrant than odours of spring.

IV.

NOR less shall thy fair-ones to glory ascend ;
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire :
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtue's bright image instamp'd on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

V.

THY fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.

As

As the day-star unbounded their splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow ;
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world !

VI.

THUS, as down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From wars dread confusion I pensively stray'd,
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd ;
The winds ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expir'd ;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
" Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
" The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

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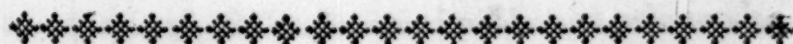
AN
ESSAY
ON THE

LIFE of the HONORABLE
MAJOR-GENERAL
ISRAEL PUTNAM:

Addressed to the STATE SOCIETY of the CINCINNATI
in CONNECTICUT.

BY COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

PUBLISHED BY THEIR ORDER.



Col. JEREMIAH WADSWORTH

President of the State Society of the Cincinnati in
Connecticut, 1811

more than once coming to their meetings.



MEDITATING IN THE
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 It occurred to me
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 to the State Society of the Cincinnati
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 COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS
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General Patton is highly respected to have been as brave and as honest a man as ever America produced.

TO THE HONORABLE

COL. JEREMIAH WADSWORTH,

*President of the State Society of the Cincinnati in
Connecticut, &c.*

MY DEAR SIR,

UNAVOIDABLE absence will prevent me from performing the grateful task, assigned me by the State Society of the Cincinnati, on the fourth day of July next. Though I cannot personally address them, I wish to demonstrate by some token of affectionate remembrance, the sense I entertain of the honor they have more than once conferred upon me by their suffrages.

MEDITATING in what manner to accomplish this object, it occurred to me, that an attempt to preserve the actions of General Putnam, in the archives of our State Society, would be acceptable to its members, as they had all served with great satisfaction under his immediate orders. An essay on the life of a person so elevated in military rank, and so conversant in extraordinary scenes, could not be destitute of amusement and instruction, and would possess the advantage of presenting for imitation a respectable model of public and private virtues.

GENERAL Putnam is universally acknowledged to have been as brave and as honest a man as ever America produced ;

produced; but the distinguishing features of his character, and the particular transactions of his life are but imperfectly known. He seems to have been formed on purpose for the age in which he lived. His native courage, unshaken integrity, and established reputation as a soldier, were necessary in the early stages of our opposition to the designs of Great Britain, and gave unbounded confidence to our troops in their first conflicts in the field of battle.

THE inclosed manuscript justly claims indulgence, for its venial errors, as it is the first effort in Biography, that has been made on this continent. The attempt I am conscious is laudable, whatever may be the failure in point of execution.

I AM happy to find the Society of the Cincinnati is now generally regarded in a favorable manner. Mankind, with fewer exceptions, are disposed to do justice to the motives on which it was founded. For ourselves, we can never recalc to mind the occasion, without feeling the most tender emotions of friendship and sensibility. At the dissolution of the army, when we retired to separate walks of life, from the toils of a successful war, in which we had been associated during a very important part of our lives, the pleasing idea, and the fond hope of meeting once a year, *which gave birth to our fraternal institution*, were necessary consolations to soothe the

the

the pangs, that tore our bosoms at the melancholy hour of parting. When our hands touched, perhaps, for the last time, and our tongues refused to perform their office in bidding farewell, Heaven witnessed and approved the purity of our intentions in the ardor of our affections. May we persevere in the union of our friendship, and the exertion of our benevolence; regardless of the censures of jealous suspicion, which charges our designs with selfishness, and inscribes our actions to improper motives; while we realize sentiments of a nobler nature in our anniversary festivities, and our hearts dilate with an honest joy, in opening the hand of beneficence to the indigent widow and unprotected orphan of our departed friends.

I PRAY you, my dear Sir, to present my most respectful compliments to the members of the Society, and to assure them, on my part, that whensoever it shall be in my power, I shall esteem it the felicity of my life to attend their anniversaries.

I HAVE the honor to be, with sentiments of the highest consideration and esteem, your most obedient and most humble servant,

D. HUMPHREYS.

Mount Vernon, in Virginia,

June 4, 1788.

ESSAYS

ON THE

TO treat of recent transactions and persons still living, is always a delicate and frequently a thankless office. Yet, while the partiality of friends, or the malignity of enemies, decides with rashness on every delineation of character, or recital of circumstances, a consolation remains, that distant nations and remoter ages, free from the influence of prejudice or passion, will judge with impartiality, and appreciate with justice. We have fallen upon an æra singularly prolific in extraordinary personages, and dignified by splendid events. Much is expected from the selections of the judicious biographer, as well as from the labours of the faithful historian. Whatever prudential reasons may now occur to postpone the portrait of our own times, the difficulties which oppose themselves to the execution, instead of being diminished, will encrease with the lapse of years. Every day will extinguish some life that was dear to fame, and obliterate the memorial of some deed which would have constituted the delight and admiration of the world.

So transient and indistinguishable are the traits of character, so various and inexplicable the springs of action, so obscure and perishable the remembrance of human affairs, that, unless attempts are made to sketch the picture, while the present generation is living, the likeness will be for ever lost, or only preserved by a vague recollection; disguised, perhaps, by the whimsical colourings of a creative imagination.

It will doubtless, hereafter, be an object of regret, that those, who, having themselves been conspicuous actors on the theatre of public life, and, who in conjunction with a knowledge of facts, possess abilities to paint those characters, and describe those events, which (during the progress of the American Revolution) interested and astonished mankind, should feel an insuperable reluctance to assume the task—a task, which (if executed with fidelity) must, from the dignity of its subject, become grateful to the patriots of all nations, and profitable in example to the remotest posterity. Equally severe will be the mortification of contemplating the reveries and fictions, which have been substituted by hacknied writers in the place of historical facts. Nor should we suppress our indignation against that class of professional authors, who, placed in the vale of penury and obscurity, at an immense distance from the scenes of action, and all opportunities of acquiring the necessary documents, with insufferable effrontery, obtrude their fallacious and crude performances on a credulous public. Did the result of their lucubrations terminate only in relieving their own distresses, or gratifying their individual vanity, it might be passed in silent contempt. But the effect is extensive, permanent,

permanent, and pernicious. The lie,* however improbable or monstrous, which has once assumed the semblance of truth, by being often repeated with minute and plausible particulars, is at length so thoroughly established, as to obtain universal credit, defy contradiction, and frustrate every effort of refutation. Such is the mischief, such are the unhappy consequences on the bewildered mind, that the reader has no alternative, but to become the dupe of his credulity, or distrust the veracity of almost all human testimony. After having long been the sport of fiction, he will perhaps probably run into the opposite extreme, and give up all confidence in the annals of ancient as well as modern times: and thus the easy believer of fine fables and marvellous stories, will find, at last, his historical faith change to scepticism, and end in infidelity.

THE numerous errors and falsehoods relative to the birth and achievements of Major General Putnam, which have (at a former period) been circulated with assiduity on both sides of the Atlantic, and the uncertainty which appeared to prevail with respect to his real † character, first produced the resolution of writing this essay

* The writer had here particularly in his eye, the Rhapsody, palmed upon the public, under the name of a History, by a certain Frenchman called D'Auberteuil: Perhaps, so much falsehood, folly and calumny was never before accumulated in a single performance.

† The following lines are extracted from a poem, entitled "The prospect of America:" written by the late ingenious Dr. Ladd.

"Hail Putnam! hail thou venerable name

"Thou dark oblivion threats thy mighty fame,

"It threats in vain—for long shalt thou be known,

"Who first in virtue and in battle thone,

"When

essay on his life and induced the editor to obtain * materials from that hero himself. If communications of such authenticity, if personal intimacy as an aid-de-camp to that general, or if subsequent military employments, which afforded access to sources † of intelligence not

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open

"When fourscore years had blanch'd thy laurel'd head,

"Strong in thine age, the flame of war was spread."

On which Dr. Ladd made this note :

"The brave Putnam seems to have been almost obscured amidst the glare of succeeding worthies; but his early and gallant services entitle him to an everlasting remembrance."

Other bards have also asserted the glory of this venerable veteran. In the first concise review of the principal American heroes who signalized themselves in the last war, the same character is thus represented :

"There stood stern Putnam, seam'd with many a scar,

"The veteran honors of an early war."

The Vision of Columbus, Book V.

* The editor seizes with eagerness an opportunity of acknowledging his obligations to Dr. Albigeance Waldo, who was so obliging as to commit to writing many anecdotes, communicated to him by General Putnam in the course of the present year.

† A multitude of proofs might be produced to demonstrate that military facts cannot always be accurately known but by the commander-in-chief and his confidential officers. The Marquis de Chastelleux (whose opportunity to acquire genuine information, respecting those parts of the American war which he hath casually mentioned, was better than that of any other writer) gives an account of a Grand Forage which General Heath ordered to be made towards Kings Bridge in the autumn of 1780. The Marquis, who was present when the detachment marched, and to whom General Heath shewed the orders that were given to General Stark, the commanding officer of the expedition, observes that he had never seen, in manuscript or print, more pertinent instructions. Now the fact is, that this detachment, under the pretext of a forage, was intended by the Commander in Chief to co-operate with the main army in an attempt against the enemy's posts on York-Island; and that General Heath himself was then ignorant of the real design. The Commander in Chief spent a whole campaign in ripening this project. Boats, mounted on travelling carriages, were kept constantly with the army. The Marquis de la Fayette, at the head of the Light Infantry, was to have made the

open to others, give the writer any advantages; the un-
 biassed mind will decide how far they exculpate him
 from

the attack in the night on fort Washington. The period chosen for this enterprize was the very time, when the army were to break up their camp and march into winter quarters: so that the Commander in Chief, moving in the dusk of the evening, would have been on the banks of the Hudson, with his whole force, to have supported the attack. The cautious manner in which the co-operation on the part of the troops sent by General Heath, on the pretended forage, was to have been conducted, will be understood from the following secret instructions.

“ To Brigadier General STARK.

Head Quarters, Passaic Falls, Nov. 21, 1780.

“ SIR,

“ Colonel Humphreys, one of my aids-de-camp, is charged by me with
 “ orders of a private and particular nature, which he is to deliver to you, and
 “ which you are to obey. He will inform you of the necessity of this mode
 “ of communication.

“ I am, Sir, &c.

“ G. WASHINGTON.”

“ To Lieut. Colonel David Humphreys, A. D. Camp.

“ SIR,

“ You are immediately to proceed to West-Point and communicate the bu-
 “ siness committed to you, in confidence, to Major General Heath, and to
 “ no other person whatsoever; from thence you will repair to the detach-
 “ ment at the White Plains, on Friday next, taking measures to prevent
 “ their leaving that place, before you get to them. And in the course of
 “ the succeeding night you may inform the commanding officer of the enter-
 “ prize in contemplation against the enemy's posts on York Island.

“ As the troops are constantly to lie on their arms, no previous notice
 “ should be given; but they may be put in motion precisely at 4 o'clock,
 “ and commence a slow and regular march to Kings Bridge, until they shall
 “ discover or be informed of the concerted signals being made—when the
 “ march must be pressed with the greatest rapidity. Parties of horse should
 “ be sent forward to keep a look out for the signals.

“ Although the main body ought to be kept compact, patrols of horse and
 “ light parties might be sent towards East and West Chester: and upon the

“ signals

from the imputations of that officiousness, ignorance and presumption, which in others have been reprehended with severity.

"signals being discovered, Sheldon's regiment and the Connecticut State troops (which may also be put in motion as soon as the orders can be communicated after 4 o'clock) should be pushed forward to intercept any of the enemy, who may attempt to gain Frog's Neck, and to cut off the Refuge-corps at Morristania. A few men, with some address, may spread such an alarm as to prevent an attempt of the enemy to retreat to Frog's Neck, from an apprehension of surrounding parties.

"You will communicate these instructions to the commanding officer of the detachment, who, upon his approach to Kings Bridge, will receive orders from me as early as possible.

"Should the signals not be discovered, the troops will halt at least six miles from the bridge, until further intelligence can be obtained.

"The absolute necessity of the most perfect secrecy is the occasion of communicating my orders through this channel."

Given at Head Quarters, Passaic Falls,

this 22d day of Nov. 1780.

G. WASHINGTON.

Never was a plan better arranged: and never did circumstances promise more sure or complete success. The British were not only unalarmed, but our own troops were likewise entirely misguided in their expectations. The accidental intervention of some vessels prevented at this time the attempt: which was more than once resumed afterwards. Notwithstanding this favorite project was not ultimately effected, it was evidently not less bold in conception or feasible in accomplishment, than that attempted so successfully at Trenton; or than that, which was brought to so glorious an issue in the successful siege of York-Town.

It is true the Marquis de Chastelleux, whose professional knowledge and fountain-head intelligence have enabled him to describe several actions better than they are elsewhere described, speaks in this instance of an ulterior object: and says that secrets were preserved more inviolably in the American than in the French army. His words are:

"C'est que le secret est garde tres exactement a l'armee Americaine; peu de personnes ont part a la confiance du Chef, et en general on y parle moins que dans les armees Francoises des operations de la guerre, et de ce que l'on appelle chez nous les *Nouvelles*."

severity. He only wishes that a premature and unfavorable construction may not be formed of his motive or object. Should this essay have any influence in correcting mistakes, or rescuing from oblivion the actions of that distinguished Veteran; should it create an emulation to copy his domestic, manly and heroic virtues; or should it prompt some more skilful hand to pourtray the illustrious groupe of Patriots, Sages and Heroes, who have guided our counsels, fought our battles, and adorned the memorable Epocha of Independence, it will be an ample compensation for the trouble, and excite a consolatory reflection through every vicissitude of life.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, who, through a regular gradation of promotion became the senior Major General in the army of the United States, and next in rank to General Washington, was born at Salem in the Province, now State, of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. His father, Capt. Joseph Putnam, was the son of Mr. John Putnam, who, with two brothers, came from the south of England, and were among the first settlers of Salem.

WHEN we thus behold a person, from the humble walks of life, starting unnoticed in the career of fame, and, by an undeviating progress through a life of honor, arriving at the highest dignity in the state; curiosity is strongly excited, and philosophy loves to trace the path of glory from the cradle of obscurity to the summit of elevation.

ALTHOUGH our ancestors, the first settlers of this land,

land, amidst the extreme pressure of poverty and danger, early instituted schools for the education of youth, designed for the learned professions; yet it was thought sufficient to instruct those destined to labor on the earth, in reading, writing, and such rudiments of arithmetic as might be requisite for keeping the accounts of their little transactions with each other. Few farmers sons had more advantages, none less. In this state of mediocrity it was the lot of young Putnam to be placed. His early instruction was not considerable, and the active scenes of life, in which he was afterwards engaged, prevented the opportunity of great literary improvement. His numerous original letters, though deficient in scholastic accuracy, always display the goodness of his heart, and frequently the strength of his native genius. He had a certain laconic mode of expression, and an unaffected epigrammatic turn, which characterised most of his writings.

To compensate partially for the deficiency of education (though nothing can remove or counterbalance the inconveniencies experienced from it in public life) he derived from his parents the source of innumerable advantages in the stamina of a vigorous constitution. Nature, liberal in bestowing on him bodily strength, hardiness, and activity, was by no means parsimonious in mental endowments. While we leave the qualities of the understanding to be developed in the process of life, it may not be improper, in this place, to designate some of the circumstances which were calculated to distinguish him afterwards as a partizan officer.

COURAGE,

COURAGE, enterprize, activity and perseverance were the first characteristics of his mind. There is a kind of mechanical courage, the offspring of pride, habit or discipline, that may push a coward not only to perform his duty, but even to venture on acts of heroism. Putnam's courage was of a different species. It was ever attended with a serenity of soul, a clearness of conception, a degree of self-possession and a superiority to all the vicissitudes of fortune, entirely distinct from any thing that can be produced by the ferment of blood, and flutter of spirits; which, not unfrequently, precipitate men to action, when stimulated by intoxication or some other transient exhilaration. The heroic character, thus founded on constitution and animal spirits, cherished by education and ideas of personal freedom, confirmed by temperance and habits of exercise, was completed by the dictate of reason, the love of his country, and an invincible sense of duty. Such were the qualities and principles, that enabled him to meet unappalled the shafts of adversity, and to pass in triumph through the furnace of affliction.

His disposition was as frank and generous, as his mind was fearless and independent. He disguised nothing; indeed he seemed incapable of disguise. Perhaps, in the intercourse he was ultimately obliged to have with an artful world, his sincerity, on some occasions, outwent his discretion. Although he had too much suavity in his nature to commence a quarrel, he had too much sensibility not to feel, and too much honor not to resent an intended insult. The first time he went to Boston, he was insulted for his rusticity by a boy of twice his size and age; after bearing the sarcasms until his
patience

patience was worn out, he challenged, engaged and vanquished his unmannerly antagonist, to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators. While a stripling, his ambition was to perform the labor of a man, and to excel in athletic diversions. In that rude, but masculine age, whenever the village-youth assembled on their usual occasions of festivity; pitching the bar, running, leaping and wrestling were favorite amusements. At such gymnastic exercises (in which during the heroic times of ancient Greece and Rome, conquest was considered as the promise of future military fame) he bore the palm from almost every ring.

BEFORE the refinements of luxury, and the consequent increase of expences had rendered the maintenance of a family inconvenient or burdensome in America, the sexes entered into matrimony at an early age. Competence, attainable by all, was the limit of pursuit. After the hardships of making a new settlement were overcome, and the evils of penury removed, the inhabitants enjoyed, in the lot of equality, innocence, and security, scenes equally delightful with those pictured by the glowing imagination of the poets in their favorite pastoral life or fabulous golden age. Indeed the condition of mankind was never more enviable. Neither disparity of age and fortune, nor schemes of ambition and grandeur, nor the pride and avarice of high-minded and mercenary parents, interposed those obstacles to the union of congenial souls, which frequently in more polished society prevent, imbitter or destroy all the felicity of the connubial state. Mr. Putnam before he attained the twenty-first year of his age, married Miss Pope, daughter of Mr. John Pope of

of Salem, by whom he had ten children, seven of whom are still living. He lost the wife of his youth in 1764. Some time after he married Mrs. Gardiner, widow of the late Mr. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, by whom he had no issue. She died in 1777.

IN the year 1739 he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford: having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

THE first years, on a new farm, are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building an house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

THIS wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance,





Engraved by V. Balch.

FRANKS CASE.

Published by H. G. Goodrich, Boston.

Printed by H. B. Lee.

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nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige, the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning, the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam: The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was, that their master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize: but he knowing, that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of

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birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

THE aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright: nor in any part more than three feet in width.

HAVING groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Started at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a fullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery,

covery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand and the musquet in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

I HAVE offered these facts in greater detail, because they contain a display of character; and because they have been erroneously related in several European publications, and very much mutilated in the history of Connecticut, a work as replete with falsehood as destitute of genius, lately printed in London.

PROSPERITY

PROSPERITY, at length, began to attend the agricultural affairs of Mr. Putnam. He was acknowledged to be a skilful and indefatigable manager. His fields were mostly enclosed with stone walls. His crops commonly succeeded, because the land was well tilled and manured. His pastures and meadows became luxuriant. His cattle were of the best breed and in good order. His garden and fruit-trees prolific. With the avails of the surplusage of his produce, foreign articles were purchased. Within doors he found the compensation of his labors in the plenty of excellent provisions, as well as in the happiness of domestic society.

A MORE particular description of his transition from narrow to easy circumstances might be given; but the mind that shall have acquired an idea of the habits of labor and simplicity, to which the industrious colonists were accustomed, will readily supply the omission. The effect of this gradual acquisition of property, generally favorable to individual virtue and public felicity, should not however be passed over in silence. If there is something fascinating in the charms of a country life, from the contemplation of beautiful landscapes; there is likewise something elevating to the soul, in the consciousness of being lord of the soil, and having the power of creating them. The man can scarcely be guilty of a fordid action, or even descend to an ungenerous thought, who, removed from the apprehension of want, sees his farm daily meliorating and assuming whatever appearance he pleases to prescribe. This situation converts the farmer into a species of rural philosopher, by inspiring an honest pride in his rank as a freeman, flattering the
natural

natural propensity for personal independence, and nourishing an unlimited hospitality and philanthropy in his social character.

BUT the time had now arrived, which was to turn the instruments of husbandry into weapons of hostility, and to exchange the hunting of wolves, who had ravaged the sheep-folds, for the pursuit after Savages who had desolated the frontiers. Mr. Putnam was about 37 years old, when the war between England and France, which preceded the last, broke out in America. His reputation must have been favorably known to the government, since among the first troops that were levied by Connecticut, in 1755, he was appointed to the command of a company in Lyman's regiment of Provincials. I have mentioned his age at this period expressly to obviate a prevalent opinion, that he was far advanced in life when he commenced his military service.

As he was extremely popular, he found no difficulty in enlisting his complement of recruits from the most hardy, enterprising, and respectable young men of his neighborhood. The regiment joined the army, at the opening of the campaign, not far distant from Crown-Point. Soon after his arrival at camp, he became acquainted with the famous partizan Captain, afterwards, Major Rogers; with whom he was frequently associated in traversing the wilderness, reconnoitring the enemy's lines, gaining intelligence, and taking straggling prisoners; as well as in beating up the quarters and surprising the advanced pickets of their army. For these operations a corps of rangers, was formed from the irregulars.

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The first time Rogers and Putnam were detached with a party of these light troops, it was the fortune of the latter to preserve, with his own hand, the life of the former, and to cement their friendship with the blood of one of their enemies.

THE object of this expedition was to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position and state of the works at Crown Point. It was impracticable to approach with their party near enough for this purpose, without being discovered. Alone, the undertaking was sufficiently hazardous on account of the swarms of hostile Indians, who infested the woods. Our two partizans, however, left all their men at a convenient distance, with strict orders to continue concealed until their return. Having thus cautiously taken their arrangements, they advanced with the profoundest silence in the evening; and lay, during the night, contiguous to the fortrefs. Early in the morning, they approached so close as to be able to give satisfactory information to the general who had sent them, on the several points to which their attention had been directed: but Capt. Rogers, being at a little distance from Capt. Putnam, fortuitously met a stout Frenchman, who instantly seized his fuzee with one hand, and with the other attempted to stab him, while he called to an adjacent guard for assistance. The guard answered. Putnam, perceiving the imminent danger of his friend, and that no time was to be lost, or farther alarm given by firing, ran rapidly to them, while they were yet struggling, and with the butt-end of his piece laid the Frenchman dead at his feet. The partizans, to elude pursuit, precipitated their flight, joined

joined the party, and returned without loss to the encampment. Not many occasions occurred for partizans to display their talents in the course of this summer.—The war was chequered with various fortune in different quarters—such as the total defeat of General Braddock, and the splendid victory of Sir William Johnson over the French troops commanded by the Baron Dieskau. The brilliancy of this success was necessary to console the Americans for the disgrace of that disaster. Here I might, indeed, take a pride in contrasting the conduct of the British Regulars, who had been ambuscaded on the Monongahela, with that of the Provincials (under Johnson) who, having been attacked in their lines, gallantly repulsed the enemy and took their General prisoner, did I consider myself at liberty to swell this essay with reflections on events, in which Putnam was not directly concerned. The time for which the colonial troops engaged to serve, terminated with the campaign. Putnam was re-appointed, and again took the field in 1756.

FEW are so ignorant of war as not to know, that military adventures, in the night, are always extremely liable to accidents. Captain Putnam, having been commanded to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at *the Ovens*, near *Ticonderoga*, took the brave Lieutenant Robert Durkee as his companion. In attempting to execute these orders, he narrowly missed being taken himself in the first instance, and killing his friend in the second. It was customary for the British and Provincial troops to place their fires round their camp, which frequently exposed them to the enemy's scouts and patrols. A
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contrary practice, then unknown in the English army, prevailed among the French and Indians. The plan was much more rational; they kept their fires in the centre, lodged their men circularly at a distance, and posted their centinels in the surrounding darkness. Our partizans approached the camp—and supposing the centries were within the circle of fires, crept upon their hands and knees with the greatest possible caution, until, to their utter astonishment, they found themselves in the thickest of the enemy. The centinels, discovering them, fired and slightly wounded Durkee in the thigh. He and Putnam had no alternative. They fled. The latter, being foremost and scarcely able to see his hand before him, soon plunged into a clay-pit. Durkee, almost at the identical moment, came tumbling after. Putnam, by no means pleased at finding a companion, and believing him to be one of the enemy, lifted his tomahawk to give the deadly blow—when Durkee, (who had followed so closely as to know him) enquired whether he had escaped unhurt. Captain Putnam, instantly recognizing the voice, dropped his weapon: and both, springing from the pit, made good their retreat to the neighbouring ledges, amidst a shower of random shot. There they betook themselves to a large log, by the side of which they lodged the remainder of the night. Before they lay down, Captain Putnam said he had a little rum in his canteen, which could never be more acceptable or necessary; but on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found the enemy had pierced it with their balls, and that there was not a drop of liquor left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket.

IN the same summer a body of the enemy, consisting of 600 men, attacked the baggage and provision waggons at a place called the Half-way Brook; it being equidistant from Fort Edward, and the south end of lake George. Having killed the oxen and plundered the waggons, they retreated with their booty without having met with such resistance as might have been expected from the strength of the escort. General Webb, upon receiving intelligence of this disaster, ordered the Captains Putnam and Rogers "to take 100 volunteers "in boats, with two wall-pieces and two blunderbusses, "and to proceed down lake George to a certain point: "there to leave the batteaux under a proper guard, "and thence to cross by land so as to harrafs, and "if practicable, intercept the retreating enemy at "the narrows." These orders were executed with so much punctuality, that the party arrived at the destined place half an hour before the hostile boats came in view. Here they waited, under cover, until the enemy (ignorant of these proceedings) entered the narrows with their batteaux loaded with plunder. Then the volunteers poured upon them volley after volley, killed many of the oarsmen, sunk a number of the batteaux, and would soon have destroyed the whole body of the enemy, had not the unusual precipitancy of their passage (favored by the wind) carried them through the narrows into the wide part of South-Bay; where they were out of the reach of musquet shot. The shattered remnant of the little fleet soon arrived at Ticonderoga and gave information that Putnam and Rogers were at the narrows. A fresh party was instantly detached to cut them in pieces, on their return to Fort Edward. Our partizans,

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sensible of the probability of such an attempt, and being full twenty miles from their boats, strained every nerve to reach them as soon as possible ; which they effected the same night. Next day, when they had returned as far as Sabbath-day-Point, they discovered, on shore, the before-mentioned detachment of 300 men, who had passed them in the night, and who now, on perceiving our party, took to their boats with the greatest alacrity, and rowed out to give battle. They advanced in line, maintaining a good mein and felicitating themselves upon the prospect of an easy conquest, from the great superiority of their numbers. Flushed with these expectations, they were permitted to come within pistol-shot before a gun was fired. At once, the wall-pieces and blunderbusses, which had been brought to rake them in the most vulnerable point, were discharged. As no such reception had been foreseen, the assailants were thrown into the utmost disorder. Their terror and confusion were greatly encreased by a well-directed and most destructive fire of the small arms. The larger pieces being re-loaded, without annoyance, continued alternately, with the musquetry, to make dreadful havoc, until the route was completed and the enemy driven back to Ticonderoga. In this action, one of the bark canoes contained twenty Indians, of whom fifteen were killed. Great numbers, from other boats, both of French and Indians were seen to fall overboard : but the account of their total loss could never be ascertained. Rogers and Putnam had but one man killed and two slightly wounded. They now landed on the Point, and having refreshed their men at leisure, returned in good order to the British camp.

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SOON after these rencounters, a singular kind of race was run by our nimble-footed Provincial and an active young Frenchman. The liberty of each was by turns at stake. General Webb, wanting a prisoner for the sake of intelligence, sent Captain Putnam with five men to procure one. The Captain concealed himself near the road which leads from Ticonderoga to the Ovens. His men seemed fond of shewing themselves, which unsoldierlike conduct he prohibited with the severest reprehension. This rebuke they imputed to unnecessary fear. The observation is as true as vulgar, that persons, distinguishable for temerity, when there is no apparent danger, are generally poltroons whenever danger approaches. They had not lain long, in the high grass, before a Frenchman and an Indian passed—the Indian was considerably in advance. As soon as the former had gone by, Putnam, relying on the fidelity of his men, sprang up, ran and ordered them to follow. After running about thirty rods, he seized the Frenchman by the shoulders and forced him to surrender: But his prisoner, looking round, perceiving no other enemy, and knowing the Indian would be ready in a moment to assist him, began to make an obstinate resistance. Putnam, finding himself betrayed by his men into a perilous dilemma, let go his hold, stepped back and snapped his piece, which was levelled at the Frenchman's breast. It missed fire. Upon this, he thought it most prudent to retreat. The Frenchman, in turn, chaced him back to his men, who, at last raised themselves from the grass; which his pursuer, espying in good time for himself, made his escape. Putnam, mortified that these men had frustrated his success, dismissed them with disgrace; and, not
long

long after accomplished his object. Such little feats, as the capture of a single prisoner, may be of infinitely more consequence than some, who are unacquainted with military affairs, would be apt to imagine. In a country covered with woods, like that part of America, then the seat of war, the difficulty of procuring, and the importance of possessing good intelligence, can scarcely be conceived even by European commanders. They, however, who know its value, will not appreciate lightly the services of an able partizan.

NOTHING, worthy of remark, happened during this campaign except the loss of Oswego. That fort, which had been built by General Shirley to protect the peltry trade, cover the country on the Mohawk-River, and facilitate an invasion of Canada by Frontenac and Niagara, fell into the hands of the enemy, with a garrison of sixteen hundred men and one hundred pieces of cannon.

THE active services of Captain Putnam, on every occasion, attracted the admiration of the public, and induced the Legislature of Connecticut to promote him to a majority in 1757.

LORD Loudon was then Commander in Chief of the British forces in America. The expedition against Crown Point, which, from the commencement of hostilities, had been in contemplation, seemed to give place to a more important operation that was meditated against Louisbourg. But the arrival of the Brest squadron at that place prevented the attempt; and the loss of Fort William-Henry served to class this with the two former unsuccessful

successful campaigns. It was rumored and partially credited at the time, that General Webb, who commanded in the northern department, had early intimation of the movement of the French army, and might have effectually succored the garrison. The subsequent facts will place the affair in its proper light.

A FEW days before the siege, Major Putnam, with two hundred men, escorted General Webb from Fort Edward to Fort William-Henry. The object was to examine the state of this fortification, which stood at the southern extremity of Lake George. Several abortive attempts having been made by Major Rogers and others in the night season. Major Putnam proposed to go down the lake in open day-light, land at Northwest-Bay and tarry on shore, until he could make satisfactory discovery of the enemy's actual situation at Ticonderoga and the adjacent posts. The plan (which he suggested) of landing with only five men and sending back the boats, to prevent detection, was deemed too hazardous by the General. At length, however, he was permitted to proceed with eighteen volunteers in three whale-boats : but before he arrived at Northwest-Bay he discovered a body of men on an island. Immediately upon this, he left two boats to fish at a distance, that they might not occasion an alarm, and returned himself with the information. The General, seeing him rowing back with great velocity, in a single boat, concluded the others were captured, and sent a skiff with orders for him alone to come on shore. After advising the General of the circumstances, he urged the expediency of returning to make further discoveries, and bring off the boats. Leave

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was reluctantly given. He found his people, and, passing still onward, discovered (by the aid of a good perspective glass) a large army in motion. By this time several of the advanced canoes had nearly surrounded him, but, by the swiftness of his whale-boats, he escaped through the midst of them. On his return, he informed the General minutely of all he had seen, and intimated his conviction that the expedition must obviously be destined against Fort William-Henry. That Commander, strictly enjoining silence on the subject, directed him to put his men under an oath of secrecy, and to prepare, without loss of time, to return to the Head Quarters of the Army. Major Putnam observed "he hoped his Excellency did not intend to neglect so fair an opportunity of giving battle, should the enemy presume to land."—"What do you think we should do here," replied the General. Accordingly, the next day he returned, and the day after Colonel Monro was ordered from Fort Edward, with his regiment, to reinforce the garrison. That officer took with him all his rich baggage and camp equipage, notwithstanding Major Putnam's advice to the contrary. The day following his arrival, the enemy landed and besieged the place.

THE Marquis de Montcalm, Commander in chief for the French in Canada (intending to take advantage of the absence of a large proportion of the British force, which he understood to be employed under Lord Loudon against Louisbourg) had assembled whatever men could be spared from Ticonderoga, Crown Point and the other garrisons; with these he had combined a considerable corps of Canadians and a larger body of Indians than

than had ever before been collected: making in the whole an army of nearly eight thousand men. Our garrison consisted of twenty-five hundred and was commanded by Colonel Monro, a very gallant officer; who found the means of sending express after express to General Webb, with an account of his situation and the most pressing solicitation for succour. In the mean time, the army at Fort Edward, which originally amounted to about four thousand, had been considerably augmented by Johnson's troops and the militia. On the 8th or 9th day after the landing of the French, General Johnson (in consequence of repeated applications) was suffered to march for the relief of the garrison, with all the Provincials, Militia and Putnam's Rangers: but before they had proceeded three miles, the order was countermanded, and they returned. M. de Montcalm informed Major Putnam, when a prisoner in Canada, that one of his running Indians saw and reported this movement; and, upon being questioned relatively to the numbers, answered in their figurative style, "*If you can count the leaves on the trees, you can count them.*" In effect, the operations of the siege was suspended, and preparations made for re-embarking, when another of the runners reported that the detachment had gone back. The Marquis de Montcalm, provided with a good train of artillery, meeting with no annoyance from the British army, and but inconsiderable interruption from the garrison, accelerated his approaches so rapidly, as to obtain possession of the Fort, in a short time after completing the investiture. An intercepted letter from General Webb, advising the surrender, was sent into the Fort to Colonel Monro by the French General.

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THE garrison engaged not to serve for eighteen months, and were permitted to march out with the honors of war. But the savages regarded not the capitulation, nor could they be restrained, by the utmost exertion of the Commanding Officer, from committing the most outrageous acts of cruelty. They stripped and plundered all the prisoners, and murdered great numbers in cold blood. Those, who escaped by flight, or the protection of the French, arrived in a forlorn condition at Fort Edward: Among these was the Commandant of the garrison.

THE day succeeding this deplorable scene of carnage and barbarity, Major Putnam having been dispatched with his Rangers, to watch the motions of the enemy, came to the shore, when their rear was scarcely beyond the reach of musquet shot. They had carried off all the cannon, stores and water-craft. The Fort was demolished. The barracks, the out-houses and sutlers booths were heaps of ruins. The fires, not yet extinct, and the smoke, offensive from the mucilaginous nature of the fuel, but illy concealed innumerable fragments of human skulls and bones, and, in some instances carcases half consumed. Dead bodies, weltering in blood, were every where to be seen, violated with all the wanton mutilations of savage ingenuity. More than one hundred women, some with their brains still oozing from the battered heads, others with their whole hair wrenched collectively with the skin from the bloody skulls, and many (with their throats cut) most inhumanly stabbed and butchered, lay stripped entirely naked, with their bowels torn out, and afforded a spectacle too horrible for description.

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Not long after this misfortune, General Lyman succeeded to the command of Fort Edward. He resolved to strengthen it. For this purpose one hundred and fifty men were employed in cutting timber. To cover them, Captain Little was posted (with fifty British Regulars) at the head of a thick swamp about one hundred rods eastward of the Fort---to which his communication lay over a tongue of land, formed on the one side by the swamp, and by a creek on the other.

ONE morning, at day break, a sentinel saw indistinctly several birds, as he conceived, come from the swamp and fly over him, with incredible swiftness. While he was ruminating on these wonderful birds, and endeavouring to form some idea of their colour, shape and size, an arrow buried itself in the limb of a tree just above his head. He now discovered the quality, and design of these winged messengers of fate, and gave the alarm. Instantly the working party began to retreat along the defile. A large body of Savages, had concealed themselves in the morass before the guard was posted, and were attempting in this way to kill the sentinel without noise, with design to surprize the whole party. Finding the alarm given, they rushed from the covert, shot and tomahawked those who were nearest at hand, and pressed hard on the remainder of the unarmed fugitives. Captain Little flew to their relief, and, by pouring on the Indians a well-timed fire, checked the pursuit, and enabled such of the fatigue-men as did not fall in the first onset, to retire to the fort. Thither he sent for assistance, his little party being almost over-powered by numbers. But the Commandant, imagining that the

main body of the enemy were approaching for a general assault, called in his out-posts and shut the gates.

MAJOR Putnam lay, with his Rangers, on an Island adjacent to the fort. Having heard the musquetry and learned that his friend Captain Little was in the utmost peril, he plunged into the river at the head of his corps, and waded through the water towards the place of engagement. This brought him so near to the fort, that General Lyman, apprized of his design, and unwilling that the lives of a few more brave men should be exposed to what he deemed inevitable destruction, mounted the parapet and ordered him to proceed no farther. The Major only took time to make the best short apology he could, and marched on. This is the only instance in the whole course of his military service, wherein he did not pay the strictest obedience to orders; and in this instance, his motive was highly commendable. But when such conduct, even if sanctified by success, is passed over with impunity, it demonstrates that all is not right in the military system. In a disciplined army, such as that of the United States became under General Washington, an officer, guilty of a slighter violation of orders, however elevated in rank or meritorious in service, would have been brought before the bar of a Court Martial. Were it not for the seductive tendency of a brave man's example, I might have been spared the mortification of making these remarks on the conduct of an officer, whose distinguishing characteristics were promptitude for duty and love of subordination, as well as cheerfulness to encounter every species of difficulty and danger.

THE Rangers of Putnam soon opened their way for a junction with the little handful of Regulars, who still obstinately maintained their ground. By his advice, the whole rushed impetuously with shouts and huzzas into the swamp. The Savages fled on every side, and were chased, with no inconsiderable loss on their part, as long as the day-light lasted. On ours only one man was killed in the pursuit. His death was immediately revenged by that of the Indian who shot him. This Indian was one of the runners—a chosen body of active young men, who are made use of not only to procure intelligence and convey tidings, but also to guard the rear on a retreat.

HERE it will not be unseasonable to mention some of the customs in war, peculiar to the aborigines, which, on the present as well as other occasions, they put in practice. Whenever a retreating, especially, a flying party had gained the summit of a rising ground; they secreted one or two runners behind trees, copses or bushes to fire at the enemy upon their ascending the hill. This commonly occasioned the enemy to halt and form for battle. In the interim the runners used such dexterity as to be rarely discovered, or if discovered, they vanished behind the height and rejoined their brother-warriors, who having thus stolen a distance, were oftentimes seen by their pursuers no more. Or if the pursuers were too eager, they seldom failed to atone for their rashness by falling into an ambush. The Mohawks, who were afterwards much employed in scouts under the orders of Major Putnam, and who were perfectly versed in all the wiles and stratagems of their countrymen, shewed

ed him the mode of avoiding the evils of either alternative. In suspicious thickets, and at the borders of every considerable eminence, a momentary pause was made, while they, in different parts, penetrated or ascended with a cautiousness that cannot be easily described. They seemed all eye and ear. When they found no lurking mischief, they would beckon with the hand and pronounce the word, "OWISH," with a long labial hissing, the *O* being almost quiescent. This was ever the watch-word for the main body to advance.

INDIANS, who went to war together, and who, for any reason found it necessary to separate into different routes, always left two or three runners at the place of separation, to give timely notice to either party in case of pursuit.

If a warrior chanced to straggle and lose himself in the woods, or be retarded by accident or wound; the party missing him, would frequently, on their march, break down a bush or a shrub and leave the top pointing in the direction they had gone, that the straggler, when he should behold it, might shape his course accordingly.

WE come to the campaign when General Abercrombie took the command at Fort Edward. That General ordered Major Putnam, with sixty men, to proceed by land to South-Bay on Lake George, for the purpose of making discoveries and intercepting the enemy's parties. The latter, in compliance with these orders, posted himself at Wood-Creek, near its entrance into South Bay:

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On this bank, which forms a jutting precipice ten or twelve feet above the water, he erected a stone parapet thirty feet in length; and masked it with young pine-trees, cut at a distance, and so artfully planted as to imitate the natural growth. From hence he sent back fifteen of his men, who had fallen sick. Distress for want of provisions, occasioned by the length of march and time spent on this temporary fortification, compelled him to deviate from a rule he had established, never to permit a gun to be fired but at an enemy, while on a scout. He was now obliged himself to shoot a buck, which had jumped into the Creek, in order to eke out their scanty subsistence until the fourth day after the completion of the works. About ten o'clock that evening, one of the men on duty at the margin of the Bay informed him, that a fleet of bark canoes, filled with men, was steering towards the mouth of the creek. He immediately called in all his centinels and ordered every man to his post. A profound stillness reigned in the atmosphere, and the full moon shone with uncommon brightness. The creek, which the enemy entered, is about six rods wide, and the bank opposite to the parapet above twenty feet high. It was intended to permit the canoes in front to pass—they had accordingly just passed, when a soldier accidentally struck his firelock against a stone. The commanding officer in the van canoe heard the noise and repeated several times the Savage watch-word OWISH! Instantly the canoes huddled together, with their centre precisely in front of the works, covering the creek, for a considerable distance, above and below. The officers appeared to be in deep consultation and the fleet on the point of returning; when Major Putnam,

who

who had ordered his men in the most peremptory manner, not to fire until he should set the example, gave the signal by discharging his piece. They fired. Nothing could exceed the inextricable confusion and apparent consternation occasioned by this well concerted attack. But, at last, the enemy finding, from the unfrequency, (though there was no absolute intermission) in the firing, that the number of our men must be small, resolved to land below and surround them. Putnam, apprehensive of this from the movement, sent Lieutenant Robert Durkee*, with twelve men, about thirty rods down the creek, who arrived in time to repulse the party which attempted to land. Another small detachment, under Lieutenant Parsons, was ordered up the creek to prevent any similar attempt. In the mean time, Major Putnam, kept up (through the whole night) an incessant and deadly fire on the main body of the enemy, without receiving any thing in return but shot void of effect, accompanied with dolorous groans, miserable shrieks and dismal savage yells. After day-break, he was advised that one part of the enemy had effected a landing considerably below, and were rapidly advancing to cut off his retreat. Apprised of the great superiority still opposed to him, as well as of the situation of his own soldiers, some of whom were entirely destitute of ammunition,

* As the name of the brave Durkee will occur no more in these sheets, I may be indulged in mentioning his melancholy fate. He survived this war, and was appointed a Captain in that war which terminated in the acknowledgment of our Independence. In 1778 he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Savages, at the battle of Wining on the Susquehanna. Having been condemned to be burnt, the Indians kept him in the flames with pitchforks, until he expired in the most excruciating torments.

ammunition, and the rest reduced to one or two rounds per man, he commanded them to swing their packs. By hastening the retreat, in good order, they had just time to retire far enough up the creek to prevent being enclosed. During this long continued action, in which the Americans had slain at least five times their own number, only one Provincial and one Indian were wounded on their side. These unfortunate men had been sent off for camp in the night, with two men to assist them, and directions to proceed by Wood-Creek as the safest, though not the shortest, route. But having taken a nearer way, they were pursued and overtaken by the Indians, who, from the blood on the leaves and bushes, believed that they were on the trail of our whole party. The wounded, despairing of mercy, and unable to fly, insisted that the well soldiers should make their escape, which, on a moment's deliberation, they effected. The Provincial, whose thigh was broken by a ball, upon the approach of the Savages fired his piece and killed three of them; after which he was quickly hacked in pieces. The Indian, however, was saved alive. This man, Major Putnam saw, afterwards, in Canada; where he likewise learned that his enemy in the rencounter at Wood-Creek, consisted of five hundred French and Indians, under the command of the celebrated partizan Molang, and that no party, since the war, had suffered so severely, as more than one half of those who went out never returned.

OUR brave little company, reduced to forty in number, had proceeded along the bank of the creek about an hour's march, when, Major Putnam, being in front,

was

was fired upon by a party just at hand. He, rightly appreciating the advantage often obtained by assuming a bold countenance on a critical occasion, in a stentorophonic tone, ordered his men to rush on the enemy, and promised that they should soon give a good account of them. It proved to be a scout of Provincials, who conceived they were firing upon the French; but the Commanding Officer, knowing Putnam's voice, cried out, "that they were all friends."—Upon this the Major told him abruptly, "that friends or enemies, they all deserved to be hanged for not killing more when they had so fair a shot." In fact, but one man was mortally wounded. While these things were transacted, a faithful soldier, whose ammunition had been early exhausted, made his way to the Fort, and gave such information, that General Lyman was detached with five hundred men to cover the retreat. Major Putnam met them at only twelve miles distance from the fort, to which they returned the next day.

IN the winter of 1757, when Colonel Haviland was Commandant of Fort Edward, the barracks adjoining to the north-west bastion took fire. They extended within twelve feet of the Magazine, which contained three hundred barrels of powder. On its first discovery, the fire raged with great violence. The Commandant endeavoured, in vain, by discharging some pieces of heavy artillery against the supporters of this flight of barracks, to level them with the ground. Putnam arrived from the Island where he was stationed, at the moment when the blaze approached that end which was contiguous to the Magazine. Instantly a vigorous attempt was made

made to extinguish the conflagration. A way was opened by a postern gate to the river, and the soldiers were employed in bringing water; which he, having mounted on a ladder to the eves of the building, received and threw upon the flame. It continued, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, to gain upon them. He stood, enveloped in smoke, so near the sheet of fire, that a pair of thick blanket mittens were burnt entirely from his hands—he was supplied with another pair dipt in water. Colonel Haviland fearing that he would perish in the flames, called to him to come down. But he entreated that he might be suffered to remain, since destruction must inevitably ensue if their exertions should be remitted. The gallant Commandant not less astonished than charmed at the boldness of his conduct, forbade any more effects to be carried out of the fort, animated the men to redoubled diligence, and exclaimed “if we must be blown up, we will go all together.” At last, when the barracks were seen to be tumbling, Putnam descended, placed himself at the interval, and continued from an incessant rotation of replenished buckets to pour water upon the Magazine. The outside planks were already consumed by the proximity of the fire, and as only one thickness of timber intervened, the trepidation now became general and extreme. Putnam, still undaunted, covered with a cloud of cinders, and scorched with the intensity of the heat, maintained his position until the fire subsided, and the danger was wholly over. He had contended for one hour and an half with that terrible element. His legs, his thighs, his arms, and his face were blistered; and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens, the skin from his hands and fingers followed

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them.

them. It was a month before he recovered. The Commandant, to whom his merits had before endeared him, could not stifle the emotions of gratitude, due to the man who had been so instrumental in preserving the Magazine, the Fort, and the Garrison.

THE repulse before Ticonderoga, took place in 1758. General Abercrombie, the British Commander in Chief in America, conducted the expedition. His army, which amounted to nearly sixteen thousand Regulars and Provincials, was amply supplied with artillery and military stores. This well-appointed corps passed over Lake George, and landed, without opposition, at the point of destination. The troops advanced in columns. Lord Howe having Major Putnam with him, was in front of the center. A body of about five hundred men (the advance or pickets of the French army) which had fled at first, began to skirmish with our left. "Putnam," said Lord Howe, "what means that firing?" "I know not, but "with your Lordship's leave will see," replied the former. "I will accompany you," rejoined the gallant young Nobleman. In vain did Major Putnam attempt to dissuade him, by saying—"My Lord, if I am killed, "the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but "the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to "this army." The only answer was, Putnam, your "life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go." One hundred of the van, under Major Putnam, filed off with Lord Howe. They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advance, by whose first fire his Lordship fell—It was a loss indeed; and particularly felt in the operations which occurred three days afterwards.

wards. His manners and his virtues, had made him the idol of the army. From his first arrival in America, he had accommodated * himself and his regiment to the peculiar nature of the service. Exemplary to the officer, a friend of the soldier, the model of discipline, he had not failed to encounter every hardship and hazard. Nothing could be more calculated to inspire men with the rash animation of rage, or to temper it with the cool perseverance of revenge, than the sight of such a hero, so beloved, fallen in his country's cause. It had the effect. Putnam's party, having cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and having been joined by Captain D'Ell with twenty men, together with some other small parties, charged them so furiously in rear, that nearly three hundred were killed on the spot, and one hundred and forty-eight made prisoners. In the mean time, from the unskilfulness of the guides, some of our columns were bewildered. The left wing, seeing Putnam's party in their front, advancing over the dead bodies towards them, commenced a brisk and heavy fire, which killed a serjeant and several privates. Nor could they, by sounds or sighs, be convinced of their mistake, until Major Putnam, preferring (if Heaven had thus ordained it) the loss of his own life to the loss of the lives of his brave associates, ran through the midst of the flying balls, and prevented the impending catastrophe.

THE tender feelings, which Major Putnam possessed, taught him to respect an unfortunate foe, and to strive, by

* He cut his hair short, and induced the Regiment to follow the example. He fashioned their cloathing for the activity of service, and divested himself and them of every article of superfluous baggage.

by every lenient art in his power to alleviate the miseries of war. For this purpose, he remained on the field, until it began to grow dark, employed in collecting such of the enemy as were left wounded, to one place; he gave them all the liquor and little refreshments which he could procure; he furnished to each of them a blanket; he put three blankets under a French serjeant who was badly wounded through the body, and placed him in an easy posture by the side of a tree—the poor fellow could only squeeze his hand with an expressive grasp. “Ah,” said Major Putnam, “depend upon it, my brave soldier, you shall be brought to the camp as soon as possible, and the same care shall be taken of you as if you were my brother.”—The next morning Major Rogers was sent to reconnoitre the field, and to bring off the wounded prisoners—but finding the wounded unable to help themselves, in order to save trouble, he dispatched every one of them to the world of spirits. Putnam’s was not the only heart that bled. The Provincial and British Officers who became acquainted with the fact, were struck with inexpressible horror.

TICONDEROGA is surrounded on three sides by water, on the fourth, for some distance, extends a dangerous morass, the remainder was then fortified with a line eight feet high, and planted with artillery. For one hundred yards in front, the plain was covered with great trees, cut for the purpose of defence; whose interwoven and sharpened branches projected outwards. Notwithstanding these impediments, the engineer, who had been employed to reconnoitre, reported, as his opinion, that the works might be carried with musquetry. The difficulty

difficulty and delay of dragging the battering cannon, over grounds almost impracticable, induced the adoption of this fatal advice—to which, however, a rumour that the garrison, already consisting of four or five thousand men, was on the point of being augmented with three thousand more, probably contributed. The attack was as spirited in execution as ill-judged in design. The assailants, after having been for more than four hours exposed to a most fatal fire, without making any impression by their reiterated and obstinate proofs of valor, were ordered to retreat. Major Putnam, who had acted as an aid in bringing the Provincial regiments successively to action, assisted in preserving order. It was said, that a great number of the enemy were shot in the head, every other part having been concealed behind their works. The loss on our side was upwards of two thousand killed and wounded. Twenty-five hundred stands of arms were taken by the French. Our army, after sustaining this havoc, retreated with such extraordinary precipitation, that they regained their camp at the southward of Lake George, the evening after the action.

THE successes, in other parts of America, made amends for this defeat. Louisbourg, after a vigorous siege, was reduced by the Generals Amherst and Wolfe; Frontenac, a post of importance on the communication between Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, surrendered to Colonel Bradstreet: and Fort Du Quesne, situated at the confluence of Monongahela with the Ohio, (the possession of which had kindled the flame of war, that

that now spread through the four quarters of the globe) was captured by General Forbes.

A FEW adventures, in which the public interests were little concerned, but which, from their peculiarity, appear worthy of being preserved, happened before the conclusion of the year. As one day, Major Putnam chanced to lie, with a batteau and five men, on the eastern shore of the Hudson, near the Rapids, contiguous to which Fort-Miller stood; his men on the opposite bank had given him to understand, that a large body of Savages were in his rear, and would be upon him in a moment.—To stay and be sacrificed—to attempt crossing and be shot—or to go down to the falls, with an almost absolute certainty of being drowned, were the sole alternatives, that presented themselves to his choice. So instantaneously was the latter adopted, that one man who had rambled a little from the party, was, of necessity, left, and fell a miserable victim to savage barbarity. The Indians arrived on the shore soon enough to fire many balls on the batteau before it could be got under way. No sooner had our batteau-men escaped, by favor of the rapidity of the current, beyond the reach of musquet-shot, than death seemed only to have been avoided in one form, to be encountered in another, not less terrible. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, absorbing eddies, and abrupt descents, for a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely the smallest chance of escaping without a miracle. Putnam, trusting himself to a good Providence, whose kindness he had often experienced, rather than to men, whose tenderest mercies are cruelty, was now seen to place himself sedately at the helm, and afford

ford an astonishing spectacle of serenity : his companions, with a mixture of terror, admiration and wonder, saw him, incessantly changing the course, to avoid the jaws of ruin, that seemed expanded to swallow the whirling boat. Twice he turned it fairly round to shun the rifts of rocks. Amidst these eddies in which there was the greatest danger of its foundering, at one moment the sides were exposed to the fury of the waves ; then the stern, and next the bow glanced obliquely onward, with inconceivable velocity.—With not less amazement the Savages beheld him sometimes mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down, at other times skilfully veering from the rocks, and shooting through the only narrow passage ; until, at last, they viewed the boat safely gliding on the smooth surface of the stream below. At this sight, it is asserted, that these rude sons of nature were affected with the same kind of superstitious veneration, which the Europeans in the dark ages entertained for some of their most valorous champions. They deemed the man invulnerable, whom their balls (on his pushing from shore) would not touch ; and whom they had seen steering in safety down the rapids that had never before been passed. They conceived it would be an affront against the *Great Spirit*, to attempt to kill this favoured mortal with powder and ball, if they should ever see and know him again.

In the month of August, five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions,

divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood-Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

UPON being, some time afterwards, discovered, they formed a re-union, and concerted measures for returning to Fort-Edward. Their march through the woods, was *in three divisions* by FILES, the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old Fort-Ann, which had been formerly built by General Nicholson. Next morning, Major Rogers and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct; or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in center, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs, and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and an half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hastened to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favorable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed,

Putnam

Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up: but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood-Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always pass without unfavorable imputation. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp, "that Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of the former.

MAJOR Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well proportioned Savage. This warrior, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-hoop sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled

him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

THE intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance: the Savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand. This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced, and so obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favor of the enemy, a young Savage, chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breath distance from the mark. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French Bas-Officer (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation) perceiving

ceiving Putnam, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it; it missed fire—ineffectually did the intended victim, solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating, that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honor or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently, and repeatedly, pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally, gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt of his piece. After this dastardly deed he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Eil and * Harman, seconded by the persevering valor of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature: and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and
frantic

* This worthy officer is still living at Marlborough, in the State of Massachusetts.

frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance; he entreated the Irish Interpreter to implore as the last and only grace he desired of the Savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of moccasins, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

THAT Savage Chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were, that night, to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom (besides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk, in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive.—For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle round him. They accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached.

approached. This fight, at the very idea of which all but Savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances could admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang, but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past-nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself—to whom a Savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That Commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal Powwas and hellish Orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not wait for feeling or gratitude. The French Commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

THE Savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered

ferred him some hard biscuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane Savage soaked some of the biscuit in water and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to lose his captive (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet and tied them to one of his wrists: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down; which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot: on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling, when he reflected on this ludicrous groupe for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

THE next day he was allowed his blanket and mocasons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night, the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The Savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood,
took

took other opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

AFTER having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal, by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

AT this place were several prisoners. Colonel Peter Schuyler, remarkable for his philanthropy, generosity, and friendship, was of the number. No sooner had he heard of Major Putnam's arrival, than he went to the Interpreter's quarters, and enquired, whether he had a Provincial Major in his custody? He found Major Putnam in a comfortless condition—without coat, waistcoat, or hose—the remnant of his cloathing miserably dirty and ragged—his beard long and squalid—his legs torn by thorns and briars—his face gashed with wounds, and swollen with bruises. Colonel Schuyler, irritated beyond all sufferance at such a sight, could scarcely restrain his speech within limits, consistent with the prudence of a prisoner and the meekness of a Christian. Major Putnam was immediately treated according to his rank, cloathed in a decent manner, and supplied with money by that liberal and sympathetic patron of the distressed.

THE capture of Frontenac by General Bradstreet afforded occasion for an exchange of prisoners. Colonel Schuyler was comprehended in the cartel. A generous spirit

spirit can never be satisfied with imposing tasks for its generosity to accomplish. Apprehensive, if it should be known that Putnam was a distinguished partizan, his liberation might be retarded, and knowing that there were officers, who, from the length of their captivity, had a claim of priority to exchange; he had, by his happy address, induced the Governor to offer, that whatever officer he might think proper to nominate, should be included in the present cartel. With great politeness in manner, but seeming indifference as to object, he expressed his warmest acknowledgements to the Governor, and said: "There is an old man here, who is a Provincial Major, and wishes to be at home with his wife and children. He can do no good here, or any where else: "I believe your Excellency had better keep some of the "young men, who have no wife or children to care for, "and let the old fellow go home with me." This justifiable finesse had the desired effect.

At the house of Colonel Schuyler, Major Putnam became acquainted with Mrs. Howe, a fair captive, whose history would not be read without emotion, if it could be written in the same affecting manner, in which I have often heard it told. She was still young and handsome herself, though she had two daughters of marriageable age. Distress, which had taken somewhat from the original redundancy of her bloom, and added a softening paleness to her cheeks, rendered her appearance the more engaging. Her face, that seemed to have been formed for the assemblage of dimples and smiles, was clouded with care. The natural sweetness was not, however, soured by despondency and petulance; but chastened by
humility

humility and resignation. This mild daughter of sorrow looked as if she had known the day of prosperity, when serenity and gladness of soul were the inmates of her bosom. That day was past, and the once lively features, now assumed a tender melancholy, which witnessed her irreparable loss. She needed not the customary weeds of mourning, or the fallacious pageantry of woe to prove her widowed state. She was in that stage of affliction, when the excess is so far abated as to permit the subject to be drawn into conversation, without opening the wound afresh. It is then rather a source of pleasure than pain to dwell upon the circumstances in narration. Every thing conspired to make her story interesting. Her first husband had been killed and scalped by the Indians some years before. By an unexpected assault in 1756 upon Fort Dummer, where she then happened to be present with Mr. Howe, her second husband, the Savages carried the Fort, murdered the greater part of the garrison, mangled in death her husband, and led her away with seven children into captivity. She was for some months kept with them: and during their rambles she was frequently on the point of perishing with hunger, and as often subjected to hardships seemingly intolerable to one of so delicate a frame. Some time after the career of her miseries began, the Indians selected a couple of their young men to marry her daughters. The fright and disgust which the intelligence of this intention occasioned to these poor young creatures, added infinitely to the sorrows and perplexities of their frantic mother. To prevent the hated connection, all the activity of female resource was called into exertion. She found an opportunity of conveying to the Governor a petition, that her

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daughters

daughters might be received into a convent for the sake of securing the salvation of their souls. Happily the pious fraud succeeded.

ABOUT the same time the Savages separated, and carried off her other five children into different tribes. She was ransomed by an elderly French officer, for four hundred livres. Of no avail were the cries of this tender mother—a mother desolated by the loss of her children, who were thus torn from her fond embraces, and removed many hundred miles from each other, into the utmost recesses of Canada. With them (could they have been kept together) she would most willingly have wandered to the extremities of the world, and accepted as a desirable portion the cruel lot of slavery for life. But she was precluded from the sweet hope of ever beholding them again. The insufferable pang of parting, and the idea of eternal separation planted the arrows of despair deep in her soul. Though all the world was no better than a desert, and all its inhabitants were then indifferent to her—yet the loveliness of her appearance in sorrow had awakened affections, which, in the aggravation of her troubles, were to become a new source of afflictions.

THE officer, who bought her of the Indians, had a son, who also held a commission, and resided with his father. During her continuance in the same house, at St. John's, the double attachment of the father and the son, rendered her situation extremely distressing. It is true, the calmness of age delighted to gaze respectfully on her beauty, but the impetuosity of youth was fired to madness by the sight of her charms. One day, the son, whose
attentions

attentions had been long lavished upon her in vain, finding her alone, in a chamber, forcibly seized her hand, and solemnly declared, that he would now satiate the passion which she had so long refused to indulge. She recurred to intreaties, struggles, and tears, those prevalent female weapons, which the distraction of danger, not less than the promptness of genius is wont to supply: while he, in the delirium of vexation and desire, snatched a dagger, and swore he would put an end to her life, if she persisted to struggle. Mrs. Howe, assuming the dignity of conscious virtue, told him, it was what she most ardently wished, and begged him to plunge the poignard through her heart, since the mutual importunities and jealousies of such rivals, had rendered her life, though innocent, more irksome and insupportable, than death itself. Struck with a momentary compunction, he seemed to relent, and relax his hold—and she, availing herself of his irresolution, or absence of mind, escaped down the stairs. In her disordered state, she told the whole transaction to his father, who directed her, in future, to sleep in a small bed at the foot of that in which his wife lodged. The affair soon reached the Governor's ears, and the young officer was, shortly afterwards, sent on a tour of duty to *Detroit*.

THIS gave her a short respite ; but she dreaded his return, and the humiliating insults for which she might be reserved. Her children, too, were ever present to her melancholy mind. A stranger, a widow, a captive, she knew not where to apply for relief. She had heard of the name of Schuyler—she was yet to learn, that it was only another appellation for the friend of suffering humanity.

manity. As that excellent man was on his way from Quebec to the Jerseys, under a parole for a limited time, she came with feeble and trembling steps to him. The same maternal passion, which, sometimes, overcomes the timidity of nature in the birds, when plundered of their callow nestlings, emboldened her, notwithstanding her native diffidence, to disclose those griefs which were ready to devour her in silence. While her delicate aspect was heightened to a glowing blush, for fear of offending by an inexcusable importunity, or of transgressing the rules of propriety, by representing herself as being an object of admiration ; she told, with artless simplicity, all the story of her woes. Colonel Schuyler, from that moment became her protector, and endeavored to procure her liberty. The person who purchased her from the Savages, unwilling to part with so fair a purchase, demanded a thousand livres as her ransom. But Colonel Schuyler, on his return to Quebec, obtained from the Governor an order, in consequence of which, Mrs. Howe was given up to him for four hundred livres—Nor did his active goodness rest, until every one of her five sons was restored to her.

BUSINESS having made it necessary that Colonel Schuyler should precede the prisoners who were exchanged, he recommended the fair captive to the protection of his friend Putnam. She had just recovered from the measles when the party was preparing to set off for New-England. By this time the young French officer had returned, with his passion rather increased than abated by absence. He pursued her wheresoever she went, and, although he could make no advances in her affection, he seemed

seemed resolved by perseverance to carry his point. Mrs. Howe, terrified by his treatment, was obliged to keep constantly near Major Putnam, who informed the young officer, that he should protect that lady at the risque of his life. However, this amorous and rash lover, in whose boiling veins such an agitation was excited, that while he was speaking of her the * blood would frequently gush from his nostrils, followed the prisoners to Lake Champlain; and, when the boat in which the fair captive was embarked, had pushed from the shore, he jumped into the Lake, and swam after her until it rowed out of sight. Whether he perished in this distracted state of mind, or returned to the shore, is not known.

IN the long march from captivity, through an inhospitable wilderness, encumbered with five small children, she suffered incredible hardships. Though endowed with masculine fortitude, she was truly feminine in strength, and must have fainted by the way, had it not been for the assistance of Major Putnam. There were a thousand good offices which the helplessness of her condition demanded, and which the gentleness of his nature delighted to perform. He assisted in leading her little ones, and in carrying them over the swampy grounds and runs of water, with which their course was frequently intersected. He mingled his own mews with that of the widow and the fatherless, and assisted them in supplying and preparing their provisions. Upon arriving

* This physical effect, wonderful as it may appear, is so far from being a fictitious embellishment, that it can be proved by the most solemn testimony of more than one person still living.

riving within the settlements they experienced a reciprocal regret at separation, and were only consoled by the expectation of soon mingling in the embraces of their former acquaintances and dearest connections.

AFTER the conquest of Canada in 1760, she made a journey to Quebec, in order to bring back her two daughters whom she had left in a convent. She found one of them married to a French officer. The other, having contracted a great fondness for the religious sisterhood, with reluctance, consented to leave them and return.

A FEW years previous to the war between Great Britain and America, a question of some consequence arose respecting the title of the lands in Hinsdale (the town in which Mrs. Howe resided) inasmuch that it was deemed expedient, that an Agent should be sent to England to advocate the claim of the town. It may be mentioned as a proof of the acknowledged superiority of the understanding and address of this gentlewoman, that she was universally designated for the mission. But the dispute was fortunately accommodated to the satisfaction of the people, without their being obliged to make use of her talents.

WE now arrive at the period, when the prowess of Britain, victorious, alike by sea and by land, in the new and in the old world, had elevated that name to the zenith of national glory. The conquest of Quebec, opened the way for the total reduction of Canada. On the side of the Lakes, Amherst having captured the posts
of

of Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, applied himself to strengthen the latter. Putnam, who had been raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and present at these operations, was employed the remainder of this and some part of the succeeding season in superintending the parties, which were detached to procure timber and other materials for the fortification.

In 1760 General Amherst, a sagacious, humane, and experienced commander, planned the termination of the war in Canada, by a bloodless conquest. For this purpose, three armies were destined to co-operate by different routes against Montreal, the only remaining place of strength the enemy held in that country. The corps formerly commanded by General Wolfe, now by General Murray, was ordered to ascend the river St. Lawrence; another (under Col. Haviland) to penetrate by the Isle Aux Noix; and the third, consisting of about ten thousand men, commanded by the General himself, after passing up the Mohawk-river, and taking its course by the Lake Ontario, was to form a junction by falling down the St. Lawrence. In this progress, more than one occasion presented itself to manifest the intrepidity and soldiership of Lieutenant Colonel Putnam. Two armed vessels obstructed the passage and prevented the attack on Oswegatchie. Putnam, with 1000 men, in 50 batteaux, undertook to board them. This dauntless officer, ever sparing of the blood of others, as prodigal of his own, to accomplish it with the less loss, put himself (with a chosen crew, a beetle and wedges) in the van, with a design to wedge the rudders, so that the vessels should not be able to turn their broadsides or perform

perform any other manœuvre. All the men in his little fleet were ordered to strip to their waistcoats, and advance at the same time. He promised, if he lived, to join and shew them the way up the sides. Animated by so daring an example, they moved swiftly, in profound stillness, as to certain victory or death. The people on board the ships, beholding the good countenance with which they approached, ran one of the vessels on shore, and struck the colors of the other. Had it not been for the dastardly conduct of the ship's company, in the latter, who compelled the Captain to haul down his ensign, he would have given the assailants a bloody reception. For the vessels were well provided with spears, nettings, and every customary instrument of annoyance as well as defence.

IT now remained to attack the fortress, which stood on an island, and seemed to have been rendered inaccessible by an high abattis of black-ash, that every where projected over the water. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam proposed a mode of attack, and offered his services to carry it into effect. The General approved the proposal. Our partizan, accordingly, caused a sufficient number of boats to be fitted for the enterprize. The sides of each boat were surrounded with fascines (musquet proof) which covered the men completely. A wide plank, twenty feet in length, was then fitted to every boat in such manner, by having an angular piece sawed from one extremity, that, when fastened by ropes on both sides of the bow, it might be raised or lowered at pleasure. The design was, that the plank should be held erect, while the oarsmen forced the bow with the utmost exertion against the abattis ;

tis; and that, afterwards, being dropped on the pointed brush, it should serve as a kind of bridge to assist the men in passing over them. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam, having made his dispositions to attempt the escalade in many places at the same moment, advanced with his boats in admirable order. The garrison, perceiving these extraordinary and unexpected machines, waited not the assault, but capitulated. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam, was particularly honored by General Amherst, for his ingenuity in this invention, and promptitude in its execution. The three armies arrived at Montreal, within two days of each other; and the conquest of Canada became compleat without the loss of a single drop of blood.

At no great distance from Montreal, stands the Savage village, called Cochnawaga. Here our partizan found the Indian Chief, who had formerly made him prisoner. That Indian was highly delighted to see his old acquaintance, whom he entertained in his own well-built stone house, with great friendship and hospitality; while his guest did not discover less satisfaction in an opportunity of shaking the brave Savage by the hand, and proffering him protection in this reverse of his military fortunes.

WHEN the belligerent powers were considerably exhausted, a rupture took place between Great Britain and Spain, in the month of January, 1762, and an expedition was formed that campaign, under Lord Albemarle, against the Havannah. A body of Provincials, composed of five hundred men from the Jerseys, eight hundred from New-York, and one thousand from Con-

necticut, joined his Lordship. General Lyman, who raised the regiment of one thousand men in Connecticut, being the senior officer, commanded the whole: of course, the immediate command of his regiment devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Putnam. The fleet, that carried these troops, sailed from New-York, and arrived safely on the coast of Cuba. There a terrible storm arose, and the transport, in which Lieutenant Colonel Putnam had embarked with five hundred men, was wrecked on a rift of craggy rocks. The weather was so tempestuous, and the surf, which ran mountain-high, dashed with such violence against the ship, that the most experienced seamen expected it would soon part asunder. The rest of the fleet, so far from being able to afford assistance, with difficulty rode out the gale. In this deplorable situation, as the only expedient by which they could be saved, strict order was maintained, and all those people, who best understood the use of tools, instantly employed in constructing rafts from spars, plank, and whatever other materials could be procured. There happened to be on board, a large quantity of strong cords, (the same that are used in the whale fishery) which, being fastened to the rafts, after the first had with inconceivable hazard reached the shore, were of infinite service, in preventing the others from driving out to sea, as also in dragging them athwart the billows, to the beach: by which means, every man was finally saved. With the same presence of mind, to take advantage of circumstances, and the same precaution to prevent confusion, on similar occasions, how many valuable lives, prematurely lost, might have been preserved as blessings to their families, their friends, and their country. As soon

soon as all were landed, Lieutenant Colonel Putnam fortified his camp, that he might not be exposed to insult, from the inhabitants of the neighboring districts, or from those of Carthagena, who were but twenty-four miles distant. Here the party remained unmolested several days, until the storm had so much abated, as to permit the convoy to take them off. They soon joined the troops before the Havannah, who, having been several weeks in that unhealthy climate, already began to grow extremely * sickly. The opportune arrival of the Provincial reinforcement, in perfect health, contributed not a little to forward the works, and hasten the reduction of that important place. But the Provincials suffered so miserably by sickness, afterwards, that very few ever returned to their native land again.

ALTHOUGH a general peace among the European powers was ratified in 1763, yet the Savages, on our western frontiers, still continued their hostilities. After they had taken several posts, General Bradstreet was sent in 1764, with an army against them. Colonel Putnam, then, for the first time, appointed to the command of a regiment, was on the expedition ; as was the Indian

* Col. Haviland (an accomplished officer several times mentioned in these memoirs) who brought to America a regiment of one thousand Irish veterans, had but seventy men remaining alive when he left the Havannah. Col. Haviland, during this siege, having once with his regiment engaged and routed five hundred Spaniards, met Col. Putnam on his return and said—“Putnam, give me a pinch of snuff.” “I never carry any,” returned Putnam.—“I have always just such luck” cried Haviland, “the rascally Spaniards have shot away my pocket, snuff-box and all.”

dian Chief, (whom I have several times had occasion to mention as his capturer) at the head of one hundred Cochnawaga-warriors. Before General Bradstreet reached Detroit, which the Savages invested, Captain D'Ell, the faithful friend, and intrepid fellow-soldier of Colonel Putnam, had been slain in a desperate fally. He, having been detached with five hundred men, in 1763, by General Amherst, to raise the siege, found means of throwing the succour into the Fort. But the garrison, (commanded by Major Gladwine, a brave and sensible officer) had been so much weakened, by the lurking and insidious mode of war, practised by the Savages, that not a man could be spared to co-operate in an attack upon them. The Commandant would even have dissuaded Captain D'Ell from the attempt, on account of the great disparity in numbers; but the latter, relying on the discipline and courage of his men, replied, "God forbid, that I should ever disobey the orders of my General," and immediately disposed them for action. It was obstinate and bloody. But the vastly superior number of the Savages, enabled them to enclose Captain D'Ell's party on every side, and compelled him, finally, to fight his way, in retreat from one stone-house to another. Having halted to breathe a moment, he saw one of his bravest serjeants, lying at a small distance, wounded through the thigh, and wallowing in his blood. Whereupon he desired some of the men, to run, and bring the serjeant to the house, but they declined it. Then declaring, "that he never would leave so brave a soldier in the field, to be tortured by the Savages," he ran and endeavoured to help him up—at the instant, a volley of shot dropped them both dead together. The party

party continued retreating, from house to house, until they regained the Fort; where it was found, the conflict had been so sharp, and lasted so long, that only fifty men remained alive, of the five hundred, who had sallied.

UPON the arrival of General Bradstreet, the Savages saw, that all further efforts, in arms, would be vain, and, accordingly, after many fallacious proposals for a peace, and frequent tergiversations in the negotiation, they concluded a treaty, which ended the war in America.

COLONEL Putnam, at the expiration of ten years from his first receiving a Commission, after having seen as much service, endured as many hardships, encountered as many dangers, and acquired as many laurels as any officer of his rank, with great satisfaction, laid aside his uniform and returned to his plough. The various and uncommon scenes of war in which he had acted a respectable part, his intercourse with the world and intimacy with some of the first characters in the army, joined with occasional reading, had not only brought into view whatever talents he possessed from nature, but, at the same time, had extended his knowledge and polished his manners to a considerable degree. Not having become inflated with pride or forgetful of his old connections, he had the good fortune to possess entirely the good will of his fellow citizens. No character stood fairer in the public eye for integrity, bravery and patriotism. He was employed in several offices in his own town, and not unfrequently elected to represent it in the General Assembly. The year after his return to private life, the minds of men were strangely agitated, by an attempt of the

the British Parliament, to introduce the memorable Stamp Act in America. This germe policy, whose growth was repressed by the moderate temperature in which it was kept by some administrations, did not fully disclose its fruit until nearly eleven years afterwards. All the world knows how it then ripened into a civil war.

ON the twenty-second day of March 1765, the Stamp Act received the royal assent. It was to take place in America on the first day of November following. This innovation spread a sudden and universal alarm. The political pulse in the Provinces, from *Main* to *Georgia* throbbed in sympathy. The Assemblies, in most of these colonies, that they might oppose it legally and in concert, appointed Delegates to confer together on the subject. This first Congress met, early in October, at New-York. They agreed upon a Declaration of Rights and Grievances of the Colonists; together with separate Addresses to the King, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain. In the mean time, the people had determined, in order to prevent the stamped paper from being distributed, that the Stamp Masters should not enter on the execution of their office. That appointment, in Connecticut, had been conferred upon Mr. Ingersol, a very dignified, sensible and learned native of the colony, who, upon being solicited to resign, did not, in the first instance, give a satisfactory answer. In consequence of which, a great number of the substantial yeomanry, on horseback, furnished with provisions for themselves, and provender for their horses, assembled in the eastern counties, and began their march for New-Haven to receive the resignation

nation of Mr. Ingersol. A junction with another body was to have been formed in Branford. But having learned at Hartford, that Mr. Ingersol would be in town the next day to claim protection from the Assembly, they took quarters there and kept out patrols during the whole night, to prevent his arrival without their knowledge. The succeeding morning they resumed their march and met Mr. Ingersol in Wethersfield. They told him their business, and he, after some little hesitation, mounted on a round table, read his resignation*. That finished, the multitude desired him to cry out "liberty and property" three times; which he did, and was answered by three loud huzzas. He then dined with some of the principal men at a tavern, by whom he was treated with great politeness, and afterwards was escorted

* The curious may be pleased to know that the Resignation was expressed in these explicit terms:

Wethersfield, September 9th, 1765.

" I do hereby promise, that I never will receive any stamped papers which may arrive from Europe, in consequence of
 " an Act lately passed in the Parliament of Great Britain;
 " nor officiate as Stamp Master or Distributor of Stamps,
 " within the colony of Connecticut, either directly or indirectly. And I do hereby notify to all the Inhabitants of
 " his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut (notwithstanding the
 " said office or trust has been committed to me) not to apply
 " to me, ever after, for any stamped paper; *hereby declaring*
 " *that I do resign the said office, and execute these PRESENTS of*
 " my own FREE WILL AND ACCORD, without any equivocation
 " or mental reservation.

" In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand,

J. INGERSOL.

ed by about five hundred horse to Hartford: where he again read his resignation amidst the unbounded acclamations of the people. I have chosen to style this collection the *yeomanry*, the *multitude*, or the *people*, because I could not make use of the English word *mob* (which generally signifies a disorderly concurrence of the rabble) without conveying an erroneous idea. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the people, their objects being effected, without offering disturbance, dispersed to their homes*.

COLONEL Putnam, who instigated the people to these measures, was prevented from attending by accident. But he was deputed soon after, with two other Gentlemen, to wait on Governor Fitch, on the same subject. The questions of the Governor, and answers of Putnam, will serve to indicate the spirit of the times. After some conversation, the Governor asked, "What he should do, if the stamped paper should be sent to him by the King's authority?"—Putnam replied, "lock it up, until we shall visit you again."—"And what will you do then?" "We shall expect you to give us the key of the room, in which it is deposited; and, if

* To give a trait of the urbanity that prevailed, it may not be amiss to mention a jest that passed in the cavalcade to Hartford, and was received with the most perfect good humor. Mr. Ingersol, who, by chance rode a white horse, being asked "what he thought, to find himself attended by such a retinue?"—replied, "that he had now a clearer idea than ever he had before conceived, of that passage in the Revelations, which describes, *Death on a pale horse, and hell following him.*"

"if you think fit, in order to screen yourself from blame, you may forewarn us upon our peril not to enter the room."—"And what will you do afterwards?"—"Send it safely back again."—"But if I should refuse admission?"—"In such a case, your house will be levelled with the dust in five minutes."—It was supposed that a report of this conversation, was one reason, why the stamped paper was never sent from New-York to Connecticut.

SUCH unanimity in the Provincial Assemblies, and decision in the yeomanry, carried beyond the Atlantic, a conviction of the inexpediency of attempting to enforce the new Revenue System. The Stamp Act being repealed, and the measures in a manner quieted, Colonel Putnam continued to labor with his own hands, at farming, without interruption, except (for a little time) by the loss of the first joint of his right thumb from one accident, and the compound fracture of his right thigh from another—that thigh, being rendered nearly an inch shorter than the left, occasioned him ever to limp in his walk.

THE Provincial Officers and Soldiers from Connecticut, who survived the conquest of the Havannah, appointed General Lyman to receive the remainder of their prize-money, in England. A company, composed partly of military, and partly of other gentlemen, whose object was to obtain from the Crown, a grant of Land on the Mississippi, also committed to him the negotiation of their affairs. When several years had elapsed in applications, a Grant of Land was obtained. In 1770, Ge-

neral Lyman, with Colonel Putnam, and two or three others went to explore the situation. After a tedious voyage, and a laborious passage up the Mississippi, they accomplished their business.

GENERAL Lyman came back to Connecticut with the Explorers, but soon returned to the Natchez: there formed an Establishment and laid his bones. Colonel Putnam placed some laborers with provisions and farming utensils upon his location, but the encreasing troubles shortly after ruined the prospect of deriving any advantage from that quarter.

IN speaking of the troubles that ensued, I not only omit to say any thing, on the obnoxious claim asserted in the British declaratory act, the continuation of the duty on tea, the attempt to obtrude that article upon the Americans, the abortion of this project, the Boston Port Bill, the alteration of the charter of Massachusetts, and other topics of universal notoriety; but even wave all discussion of irritations on the one part, and supplications on the other, which preceded the war between Great-Britain and her colonies on this continent. It will ever be acknowledged by those who were best acquainted with facts, and it should be made known to posterity, that the king of England had not, in his extensive dominions, subjects more loyal, more dutiful, or more zealous for his glory than the Americans; and that nothing short of a melancholy persuasion, that the "measures which for many years had been systematically pursued, by his ministers, were calculated to subvert, their constitutions," could have dissolved their powerful

powerful attachment to that kingdom, which they fondly called their *parent country*. Here, without digression to develope the cause, or describe the progress, it may suffice to observe, the dispute now verged precipitately to an awful crisis. Most considerate men foresaw it would terminate in blood. But, rather than suffer the chains (which they believed in preparation) to be rivetted, they nobly determined to sacrifice their lives. In vain did they deprecate the infatuation of those transatlantic counsels which drove them to deeds of desperation. Convinced of the rectitude of their cause, and doubtful of the issue, they felt the most painful solicitude for the fate of their country, on contemplating the superior strength of the nation with which it was to contend. America, thinly inhabited, under thirteen distinct colonial governments, could have little hope of success, but from the protection of Providence and the unconquerable spirit of freedom which pervaded the mass of the people: it is true, since the peace, she had surprisingly increased in wealth and population—but the resources of Britain almost exceeded credibility or conception. It is not wonderful then, that some good citizens, of weaker nerves, recoiled at the prospect: while others, who had been officers in the late war, or who had witnessed by travelling, the force of Britain, stood aloof. All eyes were now turned to find the men, who, possessed of military experience, would dare, in the approaching hour of severest trial, to lead their undisciplined fellow-citizens to battle. For none were so stupid as not to comprehend, that want of success would involve the leaders in the punishment of rebellion. Putnam was among the first and most conspicuous who stepped forth. Although
the

the Americans had been, by many who wished their subjugation, indiscreetly as indiscriminately stigmatized with the imputation of cowardice—he felt—he knew for himself, he was no coward; and from what he had seen and known, he believed that his countrymen, driven to the extremity of defending their rights by arms, would find no difficulty in wiping away the ungenerous aspersions. As he happened to be often at Boston, he held many conversations on these subjects with General Gage, the British Commander in Chief, Lord Piercy, Colonel Sheriff, Colonel Small, and many officers with whom he had formerly served, who were now at the Head Quarters. Being often questioned, “in case the dispute should proceed to hostilities, what part he would really take?” He always answered, “with his country, and that, let whatever might happen, he was prepared to abide the consequence.” Being interrogated “whether *he*, who had been a witness to the prowess and victories of the British fleets and armies, did not think them equal to the conquest of a country which was not the owner of a single Ship, Regiment or Magazine?” He rejoined, that “he could only say, justice would be on our side, and the event with Providence: but that he had calculated, if it required six years for the combined forces of England and her Colonies to conquer such a feeble country as Canada; it would at least, take a very long time for England alone to overcome her own widely extended Colonies, which were much stronger than Canada: That when men fought for every thing dear, in what they believed to be the most sacred of all causes, and in their own native land; they would have

“ great

" great advantages over their enemies, who were not in
" the same situation ; and that, having taken into view
" all circumstances, for his own part, he fully believed
" that America would not be so easily conquered by
" England as those gentlemen seemed to expect." Be-
ing once, in particular, asked, " whether he did not
" seriously believe that a well appointed British army
" of five thousand veterans could march through the
" whole continent of America ?" He replied briskly,—
" no doubt, if they behaved civilly and paid well for
" every thing they wanted"—" but"—after a moment's
pause added—" if they should attempt it in a hostile
" manner (though the American men were out of the
" question) the women, with their ladders and broom-
" sticks, would knock them all on the head before they
" had got half way through." This was the tenor,
our hero hath often told me of these amicable inter-
views. And thus, (as it commonly happens in disputes
about future events, which depend on opinion) they
parted without conviction : no more to meet in a friend-
ly manner, until after the appeal should have been made
to Heaven, and the issue confirmed by the sword. In
the mean time, to provide against the worst contingen-
cy, the militia in the several Colonies was sedulously
trained ; and those select companies, the flower of our
youth, which were denominated minutemen, agreeably
to the indication of their name, held themselves in rea-
diness to march at a moment's warning.

At length the fatal day arrived, when hostilities com-
menced. General Gage, in the evening of the 18th of
April, 1775, detached from Boston the Grenadiers and
Light

Light Infantry of the Army, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Smith, to destroy some military and other stores deposited by the Province at Concord. About sunrise the next morning, the Detachment, on marching into Lexington, fired upon a company of militia who had just re-assembled: for having been alarmed late at night, with reports that the Regulars were advancing to demolish the stores, they collected on their parade, and were dismissed with orders to re-assemble at beat of drum. It is established by the affidavits of more than thirty persons who were present, that the first fire, which killed eight of the militia, then beginning to disperse, was given by the British, without provocation. The spark of war, thus kindled, ran with unexampled rapidity, and raged with unwonted violence. To repel the aggression, the people of the bordering towns spontaneously rushed to arms, and poured their scattering shot from every convenient station upon the Regulars; who, after marching to Concord, and destroying the Magazine, would have found their retreat intercepted, had they not been reinforced by Lord Piercy with the battalion companies of three regiments, and a body of marines. Notwithstanding the junction, they were hard pushed, and pursued until they could find protection from their ships. Of the British, two hundred and eighty-three were killed, wounded and taken. The Americans had thirty-nine killed, nineteen wounded, and two made prisoners.

NOTHING could exceed the celerity with which the intelligence flew every where, that blood had been shed by the British troops. The country, in motion, exhibited but one scene of hurry, preparation, and revenge.

Putnam

Putnam, who was plowing when he heard the news, left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without waiting to change his clothes, set off for the theatre of action. But finding the British retreated to Boston, and invested by a sufficient force to watch their movements, he came back to Connecticut, levied a regiment (under authority of the Legislature) and speedily returned to Cambridge*. He was now promoted to be a Major General on the Provincial Staff, by his Colony: and in a little time confirmed by Congress, in the same rank on the Continental establishment. General Ward of Massachusetts, by common consent, commanded the whole: And the celebrated Doctor Warren, was made a Major General.

Not

* An article, void of foundation, mentioning an interview between General Gage and General Putnam appeared in the English Gazettes, in these words: 'General Gage, viewing the American army with his telescope, saw General Putnam in it, which surprised him; and he contrived to get a message delivered to him, that he wanted to speak to him. Putnam, without any hesitation, waited upon him. General Gage shewed him his fortifications, and advised him to lay down his arms. General Putnam replied, he could force his fortifications in half an hour, and advised General Gage to go on board the ships with his troops.'

The apprehension of an attack, is adduced with much more verisimilitude, in M^r Fingal, as the reason why General Gage would not suffer the inhabitants to go from the town of Boston, after he had promised to grant permission:

So

Not long after this period, the British Commander in Chief, found the means to convey a proposal, privately to General Putnam, that, if he would relinquish the Rebel party, he might rely upon being made a Major General on the British establishment, and receiving a great pecuniary compensation for his services. General Putnam spurned at the offer: which, however, he thought prudent at that time to conceal from public notice.

It could scarcely have been expected, but by those credulous patriots, who were prone to believe whatever they ardently desired, that officers assembled from Colonies distinct in their manners, and prejudices, selected from laborious occupations, to command a heterogeneous crowd of their equals, compelled to be soldiers only by the spur of occasion, should long be able to preserve harmony among themselves, and subordination among their followers. As the fact would be a phenomenon, the idea was treated with mirth and mockery by the friends to the British government. Yet this unshaken embryo of a military corps, composed of militia, minutemen, volunteers, and levies; with a burlesque appearance

- So Gage of late agreed, you know,
- To let the Boston people go:
- Yet when he saw, 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
- They were the only guards that sav'd him,
- Kept off that Satan of a *Putnam*,
- From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him,
- He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
- And shut them in again to starve.'

M'FINGAL. Canto 1st.

ance of multiformity in arms, accoutrements, cloathing and conduct, at last grew into a regular Army—an Army, which, having vindicated the rights of human nature, and established the independence of a new Empire, merited and obtained the glorious distinction of the Patriot Army--the Patriot Army, whose praises for their fortitude in adversity, bravery in battle, moderation in conquest, perseverance in supporting the cruel extremities of hunger and nakedness without a murmur or sigh, as well as for their magnanimity in retiring to civil life, at the moment of victory, with arms in their hands, and without any just compensation for their services, will only cease to be celebrated, when time shall exist no more.

ENTHUSIASM for the cause of liberty, substituted in the place of discipline, not only kept these troops together, but enabled them at once to perform the duties of a disciplined army. Though the Commanding Officers from the four colonies of New-England, were in a manner independent, they acted harmoniously in concert. The first attention had been prudently directed towards forming some little redoubts and intrenchments; for it was well known, that lines, however slight or untenable, were calculated to inspire raw soldiers with a confidence in themselves. The next care was to bring the live stock from the Islands in Boston bay, in order to prevent the enemy (already surrounded by land) from making use of them for fresh provisions. In the latter end of May, between two and three hundred men were sent to drive off the stock from Hog and Noddle Islands, which are situated on the north-east side of Boston harbor. Advantage having been taken of the ebb-tide;

when the water is fordable between the main and Hog-Island, as it is between that and Noddle-Island, the design was effected. But a skirmish ensued, in which some of the marines, who had been stationed to guard them, were killed : and as the firing continued between the British water-craft and our party, a reinforcement of three hundred men, with two pieces of artillery, was ordered to join the latter. General Putnam took the command, and having himself gone down on the beach, within conversing distance, and *ineffectually* ordered the people on board an armed schooner to strike, he plied her with shot so furiously that the crew made their escape, and the vessel was burnt. An armed sloop was likewise so much disabled as to be towed off by the boats of the fleet. Thus ended this affair, in which several hundred sheep, and some cattle were removed from under the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, and our men, accustomed to stand fire, by being for many hours exposed to it, without meeting with any loss.

THE Provincial Generals, having received advice, that the British Commander in Chief, designed to take possession of the heights on the peninsula of Charles Town, detached a thousand men in the night of the 16th of June, under the orders of General Warren, to entrrench themselves upon one of these eminences, named Bunker Hill. Though retarded by accidents, from beginning the work until nearly midnight, yet, by dawn of day, they had constructed a redoubt about eight rods square, and commenced a breast-work from the left to the low grounds : which an insufferable fire from the shipping, floating batteries, and cannon on Cop's Hill, in Boston, prevented them from compleating. At mid-day

four

four battalions of foot, ten companies of Grenadiers, ten companies of Light Infantry, with a proportion of Artillery, commanded by Major General Howe, landed under a heavy cannonade from the ships, and advanced in three lines to the attack. The Light Infantry, being formed on their right, was directed to turn the left flank of the Americans: and the Grenadiers, supported by two battalions, to storm the redoubt in front. Meanwhile, on application, these troops were augmented by the 47th Regiment, the 1st Battalion of Marines, together with some companies of Light Infantry, and Grenadiers, which formed an aggregate force of between two and three thousand men. But so difficult was it to reinforce the Americans, by sending detachments across the Neck, which was raked by the cannon of the shipping, that not more than fifteen hundred men were brought into action. Few instances can be produced in the annals of mankind, where soldiers, who never had before faced an enemy, or heard the whistling of a ball, behaved with such deliberate and persevering valor. It was not until after the Grenadiers had been twice repulsed to their boats, General Warren slain, his troops exhausted of their ammunition, their lines in a manner enfiladed by Artillery, and the redoubt half filled with British Regulars, that the word was given to retire. In that forlorn condition, the spectacle was astonishing as new, to behold these undisciplined men, most of them without bayonets, disputing with the butt end of their muskets against the British bayonet, and receding in sullen despair. Still the Light Infantry, on their left, would certainly have gained their rear, and exterminated this gallant corps, had not a body of four hundred Connecticut

Connecticut men, with the Captains, Knoulton and Chester, after forming a temporary breast-work, by pulling up one post and rail fence, and putting it upon another, performed prodigies of bravery. They held the enemy at bay, until the main body had relinquished the heights, and then retreated across the Neck, with more regularity, and less loss than could have been expected. The British, who effected nothing but the destruction of Charles Town, by a wanton conflagration, had more than one half of their whole number killed and wounded: the Americans, only three hundred and fifty-five killed, wounded, and missing. In this battle, the presence and example of General Putnam, who arrived with the reinforcement, were not less conspicuous than useful. He did every thing that an intrepid and experienced officer could accomplish. The enemy pursued to Winter Hill—Putnam made a stand, and drove them back under cover of their ships.

THE premature death of Warren, one of the most illustrious patriots that ever bled in the cause of Freedom; the veteran appearance of Putnam, collected, yet ardent in action; together with the astonishing scenery and interesting groupe around Bunker Hill, rendered this a magnificent subject for the historic pencil. Accordingly Trumbull, formerly an Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, afterwards Deputy Adjutant General of the northern Army, now an artist of great celebrity in Europe, hath finished this picture with that boldness of conception, and those touches of art which demonstrates the master. Heightened in horror by the flames of a burning town, and the smoke of conflicting armies,
the

the principal scene, taken the moment when Warren fell, represents that hero in the agonies of death, a Grenadier on the point of bayoneting him, and Colonel Small (to whom he was familiarly known) arresting the soldier's arm : at the head of the British line Major Pitcairne is seen falling dead into the arms of his son : and not far distant General Putnam is placed at the rear of our retreating troops, in the light blue and scarlet uniform he wore that day, with his head uncovered, and his sword waving towards the enemy, as it were to stop their impetuous pursuit. In nearly the same attitude he is exhibited by Barlow in that excellent Poem, the Vision of Columbus.

“ There strides bold Putnam and from all the plains,
 “ Calls the third host, the tardy rear sustains,
 “ And, mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
 “ Waves back his sword, and dares the following war.” *

AFTER this action, the British strongly fortified themselves on the Peninsulas of Boston and Charles Town : while

* The writer of this Essay had occasion of remarking to the Poet and the painter, while they were three thousand miles distant from each other (at which distance they had formed and executed the plans of their respective productions) the similarity observable in their descriptions of General Putnam. These *Chiefs d'œuvres* are mentioned, not with a vain presumption of adding eclat of duration to works which have received the seal of immortality, but because they preserve in the sister arts the same illustrious action of our hero. I persuade myself I need not apologize for annexing the beautiful lines from the poem in question, on the death of General Warren.

“ There,

while the Provincials remained posted in the circumjacent country in such manner as to form a blockade. In the beginning of July, General Washington, who had been, constituted by Congress, Commander in Chief of the American forces, arrived at Cambridge to take the command. Having formed the army into three grand divisions, consisting of about twelve Regiments each, he appointed Major General Ward to command the right Wing, Major General Lee the left Wing and Major General Putnam the reserve. General Putnam's alertness, in accelerating the construction of the necessary defences, was particularly noticed and highly approved by the Commander in Chief.

About the 20th of July, the declaration of Congress, setting forth the reasons of their taking up arms, was proclaimed at the head of the several divisions. It concluded with these patriotic and noble sentiments, "In
 " our own native land, in defence of the freedom that
 " is our birth-right, and which we ever enjoyed until
 " the late violation of it; for the protection of our pro-
 " perty, acquired solely by the honest industry of our
 " forefathers and ourselves; against violence actually
 " offered,

" There, hapless Warren, thy cold earth was seen:
 " There spring thy laurels in immortal green;
 " Dearest of Chiefs that ever press'd the plain,
 " In freedom's cause, with early honors, slain,
 " Still dear in death, as when in fight you mov'd,
 " By hosts applauded and by Heav'n approv'd;
 " The faithful muse shall tell the world thy fame,
 " And unborn realms resound th' immortal name."

“ offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them
 “ down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the ag-
 “ gressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall
 “ be removed, and not before.

“ With an humble confidence in the mercies of the
 “ supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the Uni-
 “ verse, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness
 “ to conduct us happily through this great conflict, to
 “ dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable
 “ terms, and, thereby, to relieve the empire from the
 “ calamities of civil war.”—As soon as these memorable
 words were pronounced to General Putnam's Division,
 which he had ordered to be paraded on Prospect Hill,
 they shouted in three huzzas aloud, amen! Whereat (a
 cannon from the Fort being fired as a signal) the new
Standard, lately sent from Connecticut, was suddenly
 seen to rise and unroll itself to the wind. On one side
 was inscribed in large letters of gold, “AN APPEAL TO
 HEAVEN,” and on the other, were delineated the armor-
 ial bearings of Connecticut, which, without supporters
 or crest, consist, unostentatiously, of *Three Vines*: with this
 motto, “* *Qui transtulit, sustinet* ;” alluding to the pi-
 ous confidence our forefathers placed in the protection
 of Heaven, on those three allegorical Scions—KNOW-
 LEDGE—LIBERTY—RELIGION—which they had been
 instrumental in transplanting to America.

THE strength of position on the enemy's part, and want
 of ammunition on ours, prevented operations of magni-
 tude from being attempted. Such diligence was used in
 fortifying

* Literally, “*He who transplanted them will support them.*”

fortifying our camps, and such precaution adopted to prevent surprize, as to ensure tranquillity to the troops during the winter. In the spring, a position was taken so menacing to the enemy, as to cause them, on the 17th of March 1776, to abandon Boston: not without considerable precipitation and dereliction of royal stores.

As a part of the hostile fleet lingered for some time in Nantasket road (about nine miles below Boston) General Washington continued himself in Boston, not only to see the coast entirely clear, but also to make many indispensable arrangements. His Excellency, proposing to leave Major General Ward with a few regiments, to finish the fortifications intended as a security against an attack by water, in the mean time dispatched the greater part of the army to New-York, where it was most probable the enemy would make a descent. Upon the sailing of a fleet with troops in the month of January, Major General Lee had been sent to the defence of that city; who, after having caused some works to be laid out, proceeded to follow that fleet to South-Carolina. The Commander in Chief was now exceedingly solicitous that these works should be completed as soon as possible, and accordingly gave the following

“ Orders and Instructions for Major General Putnam.

“ As there are the best reasons to believe that the enemy's fleet and army, which left Nantasket road last Wednesday evening, are bound to New-York, to endeavor to possess that important post, and, if possible, to secure the communication by Hudson's River to Canada; it must be our care to prevent them from
“ accomplishing

" accomplishing their designs. To that end, I have de-
 " tached Brigadier General Heath with the whole body
 " of Rifle-men and five Battalions of the Continental
 " Army, by the way of Norwich in Connecticut, to
 " New-York. These by an express arrived yesterday
 " from General Heath, I have reason to believe, are in
 " New-York. Six more Battalions, under General Sul-
 " livan, march this morning by the same route, and
 " will, I hope, arrive there in eight or ten days at far-
 " thest. The rest of the army will immediately follow
 " in Divisions, leaving only a convenient space between
 " each Division, to prevent confusion, and want of ac-
 " commodation upon their march. You will no doubt
 " make the best dispatch in getting to New-York. Up-
 " on your arrival there, you will assume the command,
 " and immediately proceed in continuing to execute
 " the *plan* proposed by Major General Lee, for fortify-
 " ing that city, and securing the passes of the East and
 " North Rivers: If, upon consultation with the Briga-
 " diers General and Engineers, any alteration in that
 " *plan* is thought necessary, you are at liberty to make
 " it: cautiously avoiding to break in too much upon his
 " main design, unless where it may be apparently ne-
 " cessary so to do, and that by the general voice and opi-
 " nion of the gentlemen above-mentioned.

" You will meet the Quarter Master General, Col.
 " Mifflin, and * Commissary General at New-York. As
 " these are both men of excellent talents in their differ-

M m

" ent

* Colonel Joseph Trumbull, eldest son to the Governor of
 that name.

“ent Departments, you will do well to give them all
 “the authority and assistance they require: And should
 “a Council of War be necessary, it is my direction
 “they assist at it.

“Your *long Service and Experience* will, better than
 “my particular directions at this distance, point out to
 “you the works most proper to be first raised, and
 “your perseverance, activity and zeal will lead you
 “(without my recommending it) to exert every *nerve*
 “to disappoint the enemy’s designs.

“Devoutly praying that the POWER which has hi-
 “therto sustained the American Arms, may continue to
 “bless them with the divine protection, I bid you—
 “FAREWELL.

“Given at Head Quarters, in Cambridge,
 “this 29th of March, 1776.

“GEO. WASHINGTON.”

INVESTED with these commands, General Putnam
 travelled by long and expeditious stages to New-York.
 His first precaution, upon his arrival, was to prevent
 disturbance, or surprise in the night season. With these
 objects in view, after posting the necessary guards, he is-
 sued his * Orders. He instituted, likewise, other whole-
 some

* General orders.

“Head Quarters, New-York, April 5, 1776.

“The Soldiers are strictly enjoined to retire to their barracks
 “and Quarters, at tattoo-beating, and to remain there until the
 “reveille is beat.

“Necessity

some regulations to meliorate the police of the troops, and to preserve the good agreement that subsisted between them and the citizens.

NOTWITHSTANDING the war had now raged, in other parts, with unaccustomed severity for nearly a year, yet the British ships at New-York (one of which had once fired upon the town to intimidate the inhabitants) found the means of being supplied with fresh water and provisions. General Putnam resolved to adopt effectual measures for putting a period to this intercourse, and accordingly expressed his prohibition * in the most pointed terms. NEARLY

“ Necessity obliges the General to desire the inhabitants of the city to observe the same rule, as no person will be permitted to pass any centry, after this night, without the counter-sign.

“ The Inhabitants, whose business requires it, may know the counter-sign by applying to any of the Brigade-Majors.”

* PROHIBITION.

“ Head Quarters, New-York, April 8, 1776.

“ The General informs the inhabitants, that it is become absolutely necessary, that all communication between the ministerial fleet and shore should be immediately stopped; for that purpose, he has given positive orders, the ships should no longer be furnished with provisions. Any inhabitants, or others, who shall be taken, that have been on board (after the publishing this order) or near any of the ships or going on board, will be considered as enemies, and treated accordingly.

“ All

NEARLY at the same moment, a detachment of a thousand Continentals was sent to occupy Governor's-Island, a Regiment to fortify Red Hook, and some companies of Riflemen to the Jersey shore. Of two boats, (belonging to two armed vessels) which attempted to take on board fresh water from the watering place on Staten-Island, one was driven off (by the Riflemen) with two or three seamen killed in it; and the other captured with thirteen. A few days afterwards Captain Vandeput, of the *Asia* man of war, the senior officer of the ships on this station, finding the intercourse with the shore interdicted, their limits contracted, and that no good purposes could be answered by remaining there, sailed, with all the armed vessels, out of the harbor. These arrangements and transactions, joined to an unremitting attention to the completion of the defences, gave full scope to the activity of General Putnam, until the arrival of General Washington, which happened about the middle of April.

THE Commander in Chief, in his first public orders, "*complimented the officers who had successively commanded at New-York*, and returned his thanks to them as well as to the Officers and soldiers, under their command, for the many works of defence which had been so expeditiously erected: at the same time he expressed

"All boats are to sail from Beekman's slip. Captain James Almer is appointed inspector and will give permits to Oyster-men. It is ordered and expected that none attempt going without a pass."

ISRAEL PUTNAM, Major General in the Continental Army and Commander in Chief of the forces in New-York.

“ed an expectation that the same spirit of zeal for the service, would continue to animate their future conduct.”—Putnam, who was then the only Major General with the main army, had still a chief agency in forwarding the fortifications; and, with the assistance of the Brigadiers Spencer and Lord Sterling, in assigning to the different Corps their alarm Posts.

CONGRESS having intimated a desire of consulting with the Commander in Chief, on the critical posture of affairs, his Excellency repaired to Philadelphia accordingly, and was absent from the twenty-first of May, until the sixth of June. General Putnam, who commanded in that interval, had it in charge, to open all letters directed to General Washington, *on public service*, and, if important, after regulating his conduct by their contents, to forward them by express; to expedite the works then erecting; to begin others which were specified; to establish signals for communicating an alarm; to guard against the possibility of surprize; to secure well the Powder-Magazine; to augment by every means in his power the quantity of Cartridges; and to send Brigadier General Lord Sterling to put the Posts in the *HIGHLANDS* into a proper condition of defence. He had also a *private and confidential instruction*, to afford whatever aid might be required by the Provincial Congress of New-York, for apprehending certain of their disaffected citizens: and as it would be most convenient to take the detachment for this service, from the troops on Long-Island, under the command of Brigadier General Greene, it was recommended that this officer should be advised of the plan, and that the execution should be conducted with
secrecy

secrecy and celerity, as well as with decency and good order. In the records of the army, are preserved, the daily orders which were issued in the absence of the Commander in Chief, who, on his return, was not only satisfied, that the works had been prosecuted with all possible dispatch, but also that the other duties had been properly discharged.

It was the latter end of June, when the British fleet, which had been at Halifax, waiting for reinforcements from Europe, began to arrive at New-York. To obstruct its passage, some marine preparations had been made. General Putnam, to whom the directions of the whale boats, fire rafts, flat-bottomed boats, and armed vessels was committed, afforded his patronage to a project for destroying the enemies shipping, by explosion. A *machine*, altogether different from any thing, hitherto devised by the art of man, had been invented by Mr. David Bushnell,* for *submarine navigation*, which was found

* David Bushnell, A. M. of Saybrook, in Connecticut, invented, several other machines for the annoyance of shipping; these from accidents, not militating against the philosophical principles, on which their success depended, only partially succeeded. He destroyed a vessel in the charge of Commodore Symonds, whose report to the Admiral was published. One of his kegs also demolished a vessel near the Long-Island shore. About Christmas, 1777, he committed to the Delaware a number of kegs, destined to fall among the British fleet at Philadelphia: but his squadron of kegs, having been separated and retarded by the ice, demolished but a single boat. This catastrophe, however, produced an alarm, unprecedented in its nature

found to answer the purpose perfectly, of rowing horizontally at any given depth under water, and of rising or sinking at pleasure. To *this machine*, (called the American Turtle) was attached, *a magazine of powder*, which it was intended to be fastened under the bottom of

ture and degree ; which has been so happily described in the subsequent song, by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, that the event it celebrates will not be forgotten, so long as mankind shall continue to be delighted with works of humour and taste.

The Battle of the Kegs :—a Song.—Tune, Moggy Lawder.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend,

Thrill forth harmonious ditty :

Strange things I'll tell, which late befel,

In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,

Just when the sun was rising,

A soldier stood on log of wood,

And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,

The truth can't be denied, Sir,

He spied a score of kegs or more,

Come floating down the tide, Sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,

The strange appearance viewing,

First damn'd his eyes, in great surprize,

Then said—"Some mischief's brewing."

"These

of a ship, with a driving screw ; in such fort, that the same stroke which disengaged it from the machine, should put the internal clock-work in motion. This being done, the ordinary operation of a gun-lock (at the distance of half an hour, an hour, or any determinate time) would cause the powder to explode, and leave the effects to the common laws of nature. The simplicity, yet combination

“ These Kegs now hold the rebels bold,
 “ Pack’d up like pickled herring :
 “ And they’re come down, t’ attack the town,
 “ In this new way of ferry’ng.”

The soldier flew ; the sailor too :
 And, scar’d almost to death, Sir,
 Wore out their shoes, to spread the news ;
 And ran till out of breath, Sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
 Most frantic scenes were acted :
 And some ran here, and some ran there,
 Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
 But said the earth had quaked :
 And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
 Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William || he, snug as a flea,
 Lay all this time a snoring ;
 Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm,
 In bed with Mrs. L*r*ng.

Now

|| Sir William Howe.

tion discovered in the mechanism of this wonderful machine, were acknowledged by those skilled in physics, and particularly Hydraulics, to be not less ingenious than novel. The Inventor, whose constitution was too fee-

N n

ble

Now in a fright, he starts upright,

Awak'd by such a clatter :

He rubs both eyes ; and boldly cries,

“ For God's sake, what's the matter ?”

At his bed-side, he then espied

Sir Erskine † at command, Sir,

Upon one foot, he had one boot,

And t' other in his hand, Sir.

“ Arise ! arise !” Sir Erskine cries :

“ The rebels—more's the pity—

“ Without a boat, are all on float,

“ And rang'd before the city.

“ The motley crew, in vessels new,

“ With Satan for their guide, Sir,

“ Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,

“ Come driving down the tide, Sir ;

“ Therefore prepare for bloody war :

“ These kegs must all be routed :

“ Or surely we despis'd shall be,

“ And British courage doubted.”

The Royal band now ready stand,

All rang'd in dread array, Sir,

With stomach's stout, to see it out,

And make a bloody day, Sir.

† Sir William Erskine.

The

ble to permit him to perform the labor of rowing the Turtle, had taught his brother to manage it with perfect dexterity; but unfortunately his brother fell sick of a fever, just before the arrival of the fleet. Recourse was therefore had to a serjeant in the Connecticut troops; who,

The cannons roar from shore to shore,

The small arms make a rattle:

Since wars began, I'm sure no man,

E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel * vales, the rebel dales,

With rebel trees furrounded,

The distant woods, the hills, and floods,

With rebel echoes founded.

The fish below, swam to and fro,

Attack'd from ev'ry quarter:

"Why sure," thought they, "the Devil's to pay,

" 'Mong'ft folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made

Of rebel staves and hoops, Sir,

Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,

The conq'ring British troops, Sir.

From morn to night, those men of might,

Display'd amazing courage;

And when the sun was fairly down,

Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An

* The British officers were so fond of the word, *rebel*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

who, having received whatever instructions could be communicated to him in a short time, (went too late in the night) with all the apparatus under the bottom of the Eagle, a sixty-four gun ship, on board of which the British Admiral, Lord Howe, commanded. In coming up, the screw, that had been calculated to perforate the copper sheathing, unluckily struck against some iron plates, where the rudder is connected with the stern. This accident, added to the strength of tide, which prevailed, and the want of adequate skill in the serjeant, occasioned such delay, that the dawn began to appear, whereupon he abandoned the Magazine to chance, and (after gaining a proper distance) for the sake of expedition, rowed on the surface towards the town. General Putnam, who had been on the wharf, anxiously expecting the result, from the first glimmering of light, beheld the machine near Governor's Island, and sent a whale-boat

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, Sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, Sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Upon those wicked kegs, Sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, Sir.

Mr. Bushnell, having been highly recommended for his talents, by President Stiles, General Parsons, and some other gentleman of science, was appointed a Captain in the corps of sappers and miners : in which capacity he continued to serve with that corps, until the conclusion of the war.

boat to bring it on shore. In about twenty minutes afterwards, the magazine exploded, and blew a vast column of water, to an amazing height, in the air. As the whole business had been kept an inviolable secret, he was not a little diverted with the various conjectures, whether this stupendous noise was produced by a bomb, a meteor, a water-spout, or an earthquake. Other operations of a most serious nature, rapidly succeeded, and prevented a repetition of the experiment.

ON the twenty-second day of August the van of the British landed on Long-Island, and was soon followed by the whole army, except one Brigade of Hessians, a small body of British, and some convalescents, left on Staten-Island. Our troops on Long-Island had been commanded during the summer by General Greene, who was now sick; and General Putnam took the command, but two days before the battle of Flatbush. The instructions to him (pointing in the first place to decisive expedients for suppressing the scattering, unmeaning and wasteful fire of our men) contained regulations for the service of the guards, the Brigadiers and the Field officers of the day; for the appointment and encouragement of proper scouts; as well as for keeping the men constantly at their posts; for preventing the burning of buildings (except it should be necessary for military purposes) and for preserving private property from pillage and destruction. To these regulations were added, in a more diffuse though not less spirited and professional style, reflections on the distinction of an army from a mob; with exhortations for the soldiers to conduct themselves manfully in such a cause, and for their Commander to op-
pose

pose the enemy's approach with detachments of his best troops: while he should endeavor to render their advance more difficult by constructing abbattis, and to entrap their parties by forming ambuscades. General Putnam was within the lines, when an engagement took place on the 27th, between the British army and our advanced Corps, in which we lost about a thousand men in killed and missing, with the General Sullivan and Lord Sterling made prisoners. But our men (though attacked on all sides) fought with great bravery; and the enemy's loss was not light.

THE unfortunate battle of Long-Island, the masterly retreat from thence, and the actual passage of part of the hostile fleet in the East River above the town, precluded the evacuation of New-York. A promotion of four Majors General, and six Brigadiers, had previously been made by Congress. After the retreat from Long-Island, the main army, consisting for the moment, of sixty Battalions (of which twenty were Continental, the residue Levies and Militia) was, conformably to the exigencies of the service, rather than to the rules of war, formed into fourteen Brigades. Major General Putnam commanded the right grand Division of five Brigades, the Majors General Spencer and Greene the center of six Brigades, and Major General Heath the left, which was posted near Kingsbridge, and composed of two Brigades. The whole never amounted to twenty thousand effective men; while the British and German forces under Sir William Howe, exceeded twenty-two thousand: indeed the Minister had asserted in Parliament, that they would consist of more than thirty thousand. Our two center divisions,

divisions, both commanded by General Spencer in the sickness of General Greene, moved towards Mount Washington, Harlem Heights and Horn's Hook, as soon as the final resolution was taken, in a Council of War, on the twelfth of September, to abandon the city. That event, thus circumstanced, took effect a few days after.

On Sunday the fifteenth the British, after sending three ships of war up the North River to Bloomingdale, and keeping up, for some hours, a severe cannonade on our lines, from those already in the East River, landed in force at Turtle Bay—our new Levies commanded by a late Brigadier General, fled without making resistance. Two Brigades of General Putnam's Division, ordered to their support, notwithstanding the exertion of their Brigadiers, and of the Commander in Chief himself, who came up at the instant, conducted themselves in the same shameful manner. His Excellency then ordered the Heights of Harlem, a strong position, to be occupied. Thither the forces in the vicinity, as well as the fugitives, repaired. In the mean time General Putnam, with the remainder of his command and the ordinary out-posts, was in the city. After having caused the Brigades to begin their retreat by the rout of Bloomingdale, in order to avoid the enemy, who were then in the possession of the main road leading to Kingsbridge, he galloped to call off the pickets and guards. Having myself been a Volunteer in his Division, and acting Adjutant to the last Regiment that left the city, I had frequent opportunities that day of beholding him, for the purpose of issuing orders and encouraging

couraging the troops, flying, on his horse covered with foam, wherever his presence was most necessary. Without his extraordinary exertions the guards must have been inevitably lost, and it is probable the entire Corps would have been cut in pieces. When we were not far from Bloomingdale, an Aid-de-Camp came from him at full speed, to inform, that a column of British Infantry was descending upon our right. Our rear was soon fired upon, and the Colonel of our regiment (whose order was just communicated for the front to file off to the left) was killed on the spot. With no other loss, we joined the army, after dark, on the Heights of Harlem.

BEFORE our Brigades came in, we were given up for lost by all our friends. So critical indeed was our situation, and so narrow the gap by which we escaped, that the instant we had passed, the enemy closed it by extending their line from river to river. Our men, who had been fifteen hours under arms, harrassed by marching and countermarching, in consequence of incessant alarms, exhausted as they were by heat, and thirst (for the day proved insupportably hot, and few or none had canteens, inasmuch that some died at the brooks where they drank) if attacked, could have made but feeble resistance.

If we take into consideration the debilitating sickness which weakened almost all our troops, the hard duty by which they were worn down in constructing numberless defences, the continual want of rest they had suffered (since the enemy landed) in guarding from nocturnal surprise, the despondency infused into their minds

minds by an insular situation, and a consciousness of inferiority to the enemy in discipline, together with the disadvantageous term upon which, in their state of separation, they might have been forced to engage ; it appears highly probable that day would have presented an easy victory to the British. On the other side, the American Commander in Chief had wisely countenanced an opinion, then universally credited, that our army was three times more numerous than it was in reality. It is not a subject for astonishment, that the British, ignorant of the existing circumstances, imposed upon as to the numbers by reports, and recollecting what a few brave men, slightly entrenched, had performed at Bunker Hill, should proceed with great circumspection. For their reproaches, that the Rebels (as they affected to style us) loved digging better than fighting, and that they earthed themselves in holes like foxes, but ill concealed at the bottom of their own hearts the profound impression that action had made. Cheap and contemptible as we had once seemed in their eyes, it had taught them to hold us in some respect. This respect, in conjunction with a fixed belief that the enthusiastic spirit of our opposition must soon subside, and that the inexhaustible resources of Britain would ultimately triumph without leaving any thing to chance (not the avarice or treachery of the British General, as the factious of his own nation wished to insinuate) retarded their operation, and afforded us leisure to rescue from annihilation the miserable relics of an army, hastening to dissolution, by the expiration of enlistments, and the country itself from irretrievable subjugation. IN TRUTH WE ARE NOT LESS INDEBTED TO THE MATTOCK AT ONE PERIOD, THAN TO

THE MUSQUET AT ANOTHER, FOR OUR POLITICAL SALVATION. It required great talents to determine when one or the other was most profitably to be employed. I am aware how fashionable it has become to compare the American Commander in Chief, for the prudence displayed in those dilatory and defensive operations, so happily prosecuted in the early stages of the war, to the illustrious Roman, who acquired immortality in restoring the Commonwealth, *by delay*. Advantageous and flattering as the comparison at first appears, it will be found on examination to stint the American Fabius, to the smaller moiety of his merited fame. Did HE not in scenes of almost unparalleled activity discover specimens of transcendent abilities, and might it not be proved to professional men, that boldness in council, and rapidity in execution were, at least, equally with prudent procrastination, and the quality of not being compelled to action, attributes of his military genius? *This*, however, was an occasion, as apparent as pressing, for attaining his object *by delay*. From that he had every thing to gain, nothing to lose. Yet there were not wanting *Politicians*, AT THIS VERY TIME, who querulously blamed these *Fabian* measures, and loudly clamored, that the immense labor and expence bestowed on the fortification of New-York, had been thrown away ; that, if we could not face the enemy *there* after so many preparations, we might as well relinquish the contest at once, for we could no where make a stand ; and that, if General Washington, with an army of sixty thousand men, strongly entrenched, declined fighting with Sir William Howe, who had little more than one third of that number, it was not to be expected he would find any other occasion that might in-

duce him to engage.—But General Washington, content to suffer a temporary sacrifice of personal reputation, for the sake of securing a permanent advantage to his country, and regardless of those idle clamors for which he had furnished materials, by making his countrymen, in order the more effectually to make his enemy believe his force much greater than it actually was; inflexibly pursued his system, and gloriously demonstrated how poor and pitiful in the estimation of A GREAT MIND, are the censorious strictures of those Novices in war and politics, who, with equal rashness and impudence, presume to decide dogmatically on the merit of plans they could neither originate or comprehend!—

THAT night our soldiers, excessively fatigued by the sultry march of the day, their cloaths wet by a severe shower of rain that succeeded towards the evening, their blood chilled by the cold wind that produced a sudden change in the temperature of the air, and their hearts sunk within them by the loss of baggage, artillery, and works in which they had been taught to put great confidence, lay upon their arms, covered only by the clouds of an uncomfortable sky. To retrieve our disordered affairs, and prevent the enemy from profiting by them, no exertion was relaxed, no vigilance remitted on the part of our higher officers. The Regiments which had been least exposed to fatigue that day, furnished the necessary piquets to secure the army from surprize. Those, whose military lives had been short and unpractised, felt enough besides lassitude of body to disquiet the tranquillity of their repose. Nor had those, who were older in service and of more experience, any subject for consolation.

folation: The warmth of enthusiasm seemed to be extinguished. The force of discipline had not sufficiently occupied its place to give men a dependence upon each other. We were apparently about to reap the bitter fruits of that jealous policy, which some leading men (with the best motives) had sown in our federal councils, when they caused the mode to be adopted, for carrying on the war by detachments of militia; from apprehension that an established Continental army, after defending the country against foreign invasion, might subvert its liberties themselves. Paradoxical as it will appear, it may be profitable to be known to posterity, that, while our very existence as an independent people was in question, the patriotic jealousy for the safety of our future *freedom* had been carried to such a virtuous, but dangerous excess, as well nigh to preclude the attainment of our Independence. Happily that limited and hazardous system soon gave room to one more enlightened and salutary. This may be attributed to the reiterated arguments, the open remonstrances and the confidential communications of the Commander in Chief; who, though not apt to despair of the Republic, on this occasion, expressed himself in terms of unusual despondency. He declared in his letters, that he found, to his utter astonishment and mortification, that no reliance could be placed on a great proportion of his present troops, and that, unless efficient measures for establishing a permanent force should be speedily pursued, we had every reason to fear the final ruin of our cause.

NEXT morning several parties of the enemy appeared upon the plains in our front. On receiving this intelligence,

gence, General Washington rode quickly to the outposts, for the purpose of preparing against an attack, if the enemy should advance with that design. Lieutenant Colonel Knowlton's Rangers (a fine selection from the eastern Regiments), who had been skirmishing with an advanced party, came in and informed the General that a body of British were under cover of a small eminence at no considerable distance. His Excellency, willing to raise our men from their dejection by the splendor of some little success, ordered Lieutenant Colonel Knowlton with his Rangers, and Major Leitch with three Companies of Weedon's Regiment of Virginians, to gain their rear; while appearances should be made of an attack in front. As soon as the enemy saw the party sent to decoy them, they ran precipitately down the hill, took possession of some fences and bushes, and commenced a brisk firing at long shot. Unfortunately Knowlton and Leitch made their onset rather in flank than in rear. The enemy changed their front, and the skirmish at once became close and warm. Major * Leitch having received three balls through his side was soon borne from the field, and Colonel Knowlton (who had distinguished himself so gallantly at the battle of Bunker-Hill) was mortally wounded immediately after. Their men, however, undaunted by these disasters, stimulated with the thirst of revenge for the loss of their leaders, and conscious of acting under the eye of the Commander in Chief, maintained the conflict with uncommon spirit and perseverance. But the General, seeing them in need of support, advanced

* Major Leitch, after languishing some days, died of a locked jaw.

advanced part of the Maryland Regiments of Griffith and Richardson, together with some detachments from such eastern Corps, as chanced to be most contiguous to the place of action. Our troops this day, without exception, behaved with the greatest intrepidity. So bravely did they repulse the British, that Sir William Howe moved his *Reserve* with two field pieces, a battalion of Hessian Grenadiers, and a company of Chasseurs to succor his retreating troops. General Washington, not willing to draw on a general action, declined pressing the pursuit. In this engagement were the second and third Battalions of Light Infantry, the forty-second British Regiment, and the German Chasseurs, of whom eight officers and upwards of seventy privates were wounded, and our people buried nearly twenty, who were left dead on the field. We had about forty wounded: our loss in killed, except of two valuable Officers, was very inconsiderable.

AN * advantage, so trivial in itself, produced, in event, a surprising and almost incredible effect upon the whole army.

* A transcript from General Washington's Public Orders of the seventeenth, will better than any other document that could be adduced, shew his sentiment on the conduct of the two preceding days, and how fervently he wished to foster the good dispositions discovered on the last.

" O R D E R S .

" Head Quarters, Harlem Heights, Sept. 17, 1776.

" Parole, Leitch.

Countersign, Virginia.

" The General most heartily thanks the troops commanded yesterday

army. Among the troops not engaged, who during the action were throwing earth from the new trenches, with an alacrity that indicated a determination to defend them, every visage was seen to brighten, and to assume, instead of the gloom of despair, the glow of animation. This change, no less sudden than happy, left little room to doubt that the men, who ran the day before at the sight of an enemy, would now (to wipe away the stain of that disgrace, and to recover the confidence of their General) have conducted themselves in a very different manner. Some alteration was made in the distribution of Corps to prevent the British from gaining either flank in the succeeding night. General Putnam, who commanded on the right, was directed in orders, in case the enemy should attempt to force the pass, to apply for a reinforcement to General Spencer, who commanded on the left.

GENERAL

yesterday by Major Leitch, who first advanced upon the enemy, and the others who so resolutely supported them. The behavior yesterday was such a contrast to that of some of the troops the day before, as must shew what may be done where Officers and Soldiers will exert themselves. Once more, therefore, the General calls upon Officers and Men, to act up to the noble cause in which they are engaged, and to support the *honor and liberties* of their Country."

"The gallant and brave Colonel Knowlton, who would have been an honor to any Country, having fallen yesterday, while gloriously fighting; Captain Brown is to take the Command of the party lately led by Colonel Knowlton. Officers and men are to obey him accordingly."

GENERAL PUTNAM, who was too good a husbandman himself, not to have a respect for the labors and improvements of others, strenuously seconded the views of the Commander in Chief in preventing the devastation of Farms, and the violation of private property. For under pretext that the property in this quarter belonged to friends to the British government (as indeed it mostly did) a spirit of rapine and licentiousness began to prevail, which, unless repressed in the beginning, foreboded, besides the subversion of discipline, the disgrace and defeat of our arms.

OUR new defences now becoming so strong as not to admit insult with impunity, and Sir William Howe, not choosing to place too much at risque in attacking us in front, on the 12th day of October, leaving Lord Piercy with one Hessian and two British Brigades in his lines at Harlem to cover New-York, embarked with the main body of his army with an intention of landing at *Frog's Neck*, situated near the town of West Chester, and little more than a league above the communication called Kingsbridge, which connects New-York Island with the main. There was nothing to oppose him; and he effected his debarkation by nine o'clock in the morning. The same policy of keeping our army as compact as possible; the same system of avoiding being forced to action; and the same precaution to prevent the interruption of supplies, reinforcements or retreat, that lately dictated the evacuation of New-York, now induced General Washington to move towards the strong grounds in the upper part of West Chester County.

ABOUT

ABOUT the same time, General Putnam was sent to the western side of the Hudson, to provide against an irruption into the Jerseys, and soon after to Philadelphia, to put that town into a posture of defence. Thither I attend him, without stooping to dilate on the subsequent incidents, that might swell a folio, though here compressed to a single paragraph: without attempting to give in detail, the skilful retrograde movements of our Commander in Chief, who after detaching a Garrison for Fort Washington, by pre-occupying with extemporaneous redoubts and entrenchments, the ridges from *Mile Square* to *White Plains*, and by folding one Brigade behind another, in rear of those ridges that run parallel with the *Sound*, brought off all his Artillery, Stores, and Sick, in the face of a superior foe: without commenting on the partial and equivocal battle fought near the last mentioned village, or the cause why the British, then in full force (for the last of the Hessian Infantry, and British Light-Horse, had just arrived) did not more seriously endeavor to induce a general engagement: without journalizing their military manœuvres in falling back to Kingsbridge, capturing Fort Washington, Fort Lee, and marching through the Jerseys: without enumerating the instances of rapine, murder, lust, and devastation, that marked their progress, and filled our bosoms with horror and indignation: without describing how a division of our dissolving army, with General Washington, was driven before them beyond the Delaware: without painting the naked and forlorn condition of these much injured men, amidst the rigors of an inclement season, and without even sketching the consternation that seized the States, at this perilous period, when General Lee

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(in leading from the North a small reinforcement to our troops) was himself taken prisoner by surprize; when every thing seemed decidedly declining to the last extremity, and when every prospect but served to augment the depression of despair—until the genius of one man, in one day, at a single stroke, wrested from the veteran Battalions of Britain and Germany the fruits acquired by the total operations of a successful campaign, and re-animated the expiring hope of a whole Nation, by the glorious enterprize at Trenton.

WHILE the hostile forces, rashly inflated with pride by a series of uninterrupted successes, and fondly dreaming that a period would soon be put to their labors by the completion of their conquests, had been pursuing the wretched remnants of a disbanded army to the banks of the Delaware: General Putnam was diligently employed in fortifying Philadelphia, the capture of which appeared indubitably to be their principle object. Here, by authority and example, he strove to conciliate contending factions, and to excite the citizens to uncommon efforts in defence of every thing interesting to Freemen. His personal industry was unparalleled. His * Orders with respect to extinguish-

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* As a specimen, the following is preserved:

“GENERAL ORDERS.

“Head Quarters, Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1776.

“Colonel Griffin is appointed Adjutant General to the troops in and about this city. All Orders from the General through him, either written or verbal, are to be strictly attended to and punctually obeyed. “In

ing accidental fires, advancing the public works, as well as in regard to other important objects were perfectly military and proper. But his health was, for a while, impaired by his unrelaxed exertions.

THE Commander in Chief, having in spite of all obstacles made good his retreat over the Delaware, wrote to General Putnam (from his Camp above the Falls of Trenton, on the very day he recrossed the river to surprise the Hessians) expressing his satisfaction at the re-establishment of that General's health, and informing, that, if he had not himself been well convinced before of the enemy's intention to possess themselves of Philadelphia, as soon as the frost should form ice strong enough to transport them and their artillery across the Delaware, he had now obtained an intercepted letter which placed the matter beyond a doubt. He added, that, if the citizens of Philadelphia had any regard for the town, not a moment's time was to be lost until it should be put in the best possible posture of defence; but least that should not be done, he directed the removal of

“ In case of an alarm of fire, the city guards and patrols are to suffer the inhabitants to pass unmolested at any hour of the night; and the good people of Philadelphia are earnestly requested and desired to give every assistance in their power, with engines and buckets, to extinguish the fire. And, as the Congress have ordered the City to be defended to the last extremity, the General hopes that no person will refuse to give every assistance possible to complete the Fortifications that are to be erected in and about the City.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.”

of all public stores, except provisions necessary for immediate use, to places of greater security. He queried whether, if a party of Militia could be sent from Philadelphia to support those in the Jerseys about Mount Holly, it would not serve to save them from submission? At the same time, he signified (as his opinion) the expediency of sending an active and influential Officer to inspire the people, to encourage them to assemble in arms, as well as to keep those already in arms from disbanding; and concluded by manifesting a wish that Colonel Forman, whom he desired to see for this purpose, might be employed on the service.

THE enemy had vainly, as incautiously imagined that to over-run was to conquer. They had even carried their presumption on our extreme weakness and expected submission, so far as to attempt covering the country, through which they had marched, with an extensive chain of Cantonments. That link, which the post at Trenton supplied, consisted of a Hessian brigade of Infantry, a Company of Chasseurs, a Squadron of Light Dragoons and six Field Pieces. At eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, General Washington, with twenty-four hundred men, came upon them (after they had paraded) took one thousand prisoners, and repassed the same day without loss to his encampment. As soon as the troops were recovered from their excessive fatigue, General Washington recrossed a second time to Trenton. On the second of January, Lord Cornwallis with the bulk of the British army advanced upon him, cannonaded his post, and offered him battle: but, the two armies being separated by

by the interposition of Trenton Creek, General Washington had it in his option to decline an engagement ; which he did for the sake of striking the masterly stroke that he then meditated. Having kindled frequent fires around his camp, posted faithful men to keep them burning, and advanced centinels whose fidelity might be relied upon, he decamped silently after dark, and, by a circuitous route, reached Princeton at nine o'clock the next morning. The noise of the firing, by which he killed and captured between five and six hundred of the British Brigade in that town, was the first notice Lord Cornwallis had of this stolen march. General Washington, the project successfully accomplished, instantly filed off for the mountainous grounds of Morris Town. Meanwhile his Lordship, who arrived by a forced march at Princeton, just as he had left it, finding the Americans could not be overtaken, proceeded without halting to Brunswick.

ON the fifth of January 1777, from Pluckemin, General Washington dispatched an account of this second success to General Putnam, and ordered him to move immediately with all his troops to Crosswicks, for the purpose of co-operating in recovering the Jerseys : an event which the present fortunate juncture (while the enemy were yet panic-struck) appeared to promise. The General cautioned him, however, if the enemy should still continue at Brunswick, to guard with great circumspection against a surprise : especially, as they, having recently suffered by two attacks, could scarcely avoid being edged with resentment to attempt retaliation. His Excellency farther advised him to give out his strength

strength to be twice as great as it was; to forward on all the baggage and scattering men belonging to the Division destined for Morris Town; to employ as many spies as he should think proper; to keep a number of horsemen, in the dress of the country, going constantly backwards and forwards on the same secret service; and lastly, if he should discover any intention or motion of the enemy that could be depended upon and might be of consequence, not to fail in conveying the intelligence as rapidly as possible by express to Head Quarters. Major General Putnam was directed soon after to take post at Princeton; where he continued until the spring. He had never with him more than a few hundred troops, though he was only at fifteen miles distance from the enemy's strong garrison of Brunswick. At one period, from a sudden diminution, occasioned by the tardiness of the militia, turning out to replace those whose time of service was expired, he had fewer men for duty than he had miles of frontier to guard. Nor was the Commander in Chief in a more eligible situation. It is true, that, while he had scarcely the semblance of an army, under the specious parade of a park of artillery, and the imposing appearance of his Head Quarters, established at Morris Town, he kept up in the eyes of his countrymen, as well as in the opinion of his enemy, the appearance of no contemptible force. Future generations will find difficulty in conceiving how a handful of new-levied Men and Militia, who were necessitated to be inoculated for the Small-Pox in the course of the winter, could be subdivided and posted so advantageously, as, effectually to protect the inhabitants, confine the enemy,

my, curtail their forage, and beat up their quarters, without sustaining a single disaster.

IN the battle of Princeton, Capt. M'Pherson, of the 17th British Regiment, a very worthy Scotchman, was desperately wounded in the lungs and left with the dead. Upon General Putnam's arrival there, he found him languishing in extreme distress, without a surgeon, without a single accommodation, and without a friend to solace the sinking spirit in the gloomy hour of death. He visited and immediately caused every possible comfort to be administered to him. Captain M'Pherson, who contrary to all appearances recovered, after having demonstrated to General Putnam the dignified sense of obligations which a generous mind wishes not to conceal, one day in familiar conversation demanded—"pray, Sir, what countryman are you?"—"An American," answered the latter,—“Not a Yankee?”—said the other. “A full-blooded one,” replied the General. “By G—d, I am sorry for that,” rejoined M'Pherson, “I did not think there could be so much goodness and generosity in an American, or, indeed in any body but a Scotchman.”

WHILE the recovery of Captain M'Pherson was doubtful, he desired that General Putnam would permit a friend in the British army at Brunswick to come and assist him in making HIS WILL. General Putnam, who had then only fifty men in his whole command, was sadly embarrassed by the proposition. On the one hand, he was not content that a British Officer should have an opportunity to spy out the weakness of his post,

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—on the other, it was scarcely in his nature to refuse complying with a dictate of humanity. He luckily bethought himself of an expedient, which he hastened to put in practice. A Flag of Truce was dispatched with Captain M'Pherson's request, but under an injunction not to return with his friend until after dark. In the evening, lights were placed in all the rooms of the College, and in every apartment of the vacant houses throughout the town. During the whole night, the fifty men, sometimes all together and sometimes in small detachments, were marched from different quarters by the house in which M'Pherson lay. Afterwards it was known, that the Officer who came on the visit at his return reported, that General Putnam's Army upon the most moderate calculation could not consist of less than four or five thousand men.

THIS winter's campaign (for our troops constantly kept the field after regaining a footing in the Jerseys) has never yet been faithfully and feelingly described. The sudden restoration of our cause from the very verge of ruin, was interwoven with such a tissue of inscrutable causes and extraordinary events, that, fearful of doing the subject greater injustice by a passing disquisition than a purposed silence, I leave it to the leisure of abler pens. The ill policy of the British doubtless contributed to accelerate this event. For the manner, impolitic as inhuman, in which they managed their temporary conquests, tended evidently to alienate the affections of their adherents, to confirm the wavering in an opposite interest, to rouse the supine into activity, to assemble the dispersed to the Standard of America, and
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to infuse a spirit of revolt into the minds of those men, who had from necessity submitted to their power. Their conduct in warring with fire and sword against the imbecility of youth and the decrepitude of age; against the Arts, the Sciences, the curious Inventions and the elegant improvements in civilized life; against the melancholy Widow, the miserable Orphan, the peaceable professor of humane Literature, and the sacred Minister of the Gospel, seemed to operate as powerfully, as if purposely intended to kindle the dormant spark of resistance into an inextinguishable flame. If we add, to the black catalogue of provocations already enumerated, their insatiable rapacity in plundering friends and foes indiscriminately; their libidinous brutality in violating the chastity of the female sex, their more than Gothic rage in defacing private Writings, public Records, Libraries of learning, Dwellings of individuals, Edifices for education and Temples of the Deity; together with their insufferable ferocity (unprecedented indeed among civilized nations) in murdering on the field of battle the wounded while begging for mercy, in causing their prisoners to famish with hunger and cold in Prisons and Prison-Ships, and in carrying their malice beyond death itself by denying the decent rites of sepulture to the dead,—we shall not be astonished that the Yeomanry in the two Jerseys, when the first glimmering of hope began to break in upon them, rose as one man, with the unalterable resolution to perish in the generous cause or expel their merciless invaders.

THE principal Officers, stationed at a variety of well-chosen, and at some, almost inaccessible positions, seemed

ed all to be actuated by the same soul, and only to vie with each other, in giving proofs of vigilance, enterprize and valor. From what has been said respecting the scantiness of our aggregate force, it will be concluded, that the number of men, under the orders of each, was indeed very small. But the uncommon alertness of the troops, who were incessantly hovering round the enemy in scouts, and the constant communication, they kept between the several stations most contiguous to each other (agreeably to the * Instructions of the General in Chief) together with their readiness in giving, and confidence of receiving such reciprocal aid, as the exigencies might require, served to supply the defect of force.

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* The annexed private Orders to Lord Stirling will shew, in a laconic and military manner, the system of service then pursued.

“ To Brigadier General Lord STIRLING.

“ MY LORD,

“ You are to repair to Baskenridge and take upon you the command of the troops now there, and such as may be sent to your care.

“ You are to endeavour, as much as possible, to harass and annoy the enemy, by keeping scouting parties constantly (or as frequently as possible) around their quarters.

“ As you will be in the neighbourhood of Generals Dickenson and Warner, I recommend it to you, to keep up a correspondence with them, and endeavour to regulate your parties by theirs, so as to have some constantly out.

“ Use every means in your power to obtain intelligence from the enemy; which may possibly be better effected by engaging
some

THIS manner of doing duty not only put our own posts beyond the reach of sudden insult, and surprize; but so exceedingly harrassed and intimidated the enemy, that foragers were seldom sent out by them, and never except in very large parties. General Dickenson, who commanded on General Putnam's left, discovered about the 20th of January, a foraging party consisting of about four hundred men, on the opposite side of the *Mill-Stone*, two miles from Somerset court-house. As the bridge was possessed and defended by three field pieces, so that it could not be passed; General Dickenson, at the head of four hundred militia, broke the ice, crossed the river (where the water was about three feet deep) resolutely attacked and totally defeated the foragers. Upon their abandoning the convoy, a few prisoners, forty waggons, and more than a hundred draft horses, with a considerable booty of cattle and sheep, fell into his hands.

NOR were our operations on General Putnam's right flank less fortunate. To give countenance to the numerous friends of the British Government in the county of Monmouth, appears to have been a principal motive

some of those people who have obtained *Protections* to go in, under pretence of asking advice, than by any other means.

"You will also use every means in your power to obtain and communicate the earliest accounts of the enemy's movements; and to assemble, in the speediest manner possible, your troops either for offence or defence.

GIVEN at Head Quarters,

the fourth day of February, 1777.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

tive with Sir William Howe, for stretching the chain of his cantonments (by his own * confession previously to his disaster) rather too far. After that chain became broken, as I have already related, by the blows at Trenton and Princeton, he was obliged to collect during the rest of the winter, the useless remains in his barracks at Brunswick. In the meantime General Putnam was much more successful in his attempt to protect our dispersed and dispirited friends in the same district; who, environed on every side by envenomed adversaries remained inseparably rivetted in affection to American Independence. He first detached Colonel Gurney

* Extract of a letter from General Sir William Howe, to Lord George Germaine, dated New-York, December 20, 1776.

Having mentioned the fruitless attempt of Lord Cornwallis to find boats at Corryel's ferry to pass the Delaware—he proceeds thus:

“ The passage of the Delaware being thus rendered impracticable, his Lordship took post at Pennington, in which place and Trenton the two divisions remained until the fourteenth, when the weather having become too severe to keep the field, and the winter cantonments being arranged, the troops marched from both places to their respective stations. *The chain, I own, is rather too extensive*, but I was induced to occupy Burlington to cover the County of Monmouth, in which there are many loyal inhabitants; and trusting to the almost general submission of the Country to the southward of this chain, and to the strength of the Corps placed in the advanced posts, I conclude the troops will be in perfect security.”

Gurney, and afterwards Major * Davis, with such parties of militia as could be spared, for their support. Several skirmishes ensued, in which our people had always the advantage. They took, at different times, many prisoners, horses and waggons from foraging parties. In effect so well did they cover the country, as to induce some of the most respectable inhabitants to declare, that the security of the persons, as well as the salvation of the property of many friends to freedom, was owing to the spirited exertions of these two detachments: who at the same time that they rescued the country from the tyranny of Tories, afforded an opportunity for the militia to recover from their consternation, to embody themselves in warlike array and to stand on their defence.

DURING

* As there happened to be in my possession a copy of one of his letters to those Officers, it was thought worthy of insertion here, in order to demonstrate his satisfaction with their conduct.

“ To Major John Davis, of the third Battalion of Cumberland County Militia.

“ S I R,

“ I am much obliged to you for your activity, vigor and diligence since you have been under my command: you will, therefore, march your men to Philadelphia, and there discharge them; returning into the store all the ammunition, arms and accoutrements, you received at that place.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Princeton February 5th, 1777.

DURING this period General Putnam having received unquestionable intelligence, that a party of Refugees in British pay had taken post, and were erecting a kind of Redoubt at Lawrence's Neck, sent Colonel Nelson with one hundred and fifty militia to surprize them. That officer conducted with so much secrecy and decision as to take the whole prisoners. These * Refugees commanded by Major Stockton, belonging to Skinner's Brigade and amounted to sixty in number.

A SHORT time after this event, Lord Cornwallis sent out another foraging party towards Bound-Brook. General Putnam, having received notice from his emissaries, detached Major Smith with a few Riflemen to annoy the party and followed himself with the rest of his force. Before he could come up, Major Smith, who had formed an ambush, attacked the enemy, killed several horses, took a few prisoners and sixteen baggage-waggons, without sustaining any injury. By such operations, our hero, in the course of the winter, captured nearly a thousand prisoners.

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* Extract of a Letter from General Putnam to the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania, dated at Princeton, February 18th, 1777.

"Yesterday evening Colonel Nelson, with a hundred and fifty men, at Lawrence's Neck, attacked sixty men of Scotland Skinner's Brigade, commanded by the enemy's RENOWNED LAND PILOT *Major Richard Stockton*, routed them and took the whole prisoners—among them the Major, a Captain and three Subalterns, with seventy stand of Arms. "Fifty of the Bedford Pennsylvania Riflemen behaved like veterans."

IN the latter part of February General Washington advised General Putnam, that, in consequence of a large accession of strength from New-York to the British army at Brunswick, it was to be apprehended they would soon make a forward movement towards the Delaware : in which case the latter was directed to cross the river with his actual force, to assume the command of the Militia who might assemble, to secure the boats on the west side of the Delaware and to facilitate the passage of the rest of the army. But the enemy did not remove from their winter-quarters until the season arrived when green forage could be supplied. In the intermediate period, the correspondence on the part of General Putnam with the Commander in Chief consisted principally of reports and enquiries concerning the treatment of some of the following descriptions of persons : either of those who came within our lines with flags and pretended flags, or who had taken protection from the enemy, or who had been reputed disaffected to our cause, or who were designed to be comprehended in the American Proclamation, which required that those who had taken protections should give them to the nearest American Officer, or go within the British lines. The letters of his Excellency in return, generally advisory, were indicative of confidence and approbation.

WHEN the Spring had now so far advanced that it was obvious the enemy would soon take the field ; the Commander in Chief, after desiring General Putnam to give the officers who was to relieve him at Princeton all the information necessary for the conduct of that post, appointed

appointed that General to the command of a separate Army in the Highlands of New-York.

It is scarcely decided, from any documents yet published, whether the preposterous plans prosecuted by the British Generals in the Campaign of 1777, were altogether the result of their Orders from home, or whether they partially originated from the contingences of the moment. The system, which, at the time, tended to puzzle all human conjecture, when developed served, also, to contradict all reasonable calculation. Certain it is, the American Commander in Chief, was for a considerable time so perplexed with contradictory appearances, that he knew not how to distribute his troops, with his usual discernment, so as to oppose the enemy with equal prospect of success in different parts. The gathering tempests menaced the northern Frontiers, the posts in the Highlands and the City of Philadelphia: but it was still doubtful where the fury of the storm would fall. At one time Sir William Howe was forcing his way by land to Philadelphia, at another relinquishing the Jerseys, at a third facing round to make a sudden inroad, then embarking with all the forces that could be spared from New-York, and then putting out to sea—at the very moment when General Burgoyne had reduced Ticonderoga, and seemed to require a co-operation in another quarter.

ON our side, we have seen that the old Continental Army expired with the year 1776: since which, invention had been tortured with expedients and zeal with efforts to levy another. For on the success of the recruiting

cruiting service depended the salvation of the country. The success was such as not to puff us up to presumption, or depress us to despair. The army in the Jerseys, under the orders of the General in Chief, consisted of all the troops raised south of the Hudson: that in the northern department, of the New-Hampshire Brigade two Brigades, of Massachusetts, and the Brigade of New-York, together with some irregular Corps: and that in the Highlands of the remaining two Brigades of Massachusetts, the Connecticut Line consisting of two Brigades, the Brigade of Rhode-Island and one Regiment of New-York. Upon hearing of the loss of Ticonderoga, and the progress of the British towards Albany, General Washington ordered the northern army to be reinforced with the two Brigades of Massachusetts then in the Highlands—and, upon finding the army under his immediate command out-numbered by that of Sir William Howe, which had by the circuitous route of the Chesapeake invaded Pennsylvania, he also called from the Highlands one of the Connecticut Brigades and that of Rhode-Island to his own assistance.

IN the neighbourhood of General Putnam there was no enemy capable of exciting alarms. The army left at New-York seemed only designed for its defence. In it were several entire Corps, composed of Tories who had flocked to the British standard. There was, besides, a band of lurking miscreants, not properly enrolled, who staid chiefly at West Chester: from whence they infested the Country between the two armies, pillaged the cattle and carried off the peaceable inhabitants. It was an unworthy policy in British Generals to patronize Banditti.

Banditti. The Whig inhabitants on the edge of our lines, and still lower down, who had been plundered in a merciless manner, delayed not to strip the Tories in return. People, most nearly connected and allied, frequently became most exasperated and inveterate in malice. Then the ties of fellowship were broken—then, friendship itself being soured to enmity, the mind readily gave way to private revenge, uncontrolled retaliation and all the deforming passions that disgrace humanity. Enormities, almost without a name, were perpetrated—at the description of which, the bosom, not frozen to apathy, must glow with a mixture of pity and indignation. To prevent the predatory incursions from below and to cover the County of West Chester, General Putnam detached from his Head-Quarters, at Peek-Kill, Meigs's Regiment, which in the course of the Campaign struck several partizan strokes and atchieved the objects for which it was sent. He likewise took measures, without noise or ostentation, to secure himself from being surprised and carried within the British lines by the Tories, who had formed a plan for the purpose. The information of this intended enterprize, conveyed to him through several channels, was corroborated by that obtained and transmitted by the Commander in Chief.

It was not wonderful that many of these Tories were able, undiscovered, to penetrate far into the country and even to go with letters or messages from one British Army to another. The inhabitants, who were well affected to the royal cause, afforded them every possible support, and their own knowledge of the different routes gave them a farther facility in performing their peregrina-

tions. Sometimes the most active Loyalists (as the Tories wished to denominate themselves) who had gone into the British Posts and received promises of Commissions upon enlisting a certain number of Soldiers, came back again secretly with Recruiting Instructions. Sometimes these and others who came from the enemy within the verge of our Camps, were detected and condemned to death in conformity to the usages of war. But the British Generals, who had an unlimited supply of money at their command, were able to pay with so much liberality, that emissaries could always be found. Still, it is thought that the intelligence of the American Commanders, was, at least, equally accurate; notwithstanding the poverty of their military chest, and the inability of rewarding mercenary agents, for secret services, in proportion to their risque and merit.

A PERSON by the name of Palmer, who was a Lieutenant in the Tory new Levies, was detected in the Camp at Peek's-Kill. Governor Tryon, who commanded the new Levies, reclaimed him as a British Officer, represented the heinous crime of condemning a man commissioned by his Majesty, and threatened vengeance in case he should be executed. General Putnam wrote the following pithy reply.

“ S I R,

“ NATHAN PALMER, a Lieutenant in your King's
“ service, was taken in my Camp as a *Spy*—he was
“ tried

" tried as a *Spy*—he was condemned as a *Spy*—and you
" may rest assured, Sir, he shall be hanged as a *Spy*."

I have the honor to be, &c.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

" *His Excellency Governor Tryon.*"

" P. S. Afternoon.

" He is hanged."

IMPORTANT transactions soon occurred. Not long after the two Brigades had marched from Peek's-Kill to Pennsylvania, a reinforcement arrived at New-York from Europe. Appearances indicated that offensive operations would follow. General Putnam, having been reduced in force to a single Brigade in the field, and a single Regiment in garrison at Fort Montgomery, repeatedly informed the Commander in Chief that the posts committed to his charge must in all probability be lost, in case an attempt should be made upon them; and that, circumstanced as he was, he could not be responsible for the consequences. His situation was certainly to be lamented, but it was not in the power of the Commander in Chief to alter it, except by authorising him to call upon the Militia for aid—an aid always precarious; and often so tardy, as when obtained to be of no utility.

On the fifth of October, Sir Henry Clinton came up the North River with three thousand men. After making many feints to mislead the attention, he landed, the next morning, at Stony Point, and commenced his march
over

over the mountains to Fort Montgomery. Governor Clinton, an active, resolute and intelligent officer, who commanded the Garrison, upon being apprised of the movement, dispatched a letter by express to General Putnam for succor. By the treachery of the messenger the letter miscarried. General Putnam, astonished at hearing nothing respecting the enemy, rode, with General Parsons and Colonel Root his Adjutant General, to reconnoitre them at King's Ferry. In the mean time, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Henry Clinton's columns, having surmounted the obstacles and barriers of nature, descended from the Thunder-Hill, through thickets impassable but for light troops and * attacked the different

* The Author of these Memoirs, then Major of Brigade to the first Connecticut Brigade, was alone at Head-Quarters when the firing began. He hastened to Colonel Wyllys, the senior officer in camp, and advised him to dispatch all the men not on duty to Fort Montgomery, without waiting for orders. About five hundred men marched instantly under Colonel Meigs; and the author, with Doctor Beardley, a Surgeon in the Brigade, rode at full speed through a bye-path, to let the garrison know, that a reinforcement was on its march. Notwithstanding all the haste these officers made to and over the river, the Fort was so completely invested, on their arrival, that it was impossible to enter. They went on board the new Frigate, which lay near the fortress, and had the misfortune to be idle, though not unconcerned, spectators of the storm. They saw the minutest actions distinctly when the works were carried. The Frigate, after receiving several platoons, slipped her cable and proceeded a little way up the river: but the wind and tide becoming

ent redoubts. The garrison, inspired by the conduct of their leaders, defended the works with distinguished valor. But, as the post had been designed principally to prevent the passing of ships, and as an assault in rear had not been expected, the works on the land side were incomplete and untenable. In the dusk of twilight the British entered with their bayonets fixed. Their loss was inconsiderable. Nor was that of the garrison great. Governor Clinton, his brother General James Clinton, Colonel Dubois, and most of the officers and men effected their escape under cover of the thick smoke and darkness that suddenly prevailed. The capture of this fort by Sir Henry Clinton, together with the consequent removal of the chains and booms that obstructed the navigation, opened a passage to Albany, and seemed to favor a junction of his force with that of General Burgoyne. But the latter having been compelled to capitulate a few days after this event, and great numbers of Militia having arrived from New-England, the successful army returned to New-York—yet not before a detachment from it, under the Orders of General Vaughan,

becoming adverse, the crew set her on fire, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, whose ships were approaching.---The lowering darkness of the night, the profound stillness that reigned, the interrupted flashes of the flames that illuminated the waters, the long shadows of the cliffs that now and then were seen, the explosion of the cannon which were left loaded in the ship, and the reverberating echo which resounded, at intervals, between the stupendous mountains on both sides of the river, composed an awful night-piece, for persons prepared (by the preceding scene) to contemplate subjects of horrid sublimity.

Vaughan, had burnt the defenceless town of Esopus, and several scattering buildings on the banks of the river.

NOTWITHSTANDING the army in the Highlands had been so much weakened (for the sake of strengthening the armies in other quarters) as to have occasioned the loss of Fort Montgomery, yet that loss was productive of no consequences. Our main army in Pennsylvania, after having contended with superior force in two indecisive battles, still held the enemy in check. While the splendid success, which attended our arms at the Northward, gave a more favorable aspect to the American affairs, at the close of this campaign, than they had ever before assumed.

WHEN the enemy fell back to New-York by water, we followed them a part of the way by land. Colonel Meigs, with a detachment from the several Regiments in General Parsons's Brigade, having made a forced march from Crompond to West-Chester, surprised and broke up for a time the band of freebooters, of whom he brought off fifty, together with many Cattle and Horses which they had recently stolen.

SOON after this enterprize, General Putnam advanced towards the British lines. As he had received intelligence that small bodies of the enemy were out with orders from Governor Tryon to burn Wright's Mills, he prevented it by detaching three parties of one hundred men in each. One of these parties fell in with and captured thirty-five, and another forty of the New Levies. But as he could not prevent a third hostile party
from

from burning the house of Mr. Van Tassel, a noted Whig and a Committee man, who was forced to go along with them, naked and barefoot, on the icy ground, in a freezing night: he, for the professed purpose of retaliation, sent Captain Buchanan, in a Whale-boat, to burn the house of General Oliver Delancey on York Island. Buchanan effected his object, and by this expedition put a period for the present to that unmeaning and wanton species of destruction.

WHILE General Putnam quartered at New-Rochel, a scouting party which had been sent to West Farms, below West-Chester, surrounded the house in which Colonel James Delancey lodged, and, notwithstanding he crept under the bed the better to be concealed, brought him to Head-Quarters before morning. This Officer was exchanged by the British General without delay, and placed at the head of the Cow-Boys, a licentious Corps of irregulars, who, in the sequel, committed unheard-of depredations and excesses.

It was distressing to see so beautiful a part of the country so barbarously wasted; and, often to witness some peculiar scene of female misery. For most of the female inhabitants had been obliged to fly within the lines possessed by one army or the other. Near our quarters was an affecting instance of human vicissitude. Mr. William Sutton of Maroneck, an inoffensive man, a merchant by profession, who lived in a decent fashion, and whose family had as happy prospects as almost any in the country, upon some imputation of Toryism went to the enemy. His wife, oppressed with grief in the disagreeable

disagreeable state of dereliction, did not long survive. Betsey Sutton, their eldest daughter, was a modest and lovely young woman, of about fifteen years old, when at the death of her mother, the care of five or six younger children devolved upon her. She was discreet and provident beyond her years. But when we saw her, she looked to be feeble in health—broken in spirit—wan, melancholy, and dejected. She said “that their last cow, which furnished milk for the children, had lately been taken away—that they had frequently been plundered of their wearing apparel and furniture, she believed, by both parties—that they had little more to lose—and that she knew not where to procure bread for the dear little ones, who had no father to provide for them”—*no mother*—she was going to have said—but a torrent of tears choked articulation. In coming to that part of the country, again, after some campaigns had elapsed, I found the habitation desolate and the garden overgrown with weeds. Upon enquiry, I learnt, that, as soon as we left the place, some ruffians broke into the house, while she lay in bed, in the latter part of the night: and that, having been terrified by their rudeness, she ran half-naked into a neighbouring swamp, where she continued until the morning—there the poor girl caught a violent cold, which ended in a consumption. It finished a life without a spot—and a career of sufferings commenced and continued without a fault.

SIGHTS of wretchedness always touched with commiseration the feelings of General Putnam, and prompted his generous soul to succor the afflicted. But the indulgence,

indulgence, which he shewed (whenever it did not militate against his duty) towards the deserted and suffering families of the Tories in the State of New-York, was the cause of his becoming unpopular with no inconsiderable class of people in that State. On the other side, he had conceived an unconquerable aversion to many of the persons, who were entrusted with the disposal of Tory-property, because he believed them to have been guilty of peculations and other infamous practices. But, although the enmity between him and the Sequestrators was acrimonious as mutual; yet he lived in habits of amity with the most respectable characters in public departments, as well as in private life.

His character was also respected by the enemy. He had been acquainted with many of the principal Officers in a former war. As flags frequently passed between the out-posts, during his continuance on the lines, it was a common practice to forward News-Papers by them; and as those printed by Rivington, the Royal Printer in New-York, were infamous for the falsehoods with which they abounded, General Putnam once sent a Packet to his old friend General Robertson with this Billet: "Major General Putnam presents his Compliments to Major General, Robertson and sends him some American News-Papers for his perusal—when General Robertson shall have done with them, it is requested they be given to Rivington, in order that he may print some truth."

LATE in the year we left the lines and repaired to the Highlands. For upon the loss of fort Montgomery,

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the Commander in Chief determined to build another fortification for the defence of the river. His Excellency, accordingly, wrote to General Putnam to fix upon the spot. After reconnoitering all the different places proposed, and revolving in his own mind their relative advantages for offence on the water and defence on the land, he fixed upon WEST POINT. It is no vulgar praise to say, that to him belongs the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation. The position for water batteries, which might sweep the channel where the river formed a right angle, made it the most proper of any for commanding the navigation; while the rocky ridges, that rose in awful sublimity behind each other, rendered it impregnable, and even incapable of being invested by less than twenty thousand men. The British, who considered this post as a sort of American Gibraltar, never attempted it but by the treachery of an American officer. All the world knows that this project failed, and that West Point continues to be the receptacle of every thing valuable in military preparations to the present day.

In the month of January, 1778, when a snow two feet deep lay on the earth, General Parsons's Brigade went to West Point and broke ground. Want of covering for the troops, together with want of tools and materials for the works, made the prospect truly gloomy and discouraging. It was necessary that means should be found, though our currency was depreciated and our treasury exhausted. The estimates and requisitions of Colonel la Radiere, the Engineer who laid out the works, altogether disproportioned to our circumstances,

stances, served only to put us in mind of our poverty, and, as it were, to satirize our resources. His petulant behavior and unaccommodating disposition added further embarrassments. It was then that the patriotism of Governor Clinton shone in full lustre. His exertions to furnish supplies can never be too much commended. His influence, arising from his popularity, was unlimited: yet he hesitated not to put all his popularity at risque, whenever the federal interests demanded. Notwithstanding the impediments that opposed our progress, with his aid, before the opening of the campaign, the works were in great forwardness.

ACCORDING to a resolution of Congress, an enquiry was to be made into the causes of military disasters. Major General M'Dougall, Brigadier General Huntington and Colonel Wigglesworth composed the Court of Enquiry on the loss of Fort Montgomery. Upon full knowledge and mature deliberation of facts on the spot, they reported the loss to have been occasioned by want of men, and not by any fault in the Commanders.

GENERAL Putnam, who during the investigation, was relieved from duty, as soon as Congress had approved the Report, took command of the right Wing of the Grand Army, under the Orders of the General in Chief. This was just after the Battle of Monmouth, when the three armies which had, last year, acted separately, joined at the White Plains. Our effective force, in one camp, was at no other time so respectable as at this juncture. The army consisted of sixty regular Regiments of foot formed into fifteen Brigades, four Battalions

talions of Artillery, four Regiments of Horse and several Corps of State Troops. But as the enemy kept close within their Lines on York-Island, nothing could be attempted. Towards the end of Autumn, we broke up the Camp, and went first to Fredericksburg, and thence to winter quarters.

IN order to cover the country adjoining to the *Sound*, and to support the garrison of *West Point*, in case of an attack, Major General Putnam was stationed for the winter at Reading in Connecticut. He had under his Orders the Brigade of New-Hampshire, the two Brigades of Connecticut, the Corps of Infantry commanded by Hazen, and that of Cavalry by Sheldon.

THE troops, who had been badly fed, badly cloathed, and worse paid, by brooding over their grievances in the leisure and inactivity of winter-quarters, began to think them intolerable. The Connecticut Brigades formed the design of marching to Hartford, where the General Assembly was then in Session, and of demanding redress at the point of the bayonet. Word having been brought to General Putnam, that the second Brigade was under arms for this purpose, he mounted his horse, galloped to the Cantonment and thus addressed them :

“ My brave lads, whither are you going ? Do you intend to desert your Officers, and to invite the enemy to follow you into the country ? Whose cause have you been fighting and suffering so long in, is it not your own ? Have you no property, no parents, wives or children ? You have behaved like men so far—

“ all the world is full of your praises—and posterity
“ will

“ will stand astonished at your deeds : but not if you
“ spoil all at last. Don’t you consider how much the
“ country is distressed by the war, and that your officers
“ have not been any better paid than yourselves ? But
“ we all expect better times, and that the Country will
“ do us ample justice. Let us all stand by one another
“ then, and fight it out like brave Soldiers. Think
“ what a shame it would be for Connecticut-men to
“ run away from their Officers.”—After the several
Regiments had received the General as he rode along
the line *with drums beating and presented arms* ; the Ser-
geants, who had then the command, brought the men to
an Order, in which position they continued while he was
speaking. When he had done, he directed the acting
Major of Brigade to give the word for them to shoulder,
march to their Regimental parades and lodge arms.
All which they executed with promptitude and appa-
rent good humor. One Soldier only, who had been
the most active, was confined in the quarter-guard :
from whence, at night, he attempted to make his escape.
But the centinel, who had also been in the mutiny, shot
him dead on the spot, and thus the affair subsided.

ABOUT the middle of winter, while General Putnam
was on a visit to his out-post at Horse-Neck, he found
Governor Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps
of fifteen hundred men—to oppose these, General Put-
nam had only a Picquet of one hundred and fifty men,
and two iron field pieces without horses or drag-ropes.
He, however, planted his cannon on the high ground
by the meeting-house, and retarded their reproach by
firing several times, until, perceiving the horse (sup-
ported

ported by the infantry) about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their safety by retiring to a swamp inaccessible to horse; and secured his own by plunging down the steep precipice at the church upon a full trot. This precipice is so steep, where he descended, as to have artificial stairs composed of nearly one hundred stone-steps for the accommodation of foot passengers. There the Dragoons, who were but a sword's length from him, stopped short. For the declivity was so abrupt that they ventured not to follow: and, before they could gain the valley by going round the brow of the hill in the ordinary road, he was far enough beyond their reach. He continued his route unmolested to Stanford, from whence, having strengthened his picquet by the junction of some militia, he came back again, and in turn, pursued Governor Tryon in his retreat. As he rode down the precipice, one ball, of the many fired at him, went through his beaver. But Governor Tryon, by way of compensation for spoiling his hat, sent him soon afterwards, as a present, a complete suit of cloaths.

IN the Campaign of 1779, which terminated the career of General Putnam's services, he commanded the Maryland line posted at Butter-milk falls, about two miles below West Point. He was happy in possessing the friendship of the officers of that line, and in living on terms of hospitality with them. Indeed there was no family in the army that lived better than his own. The General, his second son Major Daniel Putnam, and the writer of these Memoirs composed that family. This campaign, principally spent in strengthening the works
of

of West Point, was only signalised for the storm of Stony Point by the Light Infantry under the conduct of General Wayne, and the surprise of the post of Powles Hook by the Corps under the command of Colonel Henry Lee. When the army quitted the field and marched to Morris Town into winter-quarters, General Putnam's family went into Connecticut for a few weeks. In December, the General began his journey to Morris Town. Upon the road between Pomfret and Hartford he felt an unusual torpor slowly pervading his right hand and foot. This heaviness crept gradually on, and until it had deprived him of the use of his limbs on that side, in a considerable degree, before he reached the house of his friend Colonel Wadsworth. Still he was unwilling to consider his disorder of the paralytic kind, and endeavoured to shake it off by exertion. Having found that impossible, a temporary dejection, disguised however under a veil of assumed cheerfulness, succeeded. But reason, philosophy, and religion, soon reconciled him to his fate. In that situation he has constantly remained, favored with such a portion of bodily activity as enables him to walk and to ride moderately; and retaining unimpaired his relish for enjoyment, his love of pleasantries, his strength of memory, and all the faculties of his mind. As a proof that the powers of memory are not weakened, it ought to be observed, that he has lately repeated from recollection all the adventures of his life, which are here recorded, and which had formerly been communicated to the compiler in detached conversations.

In patient yet fearless expectation of the approach of

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THE KING OF TERRORS, whom he hath full often faced in the field of blood, the Christian hero now enjoys in domestic retirement the fruit of his early industry. Having in youth provided a competent subsistence for old age, he was secured from the danger of penury and distress, to which, so many Officers and Soldiers worn out in the public service have been reduced. To illustrate his merits the more fully, this Essay will be concluded with a copy of the last letter written to him, by General Washington, in his military character,

Head-Quarters, 2d June, 1783.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Your favor of the 20th of May I received with
 “ much pleasure. For I can assure you that among
 “ the many worthy and meritorious Officers, with whom
 “ I have had the happiness to be connected in service
 “ through the course of this war, and from whose
 “ cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, *the name of a PUTNAM*
 “ *is not forgotten*: nor will be, but with that stroke of
 “ time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues, through
 “ which we have struggled for the preservation and
 “ establishment of the *Rights, Liberties and Independence* of our Country.

“ YOUR congratulations on the happy prospects of
 “ Peace and Independent security, with their attendant
 “ blessings to the UNITED STATES, I receive with great
 “ satisfaction; and beg that you will accept a return
 “ of my gratulations to you on this auspicious event—

“ an

“ an event, in which, great as it is in itself and glorious
 “ as it will probably be in its consequences, you have
 “ a right to participate largely, from the distinguished
 “ part you have contributed towards its attainment.

“ BUT while I contemplate the greatness of the ob-
 “ ject for which we have contended, and felicitate you
 “ on the happy issue of our toils and labors, which
 “ have terminated with such general satisfaction ; I la-
 “ ment that you should feel the ungrateful returns of a
 “ Country, in whose service you have exhausted your
 “ bodily strength, and expended the vigor of a youth-
 “ ful constitution. I wish however, that your expec-
 “ tations of returning liberality may be verified. I
 “ have a hope, they may :—but should they not, your
 “ case will not be a singular one. *Ingratitude has been*
 “ *experienced in all ages, and REPUBLICS in particular,*
 “ *have ever been famed for the exercise of that unnatural,*
 “ *and SORDID VICE.*

“ THE SECRETARY AT WAR, who is now here, in-
 “ forms me that you have ever been considered as en-
 “ titled to full pay, since your absence from the field ;
 “ and that you will still be considered in that light un-
 “ til the close of the war : at which period you will be
 “ equally entitled to the same emoluments of half-pay or
 “ commutation, as other officers of your rank. The
 “ same opinion is also given by the Pay Master Gene-
 “ ral, who is now with the army, empowered by Mr.
 “ Morris for the settlement of all their accounts, and
 “ who will attend to your's whenever you shall think

T t

“ proper

“ proper to send on for the purpose; which it will probably be best for you to do in a short time.

“ I ANTICIPATE, with pleasure, the day (and that I trust not far off) when I shall quit the busy scenes of a military employment, and retire to the more tranquil walks of domestic life. In that, or whatever other situation Providence may dispose of my future days, THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANY FRIENDSHIPS AND CONNECTIONS I HAVE HAD THE HAPPINESS TO CONTRACT WITH THE GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY, WILL BE ONE OF MY MOST GRATEFUL REFLECTIONS. *Under this contemplation, and impressed with the sentiments of benevolence and regard, I commend you, my dear Sir, my other friends, and, with them, the interests and happiness of our dear Country to the* KEEPING AND PROTECTION OF ALMIGHTY GOD.”

I have the honor to be, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To the Honorable

Major General Putnam.

GENERAL PUTNAM died the 29th of May, 1790.

A N
O R A T I O N,
O N

The Political Situation of the UNITED STATES
of AMERICA, in the Year 1789.

Pronounced before the State Society of the CINCINNATI
of CONNECTICUT, at NEW-HAVEN, in Celebration
of the Thirteenth Anniversary of Independence.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

ORATION

SINCE the year Anniversary of Independence, my
dear fellow citizens, we have been witness to
the complete establishment of a new national government.
On an event of such consequence, it is fitting
that we should pause to reflect on the progress of
the new government, and to consider the future of
the country. It is a privilege to stand before you
on this day, and to share with you the joy and
pride of this great occasion. The new government
has been established on a firm and solid basis,
and it is our duty to support it with our
loyalty and our resources. We must not allow
ourselves to be divided by party or by sect,
but must stand united in our support of the
new government. It is our hope that the
new government will bring about a period of
peace and prosperity for our country, and
that it will be able to meet the challenges
of the future with courage and determination.
I am sure that you will all agree with me
in this, and that you will all do your best
to support the new government. Thank you very
much for your attention, and may God bless
our country and our people.



At the commencement of the year with Great
Britain.

A N
O R A T I O N.

SINCE the last Anniversary of Independence, my dear fellow-citizens! we have been witnesses to the complete establishment of a new general government. On an event of such magnitude, the voice of congratulation has already been heard from one extreme of our land to the other. But as our felicitations can never be more grateful than at the time, when we are convened to commemorate the birth of our nation; it may perhaps be expected, from the task I am called upon to perform this day, that I should be the organ for expressing the part we bear in this universal joy. I feel a confidence, from the sensations of my own heart, that every bosom in this assembly beats high at the thought of our country's happiness. Even the ardent eyes and the animated countenances of all who compose it, attest how sincerely they rejoice in the prospect before them. But, in the midst of our rejoicings, we ought to remember, that no occasion can be more suitable than the present, for employing our reflections on our political situation. I will therefore hope for your indulgence, while I make a few observations on the American Revolution: on the necessity which afterwards appeared for establishing a general government of more energy than the original confederation: on the nature of the government which has lately been carried into effect: and on the national prosperity which we may reasonably expect will result from the faithful administration of that government.

AT the commencement of the late war with Great
Britain,

Britain, when we thought ourselves justifiable in resisting to blood, it was known to those best acquainted with the different conditions of the combatants, and the probable cost of the prize in dispute, that the expence, in comparison with our circumstances as colonists, must be enormous—the struggle protracted, doubtful and severe. It was known that the resources of Britain were almost inexhaustible, that her fleets covered the ocean, and that her troops had harvested laurels in every quarter of the globe. Not then organised as a nation, or known as a people on the earth, we had no preparations. Money, the nerve of war, was wanting. The sword was to be forged on the anvil of necessity: the treasury to be created from nothing. If we had a resource, unknown to our enemy, it was in the unconquerable resolution of our citizens, the conscious rectitude of our cause, and a confident trust that we should not be forsaken by Heaven. The people willingly offered themselves to the battle; but the means of arming, clothing and subsisting them; as well as of providing the general implements of hostility were only to be found in anticipations of our future wealth. Bills of credit were emitted: monies borrowed for the most pressing emergencies: and our men in the field unpaid for their services. At this time the magnanimous monarch of France reached a fostering hand to assist in rescuing us from ruin. In this manner, peace, attended with every circumstance that could gratify our reasonable desires, was at length obtained. But a load of debt was left upon us. The fluctuation of our paper currency, and the consequent frequency of speculation in it, had, in too many instances, occasioned vague ideas of property,

ty, produced licentious appetites, and corrupted the morals of men. To these immediate consequences of a fluctuating medium of commerce, may be joined a tide of circumstances, that flowed together from sources mostly opened during and after the war. The ravage of farms, the conflagration of towns, the diminution of agriculture, the extinction of trade, the embarrassment of some who were indebted to British merchants before the war, the privation in all (during its continuance) of many conveniences of life, the subsequent influx of merchandize, the tempting facility of procuring it without present payment, the growing taste for extravagance, and the habit—too soon acquired!—of deferring or eluding satisfaction for just obligations, now began to overwhelm the continent with private distress, bankruptcy and breach of faith.

FROM this period also our public affairs were seen to decline. I will ask your attention for a moment, while I speak of the unsatisfactory part of our old confederation, and the necessity that became apparent for instituting a different form of government. It is not a subject of wonder that the first project of a federal government, formed on the defective models of some foreign confederacies, in the midst of a war, before we had much experience in political affairs; and while, from the concurrence of external danger, and the patriotic impulse of the moment, implicit obedience was yielded to the requisitions of an Advisory Council, should have been imperfect. Our astonishment ought rather to be excited, that, feeble and inefficient as the government was, it not only carried us in safety through the war,
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but kept us from severance until another could be substituted. By the original confederation, the right to make demands on the several states for such pecuniary supplies as might be necessary for defraying the expenses of the war, and for supporting the government of the Union, together with some other specific prerogatives of sovereignty, were committed to Congress. But Congress, constituted in most respects as a diplomatic body, possessed no power of carrying into execution a single resolution, however urgently dictated by prudence, policy, or justice. The individual communities, knowing there existed no power of coercion, treated with neglect, whenever it suited their convenience or caprice, the most salutary measures and the most indispensable requisitions of Congress. Experience taught us, that the powers given by the members of the union to their federal head, were not sufficient to enable it to accomplish the purposes for which the body politic had been formed. We now touched on the hour of humiliation. The confederacy was found to be a government in name, rather than in reality. Hence the interest due on our public debts remained unpaid. Hence many a veteran was reduced to unmerited distress. Hence we were continually liable on our own part to have infractions made upon treaties, which were equally honorable, advantageous and sacred. Hence we were in danger of having our faith become as proverbial as that of Carthage, and our name the scorn of the earth. Hence there was a nation, which, in some measure, excluded our vessels from its ports, burdened our commerce with intolerable impositions, introduced its ships into our carrying trade, and, because we were destitute of a retaliating

ating power, refused to enter into a commercial treaty with us. With a debt accumulating from the necessity of obtaining repeated loans; with a credit much impaired for the want of punctuality, and apprehension of national bankruptcy; with cries for justice from the widow, the fatherless, and the soldier worn out in his country's defence, ascending to that Being who hath purer eyes than to behold iniquity with impunity, who is a God of vengeance as well as a God of justice—whither could we turn for succor? where could we fly for refuge?

THE veil that concealed this melancholy and afflicting picture was at last withdrawn. The wise and the good stood astonished at the sight, none but the ignorant or the wicked rested unconcerned. Even fearfulness seized, in many instances, upon those well-meaning politicians, whose security had been produced by the scantiness of their information, and the confinement of their views to the local advantages of the states to which they belonged. Then it was that men, better informed and more conversant in civil affairs, began to dread that a free, yet efficient government, the object which animated in life, and soothed in death, those heroes who had sealed their principles with their blood, must still be lost: that the prospect of national happiness, which invigorated our arms and cheered our hearts through the perilous struggle for Independence, must vanish for ever from our view: and that the hope of establishing the empire of reason, justice, philosophy and religion, throughout the extensive regions of the new world, would be considered but the illusion of a heated imagination. And what

could be more mortifying to every true patriot, than to perceive our countrymen ready to rush headlong on their ruin—ready to destroy the asylum which was just offered for suffering humanity—ready to verify the predictions of our foes, that our Independence would prove a curse to its votaries—and (by frustrating the fairest opportunity ever afforded for a people to become great and happy in the enjoyment of freedom) to confirm the detestable doctrine that mankind, unequal to the task of governing themselves, were made for a state of slavery?—Thus our old confederation seemed passing away. Our day of political probation appeared expiring. The *Republic* was about to assume, if I may be allowed the expression, a renovated body, prepared for a more permanent state of existence in bliss or woe. Life and death were in our option. The first was involved in UNION under a good general government—the last in SEPERATION into a number of miserable fragments of empire. So long as strength must be deemed preferable to weakness, harmony to confusion, peace to war, happiness to misery, and Independence to subjugation, the American People (who will always judge right when they shall have the means of information) could not hesitate to prefer the former. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that, amidst the variety of opinions which prevailed respecting the system of government proper to be adopted, no man was found so hardy as to outrage the feelings of his countrymen, by openly advocating counsels of disunion. And may we not, uninfluenced by superstition, believe that Heaven infused the idea into our Legislatures, to convoke a national assembly, at this interesting and awful crisis!—

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THE result is so well known, that I forbear to dilate upon it. Happily the spirit of accommodation, that influenced the Convention, has been diffused among their countrymen. The adoption of the government by so many communities, distinct in their views and interests, will be an immortal memorial, of victory gained by enlightened reason over brutal force. Can we contemplate a whole People, like a nation of Philosophers, discussing and agreeing on a form of government: can we contemplate a work so vast in its import, and so wonderfully effected—not by violence and bloodshed, but by deliberation and consent—without exclaiming in rapturous admiration, behold a new thing under the sun! and without uttering in grateful adoration, lo, this is indeed the LORD's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!—

WITHOUT presuming to trespass on your patience so far as to attempt to analyse the Constitution, or to demonstrate its merits by logical deductions; I may perhaps be permitted just to observe, that it appears, to be, in its formation, a government of the people, that is to say, a government in which all power is derived from, and at stated periods, reverts to them—and that, in its operation, it is a government of laws made and executed by the fair substitutes of the people alone. The election of the different branches of Congress by the free men, either directly or indirectly, is the pivot on which turns the first wheel of government—a wheel which communicates motion to the whole machine: At the same time, the exercise of this right of election seems to be so regulated, as to afford less opportunity for corruption and influence; and more for stability and volition

lition than has usually been incident to popular governments. Nor could the members of Congress exempt themselves from the consequences of any unjust or tyrannical acts, which they might impose upon others. For, in a short time, they will mingle with the mass of the people. Their interests must therefore be the same, and their feelings in sympathy with those of their Constituents. Besides, their re-election must always depend upon the good reputation which they shall have maintained, in the judgment of their fellow citizens. Hence, we may be induced to conclude, that this government is less obnoxious to well-founded objections, than most which have existed in the world. And, in that opinion we may be confirmed on three accounts: *First*, because every government ought to be possessed of powers adequate to the purposes for which it was instituted: *Secondly*, because no other, or greater powers, appear to be delegated to this government, than are essential to attain the objects for which it was instituted, to wit, the safety and happiness of the governed: and, *Thirdly*, because it is clear, that no government, before introduced among mankind, ever contained so many checks or such efficacious restraints, to prevent it from degenerating into any species of oppression. It is unnecessary to be insisted upon, because it is well understood, that the impotence of Congress under the former confederation, and the inexpediency of trusting sufficiently ample prerogatives to a single body, gave birth to the different branches which constitute the present general government. Convinced that the balances, arising from the distribution of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Powers in this government, are the best which have hitherto been instituted;

ted ; I presume not to assert that better may not still be devised. To avoid a wanton levity of innovation on the one hand, and an unalterable practice of error on the other, are points in policy equally desirable ; though, I believe, a constitutional power to effect them never before existed. Whether the mode which is pointed out in this Constitution, for procuring amendments, be not the wisest, and apparently the happiest expedient that ever has been suggested by human prudence, I leave every unprejudiced mind to determine. If, in the mean time, it was a given point, that the late federal government could not have existed much longer ; if without some speedy remedy a dissolution of the Union must have ensued ; if without adhering to the Union we could have no security against falling a prey to foreign invasion or domestic usurpation ; if upon our adherence to the Union depended the protection of our property at home, and the profits of our commerce abroad ; if the almost unanimous agreement of the federal Convention upon this plan of government (under the local prejudices and various expectations of the States) could be deemed little short of miraculous ; if there was an easy provision made for the correction of such errors as should be found, from the imbecillity of human nature, to have insinuated themselves into it ; and if, upon a rejection previous to amendments, there did not appear any probability that the same system could be soon enough amended, or any other substituted in its place by another Convention—surely no * state ought to have rejected it without

* At this time the States of North-Carolina and Rhode-Island had not acceded to the general Government.

without pondering well on the consequences. Because, anarchy and civil war, with an eventual government of chance or force, appeared but too probable consequences of a general rejection.

UNDER such circumstances, it was doubtless the part of wisdom to adopt the Constitution. I pretend to no unusual foresight into futurity, and therefore cannot undertake to decide what may be its ultimate fate. If a promised good should terminate in an unexpected evil, it would not be a solitary example of disappointment. If the blessings of Heaven showered thick around us, should be spilled on the ground, or converted to curses, through the fault of those for whose use they were proffered, it would not be the first instance of folly or perverseness in short-sighted mortals. The blessed religion, revealed in the word of God, will remain an eternal and awful monument, to prove that the best institutions may be abused by human depravity; and that they may even, in some instances, be made subservient to the vilest of purposes. Should, hereafter, those who are intrusted with the management of this government, incited by the lust of domination, and prompted by the supineness or venality of their constituents, break down the barriers of this Constitution, and trample on the prostrated rights of humanity: it will only serve to shew, that no compact among men, however provident in its construction, and sacred in its ratification, can be pronounced everlasting and inviolable—and, if I may so express myself—that no wall of words—that no mound of parchment, can be so formed as to stand against the sweeping torrent of boundless ambition on the one side,
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aided by the sapping current of corrupted morals on the other. But until the people of America shall have lost all virtue; until they shall have become totally insensible to the differences between liberty and slavery, until they shall have been reduced to such poverty of spirit as to be willing to sell that pre-eminent blessing of rational beings, the *birth-right of freedom*; in short, until they shall have been found incapable of governing themselves, and ripe for a master—these consequences, I should fondly hope, can never arrive.—

I PROCEED now, in the order proposed, to treat of the head that was reserved for the conclusion of this discourse: I mean, the national prosperity which we may reasonably expect will result from the faithful administration of this government. My chief design, in mentioning a few circumstances eminently calculated to promote our happiness as a people, is, to increase a disposition to make the best possible use of those circumstances. Can there be any pursuit more consonant to the dictates of reason and nature, than that whose object is the promotion of the happiness of our Country? To embrace this object in its utmost limit, our imaginations must expand with the dimensions of a Continent, and extend with the revolutions of futurity.

THE preliminary observation, that a free government ought to be founded on the information and morals of the people, will here find its proper place. Happily our citizens are remarkably instructed by education, docile to duty, and ingenious for making improvements. More knowledge is, perhaps, at this moment diffused among them,

them, than among any other people under Heaven. The conduct and issue of the late war may be a criterion to decide, whether they are destitute of wisdom in the cabinet, or fortitude in the field. For investigation of the rights of man, for ingenuity in applying principles already discovered to works of mechanism, for inventions in useful arts, and for researches in several branches of philosophy, few have gone before them. Even for efforts of genius, in some of the finer arts, they are thought, by the best judges, scarcely to have been excelled in the present age. The world has applauded their public writings, for the good sense and manly diction by which they are distinguished. Yet it is not for us, who claim no more than to be upon a level with our fellow-men, to encourage one another in entertaining too high an opinion of ourselves. It is enough, that we do not feel a degrading consciousness of belonging to that inferior class of mortals, in which some of the Philosophers of Europe have had the presumption to place us. On the contrary, peculiar fields of nature and contemplation are peculiarly favorable to the expansion of the human powers. If we possess any grandeur of soul, any penetration of thought, any combination for project; the great scenes of nature with which we are surrounded, and the great political drama in which we are required to take a part, will call them into action. When we reflect upon our relative situation, we cannot consider ourselves as members of a petty community, or as being acting for a fleeting moment. We are not, like many of the European States, limited to our present numbers. Though it should be the primary object of our rulers to promote the immediate felicity of a nation, as singular in its origin

gin as new to political life; yet they cannot forget, that the happiness of countless millions who are to draw their first breath in America may depend, in a great degree, on the discipline, institutions and examples of this generation. For certain it is, the population of our country must encrease almost beyond the power of calculation. The stream of people, wave propelling wave, must, with the lapse of years, roll back to the lake of the woods. From our geographical position, it is not for kings and parliaments, with their assumed omnipotence, to stop those waves in their proper course. It is not for impolitic princes, vainly checking our commerce for momentary gain, to prevent us from becoming a commercial, a rich, and a powerful people. Had they really a design of accomplishing this—it would be advisable to begin with annihilating our natural advantages, with drying up our innumerable navigable rivers, and with sterilising the uncommon fertility of our soil.—

THE benign effects, which, in all human probability, will be produced by the faithful administration of this government, must not be entirely passed in silence, though they can be but imperfectly noticed. Hitherto, for want of an efficient government, the felicities that were promised by our situation, and the advantages that were expected from our Independence, have not equalled our hopes. The harvest of blessings, sown in fields fattened with the blood of heroes, hath mocked our expectations. But under the present Constitution, being uncommonly protected in our persons and our acquisitions, we shall have uncommonly favorable opportunities for encreas-

ing and enjoying our natural resources. We have purchased wisdom by experience. Though mankind are believed to be averse to the coercions of government; yet no sooner had our countrymen felt the inconveniences arising from the feebleness of our former confederation, than they seemed willing to invest a new Congress with a farther portion of their original rights, for the purpose of being more fully protected in the enjoyment of the remainder. Thus the dispositions our Countrymen have been gradually matured to receive an energetic government. Heaven be thanked that we have lived to see its wonders, in our native land not less in darkness and tempest, than in sunshine and serenity! Now the clouds, that obscured our political horizon, are bursting away. The dawn of happiness begins to appear. We cannot refrain from experiencing the consolatory joys of futurity, in contemplating the immense deserts, yet untrampled by the foot of man, soon to become fair as the garden of God, soon to be animated by the activity of multitudes, and soon to be made vocal with the praises of the MOST HIGH. Can it be imagined that so many peculiar advantages, of soil and of climate; for agriculture, for navigation, and eventually for manufactures, were lavished in vain—or that this vast continent was not created and reserved so long undiscovered, as a Theatre for those glorious displays of Divine power and goodness, the salutary consequences of which will flow to another Hemisphere, and extend through the interminable series of ages! Should not our souls exult in the prospect?—Though we shall not survive to perceive, with these bodily senses, but a small portion of the blessed effects which our revolution will occasion in the rest of the

the world; yet we may enjoy the progress of human society, and human happiness, in anticipation.—We may rejoice in a belief, that intellectual light will yet illuminate the dark corners of the earth; that freedom of enquiry will produce liberality of conduct; that mankind will reverse the absurd position, that the *many* were made for the *few*: and that they will not continue slaves in one quarter of the globe, when they can become free men in another.

WITH such animating prospects before us; with a spirit of industry becoming every day more prevalent; with habits of œconomy, first prompted by necessity, now acquiring force from fashion; with dispositions that a reverence for public and private justice should form the basis of our national character—we only wanted a good government, well administered, to establish our happiness at home and our respectability abroad. This is the time for fixing our national character and national manners. For this purpose, the integrity, the talents and the examples of such an assemblage of illustrious personages, as those who are now employed in the general government were highly requisite. Notwithstanding the unanimous suffrage of our countrymen in favor of the Supreme Magistrate, supercedes the propriety of my mentioning the circumstances of his coming again into public life, the sentiments entertained of his character, and the benefits expected from his administration; yet I may be allowed to say, that no selection of Sages, in this or any other country, ever merited the confidence of their fellow citizens more than the members of the present Congress. If then the body of worthy citizens will

will co-operate with the general and state governments, in endeavors to promote the public felicity; if the ministers of religion will exert themselves in their holy functions to disseminate peace and good-will among men; if the executive officers of government will not bear the sword of justice in vain, but be a terror to evil doers and a praise to such as shall do well: we may congratulate ourselves upon having lived at so important a period; and seen the establishment of a government, calculated to promote the permanent prosperity and glory of our nation.

THE END.

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